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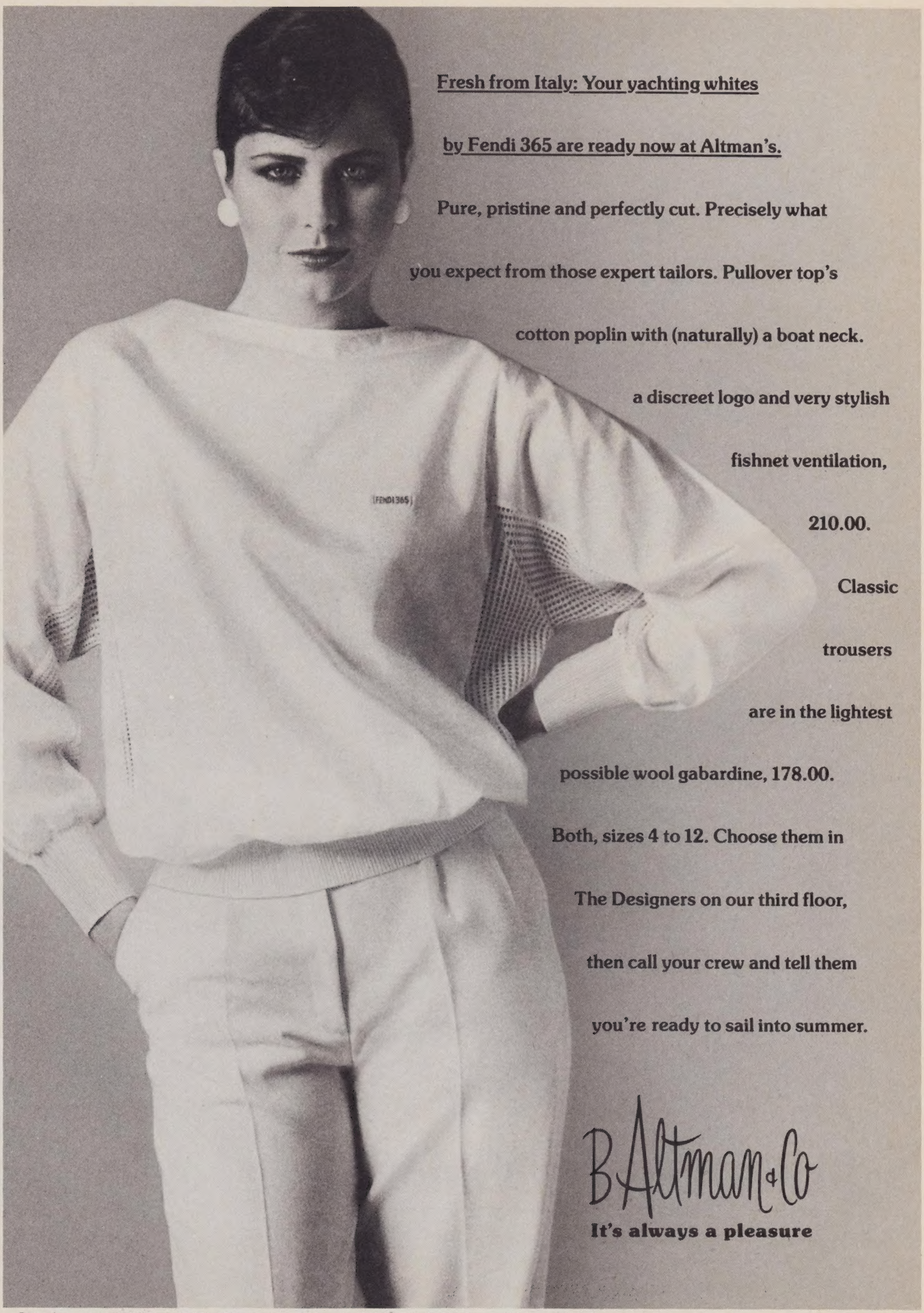

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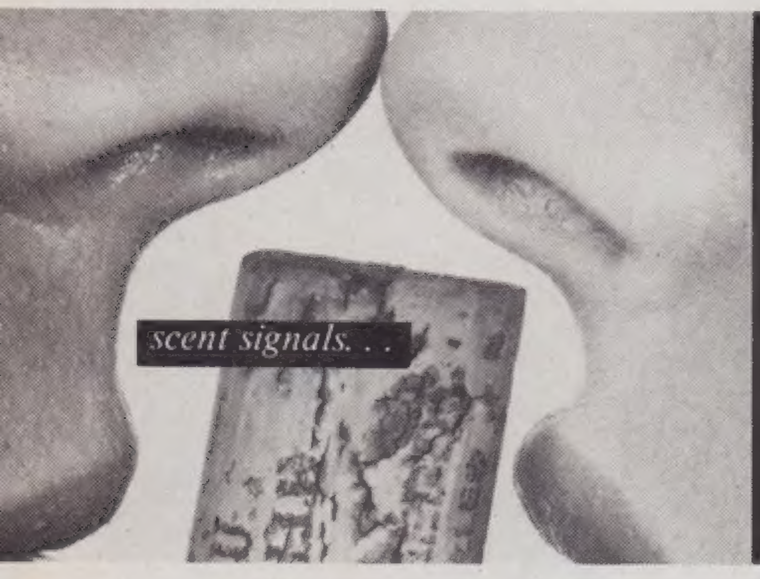

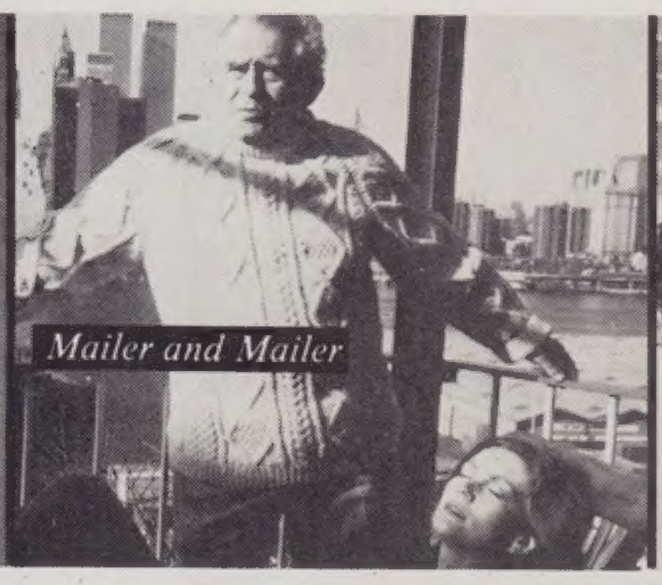

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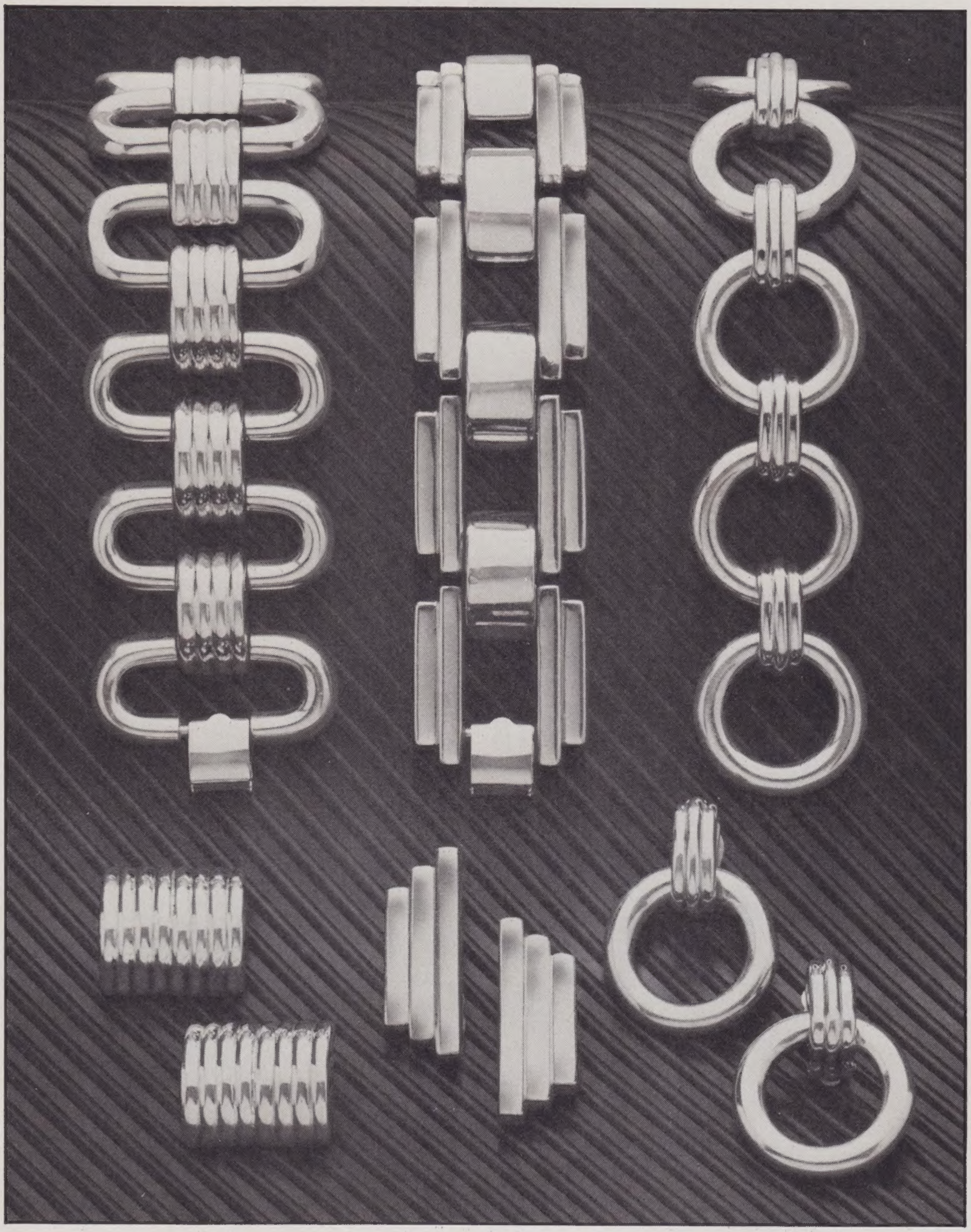

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Your Letters

Long life of art

In 1954, Simon and Schuster published a book, *The Arts of Living*, "from the pages of Vogue magazine, with biographical profiles by its editors, and a preface by Gilbert Highet."

This book has been on my bedside table since that time. I can't say how many times I have picked it up to browse. I can even quote some of the paragraphs in full. As I approach my 70th birthday, I realize anew how much various comments have influenced me in the nearly thirty years since I purchased the book.

Which brings me to this: Various articles in your present Vogue would lend themselves quite well to another book. I would be happy to have another for my bedside table!

Keep up the good work. Mary Alice Carneal
Paducah KY

"Hit"—a miss?

I must protest the unnecessarily sadistic and sensational photographs that accompanied "Skin Power," Vogue, January 1983. The photographs of beautiful female models ostensibly allowing themselves to be abused (one photograph shows a tennis ball being smashed into the model's face) were so disturbing and distracting, I could not bring myself to read the article. The tragic results of anti-female attitudes can be seen in shelters for battered women throughout our country. I don't want to see fashion photographs which depict stylized violence, and perhaps help perpetuate the dangerous image of woman as victim.

Carol Cott Gross
East Northport NY

Photos vs. words?

I cannot comprehend Vogue's split personality. Your magazine is filled with excellent articles suggesting that women ought to regard themselves as *(Continued on page 108)*

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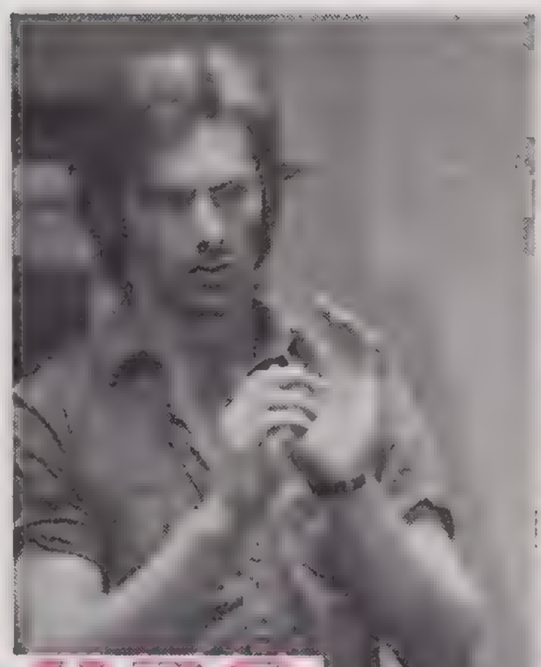
WHAT'S COMING

People are talking about...

DIRECTOR SAYLES *(RIGHT)*: WITTY APOSTLE OF ANDROGYNY AND AFFECTIONATE POST-'60s TROUBADOUR—FIRST IN *LIANNA*, AND NOW IN *BABY, IT'S YOU.*



MOVIES MOVIES

JOHN SAYLES:

SLOUCHING TOWARD SELF-AWARENESS

Where—you may have been asking yourself—is the woman's coming-of-age film, the female bonding and dating and giggling equivalent of *Diner* and *American Graffiti*. Well, *Baby, It's You* is it—or the closest thing we're likely to get for a while. Produced by counterculture independents Griffin Dunne and Amy Robinson (*Chilly Scenes of Winter*) from an idea of Robinson's, it was written and directed by John Sayles, a man who doesn't have to don wig and dress to prove his special empathy for women. Both of Sayles's earlier efforts—*Return of the Secaucus Seven*, about a reunion of Vietnam war protesters, and *Lianna*, in which a woman leaves her family for another woman—were androgynous in spirit: witty, shambling, affectionate, documentary-like portraits of Sayles's own generation, 'sixties veterans drifting none too confidently toward the promised land of liberation.

With *Baby, It's You,* we are in the mid-'60s—although with a few substitutions on the soundtrack (say, Elvis and Chuck Berry for Bruce Springsteen and Paul Simon) it could as easily be the late 'fifties or early 'sixties. Jill Rosen (Rosanna Arquette), a bright middle-class Jewish girl from Trenton, might well be one of Sayles's post-graduate drifters and yearners in incubation. She's Miss Everything at a high school where drugs have yet to appear, and where rebellion takes the form of falling in love with that thrilling precursor of punk the slick Latin greaser. Sheik, the Romeo in sharkskin played with great brio by Vincent Spano, strolls down the corridors like a priapic god among quivering mortals. Jill's friends are appropriately aghast and tantalized as their princess responds to the lure of the low and the un-"nice."

A novelist turned filmmaker, Sayles shows a feeling for subtleties of class conflict rarely acknowledged in American movies. In eloquently uncomfortable scenes, both Jill and Sheik look down their noses at doting parents, only to be snubbed by "in" groups they long to join.

But for all the accuracy of the social observation, Sayles's big moments are never as overwhelming as they ought to be. As I watched him rounding so many achingly familiar bases (Jill's rapt obsession as an aspiring actress; Sheik's campaign of intimidation against Jill's virginity; her giving him the "shaft," then taking him back, more out of guilt and fear than love), I kept wondering why I was so little moved by Jill's evolution. I think because Jill herself, like other Sayles characters, fails to convey that sense of urgency or peril that is the consequence of choosing one person, or way of life, over another.

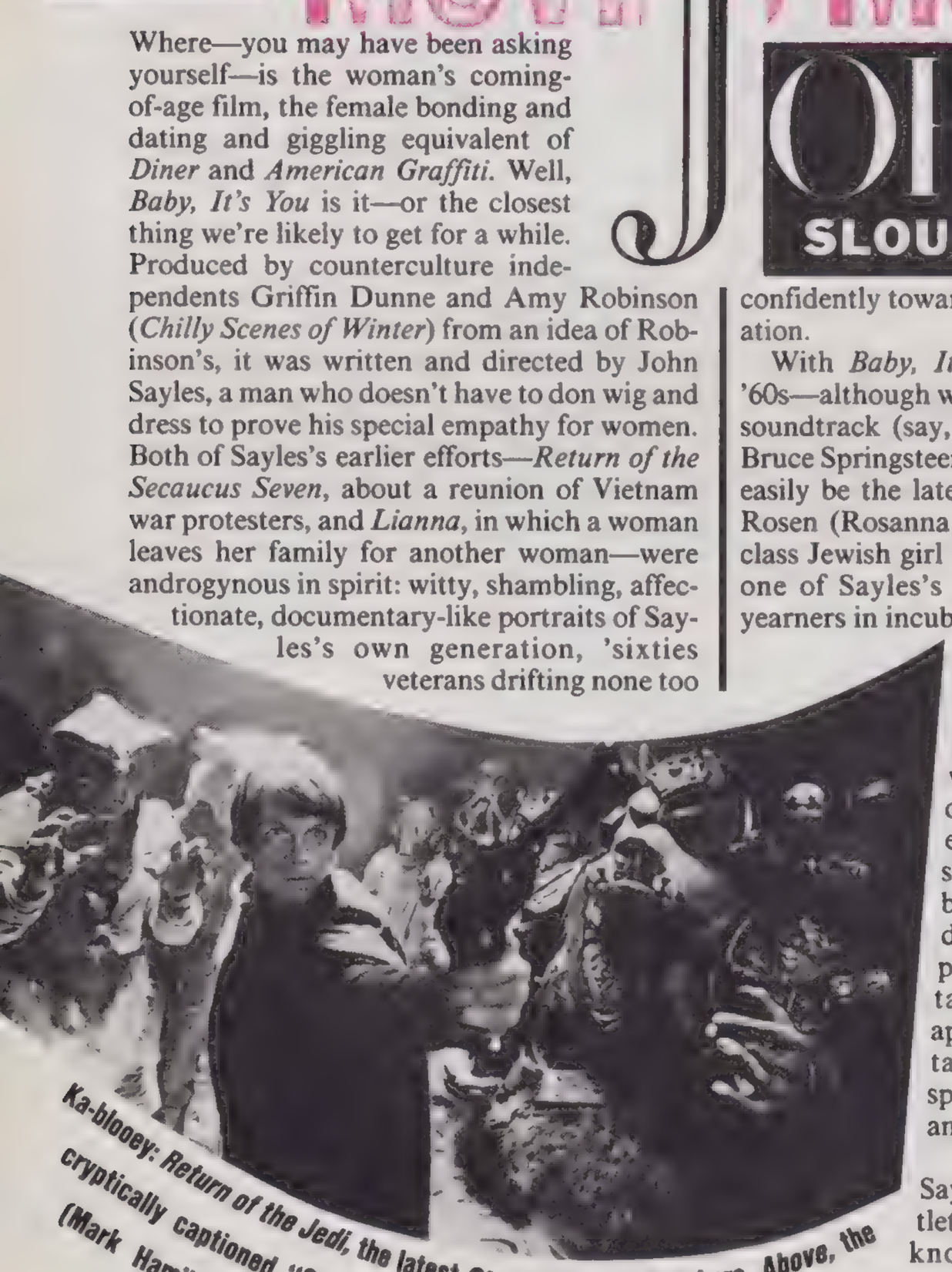
It's as if Sayles were either too gentle to allow his characters to suffer, or too "modern" to close them in with the finalities of plot and structure—probably both.

Lianna (Linda Griffiths) forsakes her family for the gay life, in one of the few American films to deal frankly and matter of factly with the subject. Yet, is turning gay really so matter of fact—or are there deeper reaches of pain and guilt and fear that elude Sayles and his charming ninny of a heroine?

Unusual among directors to have emerged in the last decade, Sayles is a *littérateur* rather than a cameroid, and that is largely his appeal to his "cult" audience—East Coast, ironic, overeducated, relationship-oriented. Seeing one of his movies it's as if we'd been to a reunion—laughed at a lot of in-jokes and left feeling warm, reassured but none the wiser. His screenplays are like audio playbacks of the zeitgeist; but, when it comes to *mise en scène*, rendering tensions visually and dramatically, Sayles has the ocular equivalent of a tin ear.

There's one brilliant, telling scene in *Baby, It's You* that captures Sayles's charms and limitations. Jill has come to Miami, where Sheik, by his own testimony, is finally "making it," singing in a night club. She slips into the club unannounced, only to see him, the image of a crooner, pomaded, tuxedoed, swaying gently, phony mike in hand, doing a perfect lip synch as the words of his idol, Frank Sinatra, stream out of the juke box. John Sayles's films are a little like that—the right lines, the right face, but some deeper connection is missing.

—MOLLY HASKELL



Ka-blooey: *Return of the Jedi*, the latest *Star Wars* sequel, is here. Above, the cryptically captioned "Gamorean guards rush to disarm Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill) as he threatens Jabba with a blaster." Can't wait.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MOVIES

Wim the real Wim Wenders please stand up?

For German director Wenders, weaned on American film classics, real life and fiction inevitably spill over into one another. What he records: stories within stories

DUANE MICHALS

I know that Wim Wenders is one of the high-voltage young directors of the new German cinema *(The American Friend, Kings of the Road, Alice in the Cities)* but to me he looks like a lanky cowboy loner out of a John Ford Western—a long ribbon of a man, jeans hitched high by blue suspenders, sculpted black cowboy boots. Maybe that's because, for Wenders, American movies were mothers' milk. "When I was studying painting in Paris," he tells me, "there was this cinema where you could go see a movie for 25¢. At one point, I was seeing three, four a day. I became totally addicted." Directors Howard Hawks, Preston Sturges, Sam Fuller, John Ford, Nicholas Ray—these are the men who still obsess Wenders and form the grain of his films. Not Hitler. Not Germany's post-war economic recovery.

In his wistfully apocalyptic new film, *The State of Things*, Wenders, thirty-eight, uncovers the tarnished heart of Hollywood and the business of moviemaking like no one since Truffaut in *Day for Night*. "For me," says Wenders, "*State* was like an inventory of my profession. Or maybe an elegy. What does storytelling mean when you're making a film? What is the relation between the fiction and the reality? How much are the people who make the films in touch with real life—or their heads?"

The State of Things was shot during an unscheduled hiatus in the filming of Wenders' *Hammett*: producer Francis Ford Coppola borrowed its star, Frederic Forrest to make *One from the Heart*. In *State*, Friedrich, a German director (Patrick Bauchau), is in the middle of shooting a film when—you guessed it—his flamboyant producer, Gordon (Alan Goorwitz), cuts off the money. Friedrich tracks him down to his Hollywood hideout, a gaudy mobile home where Gordon is living on the lam, endlessly circling the city's streets—a perverse survivor clinging to the ruins of a myth. Comments Wenders, "Friedrich is a director who disbelieves in 'stories,' but he himself is caught in one"—a story, as it turns out, more dangerous, more gripping than the plot of the film he was shooting.

"Filmmaking is really the only art form constantly exposing itself to real life," claims Wenders. "And I'm all for that: a lot of *The American Friend* was invented as we went through it. But that can also be dangerous. Sometimes life can take over. If a director is good, he's able to give the actors, the crew, a vision of what the world they're creating is about and keep it going. But at any given point, they should also be able to question the plot, the 'story.' "

Wenders is fearless: his next film will be *Paris, Texas*—maybe the ultimate road movie. He and screenwriter Sam Shepard will start the shooting in Texas, then drive around the country—even to Alaska—writing the dialogue as they move. The provocative classical underpinning of the film: Homer's *Odyssey*. Talk about storytelling. . .

—DEBORAH MASON

BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS BO

TELLING TALK

A kind of *Ancien Régime* of letters, The Talk of the Town section in *The New Yorker* magazine is a genial confluence of the witty, the smart, the incorrigibly literate, and the occasionally arch. "Just us literati," Eustace Tilley, the magazine's monacled mascot, seems to say whilst gracing the opening page. Lillian Ross is one of the anonymous "we"s—and, from time to time, the inscrutable "a friend of ours"—who write "Talk," and she has just collected forty-five of these pieces, covering over twenty years, in *Takes: Stories from "The Talk of the Town"* (Congdon & Weed).

As demonstrated here, Ross is perhaps one of the greatest hangers-out in history. "We were invited to ride along" in the mayor's limo as an ebullient Ed Koch taped the narration to "Peter and the Wolf." "We took a taxi with" director and *cinéaste* François Truffaut on a book-buying jaunt. Ross even followed Richard Nixon as he strolled from his New York apartment to his "pre-White House office" in late 1968, cataloguing things the then-President-elect may have seen ("As he steps by the Pierre Café, if he just looks a tiny bit to his left, just a *tiny* bit. . . ").

Reportage is the thing: seeing and hearing—touching, smelling, tasting too when necessary. Ross gives us nothing but the facts, in a style that is unobtrusive but a real style nonetheless. As she says in her introduction: " . . . the writing requires that in a short space one build and reveal a character or a situation or an event or a moment and do so with honesty, with humor, with clarity, with freshness, and with truth." Put simply, she does.

—ALLENE TALMEY

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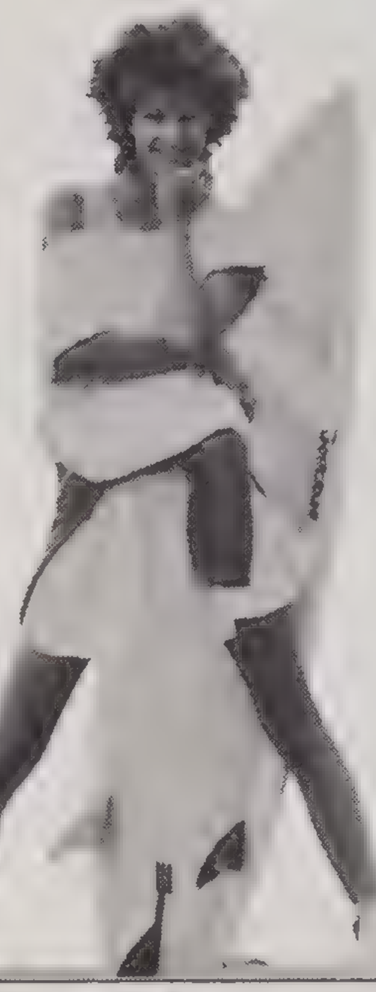

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ELIZABETH HARDWICK

ELIZABETH HARDWICK: UNEASY REVELATIONS

If today's literary "society" were to gather in salons, one would naturally form about Elizabeth Hardwick. She is a most formidable, formal, and seductively clear-sighted woman of letters—not as witty as Colette, or as muscularly intellectual as Simone de Beauvoir, or as majestic as Rebecca West—but for the last twenty years at least, since she co-founded *The New York Review of Books,* a force to reckon with. What gives Elizabeth Hardwick her fearsome charm is that wisp of Southern femininity in her speech and manner; the way she curtsies, in effect, before she bites. Her new collection of essays, *Bartleby in Manhattan* (Random House), is at once alarming and civilized—afternoon tea in spades.

Hardwick is wary of posturing and alert to duplicity. She has a sense of honor which she deploys handily in her role as social critic. For example, in an essay here on youth and politics in the '60s: "it would be dishonorable to try to separate our selves from our deforming history and from the depressing dreams being acted out in its name." Knowledge corrupts. But what is occasionally disturbing about Elizabeth Hardwick, in this book as in her novel *Sleepless Nights,* is the intimacy with which she regards corruption—aversion being also a species of intimacy. Like practically every other Southern writer, she seems haunted by corruption. There is (what else to call it?) a *taint.*

When Hardwick writes about Lee Harvey Oswald—who emerged "all smirks and mutterings" from "detested obscurity"—she lures us into the primeval slime that she perceives to be his character, and there we all remain. This book is full of uneasy revelations. We squirm discovering the "swollen corporate evangelism" of Billy Graham (in "The Portable Canterbury"). Of Ring Lardner she writes: "He wrapped his dreadful events in a comic language, as you would put an insecticide in a bright can." This is malodorous imagery. Something, Hardwick is always insisting, is rotten here.

Perhaps the central essay is "Domestic Manners." In sometimes unwieldy academic prose, she tells us more than we would willingly know about the American character as it revealed itself in the '60s and '70s. It is an essay that would be worth burying in a time capsule—that definitive. "It is the nature of intimacy," she writes of one characteristic of life in the '70s, "to be unattainable, a mood trembling with anxiety and insecurities because the self is insatiable."

Hardwick is at her best when matching her wits against enigmas—Robert Frost or Lardner or John Reed—and when she writes about the passions of women. The Countess Tolstoy with her "tragic exhaustion" and "inflamed nerves" and Thomas Hardy's Sue Bridehead are women Hardwick can read with a passionate sympathy: "Sue *thinks* and that is her mystery."

A fierce and often tender intelligence makes these essays at last humane, and dignified. Civilization (history's better self) survives. To Elizabeth Hardwick, civilization is a grail she means to keep (along with other holy abstractions) safe in her vehement grasp.

—CATHLEEN MEDWICK

Baring the Beatles

INGE MORATH

Somebody is trying to peddle Peter Brown and Steven Gaines's new Beatle biography, *The Love You Make* (McGraw-Hill), in a bombshell rather than a book-jacket. Brown was a long-time business associate of the Beatles' and a friend from Liverpool onward. He is certainly in a position to rain revelation upon us. And what with well-publicized London swinging, LSD gobbling, and drug arrests, the Beatles didn't pretend to be cuddly Mop Tops for very long. Holding hands was the least of it. This book reveals, for instance, that John Lennon once slept with manager Brian Epstein, and that's certainly news.

However, Brown and Gaines also give us human details, the fleshing out of legend—and, this may be as close as the Beatles ever get to having a real biography (though this one focuses on Lennon). "Now it can be told"s are great, but there's a quieter, equally telling truth in knowing that while John Lennon was the apex of cool in the eyes of the world, the decor in his mansion was still Liverpudlian square.

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JORDAN MARSH

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

BODY AND SOUL

M.F.K. Fisher may be the best-kept secret of modern fiction. Deified by the cooking world for her writing on cuisine, she is also novelist, essayist, and, lately, a writer of short stories now collected in *Sister Age* (Knopf). Fisher's name for an old woman whose portrait she bought in Zurich in 1936, "Sister Age" has served as a kind of "lodestar in my life," a talisman spurring her to write stories about other real or imagined women and men in solitude, for whom aging will reveal itself as kind, not frightening. In "A Question Answered" everybody seems to forget Mrs. Mack's name—except, oddly enough, for a compassionate rat who visits her in her house, keeping her terrors at bay. These stories are immersed in the spirit, in what is sensuous—and while food (not surprisingly) figures in every story, so does God. In Fisher's view, the world is a redeeming place: "When I tell of a stubbed toe or childbirth or how to serve peacocks' tongues on toast it sounds made-up, embroidered. But it is as it happened to *me*."

Nature to order

The question is as old as the myth of Prometheus, but more urgent today than ever: Is mankind equipped—emotionally, spiritually, morally—to manage the technology it conceives? In *Algeny* (Viking), a book that exhilarates with its intelligence, Jeremy Rifkin *(Entropy, The Emerging Order)* wrestles with the light and dark of our drive to subdue nature, with the need for a new ethic that encompasses the awesome, double-edged potentials of genetic engineering. "Algeny" is the idea that man can perfect nature by altering genetic material. But Rifkin needs to know: once we direct biology, will we ever again know ourselves as part of nature?

What we must learn, Rifkin says, is to relinquish our desire to beat out the rhythm of the universe and to join in the dance: "Humanity is concerned with order vs. disorder and seeks to bring everything under its control. Nature is concerned with unity vs. separation and asks us to surrender to the oneness of which we are a part. Humanity seeks the elation that goes with the drive for mastery over the world. Nature offers us the sublime resignation that goes with an undifferentiated participation in the world around us." —M.A.

BALLET TATTLER

Ballet, according to Suzanne Gordon in *Off Balance: The Real World of Ballet* (Pantheon), is like a swan gliding gracefully along the water's surface, while beneath, its black leathery legs peddle furiously to stay afloat. For too many dancers, Gordon contends, ballet life precludes real life: slave wages, injuries, the pressure to be boy-thin but superman strong, the big companies' disregard for a dancer's after-life. Amidst the barrage of behind-the-scenes ballet books, Gordon's is the incurable non-romantic—and she spares no big names in her muckraking. Gordon's thesis, though, excludes any significant critical appreciation for the art, making *Off Balance* itself a bit off-balance. But its nervy iconoclasm should unsettle even the most manic of balletomanes.

WILLA CATHER: EARTHLY SECRETS OF A MIDDLE-AMERICAN DAUGHTER

"I don't give a damn about Nebraska, no matter *who* writes about it!" sniffed one New York critic in 1912. Willa Cather, Red Cloud Nebraska's maverick and most celebrated daughter, was soon to change his and all our minds with her exquisite novels—*O Pioneers!, Song of the Lark, Death Comes to the Archbishop,* and *My Antonia,* her lovesong to a wild-haired immigrant farmgirl, described by H.L. Mencken as "one of the best books ever written by an American." Perhaps no one has written more sensuously of the American Middle West in the early years of this century—the sunburned prairies, the stubborn pioneers lured from Hungary, Bohemia, Sweden, whose qualities, said Cather, "have been ploughed into the very furrows of the soil."

But few writers have been so little understood, contended longtime friend Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. This month, in the light of a burgeoning interest in Cather, National Public Radio sets the record straight with *Willa Cather: A Look of Remembrance,* an engrossing adaptation of Sergeant's memoir, spiked with dramatized conversations between Cather (Colleen Dewhurst) and Sergeant (played, unfortunately, by a wooden Dianne Wiest) as well as frank commentary by Doris Grumbach, Eudora Welty, Alfred Kazin, and Truman Capote. Directed by Joan Micklin Silver, the program uncovers the heart of this gruff, unsettling woman who fled her job as managing editor of McClure's magazine in New York and the confines of bourgeois propriety (her "friendships—passionate and otherwise—were entirely with members of her own sex," says Grumbach) to root out the secrets of the land, the souls who drew nourishment from it. Eudora Welty: "Cather saw the landscape had mystery as well as reality. She was undaunted by both." —DEBORAH MASON

Willa Cather Pioneer Memorial Collection/Nebraska State Hist[illegible]

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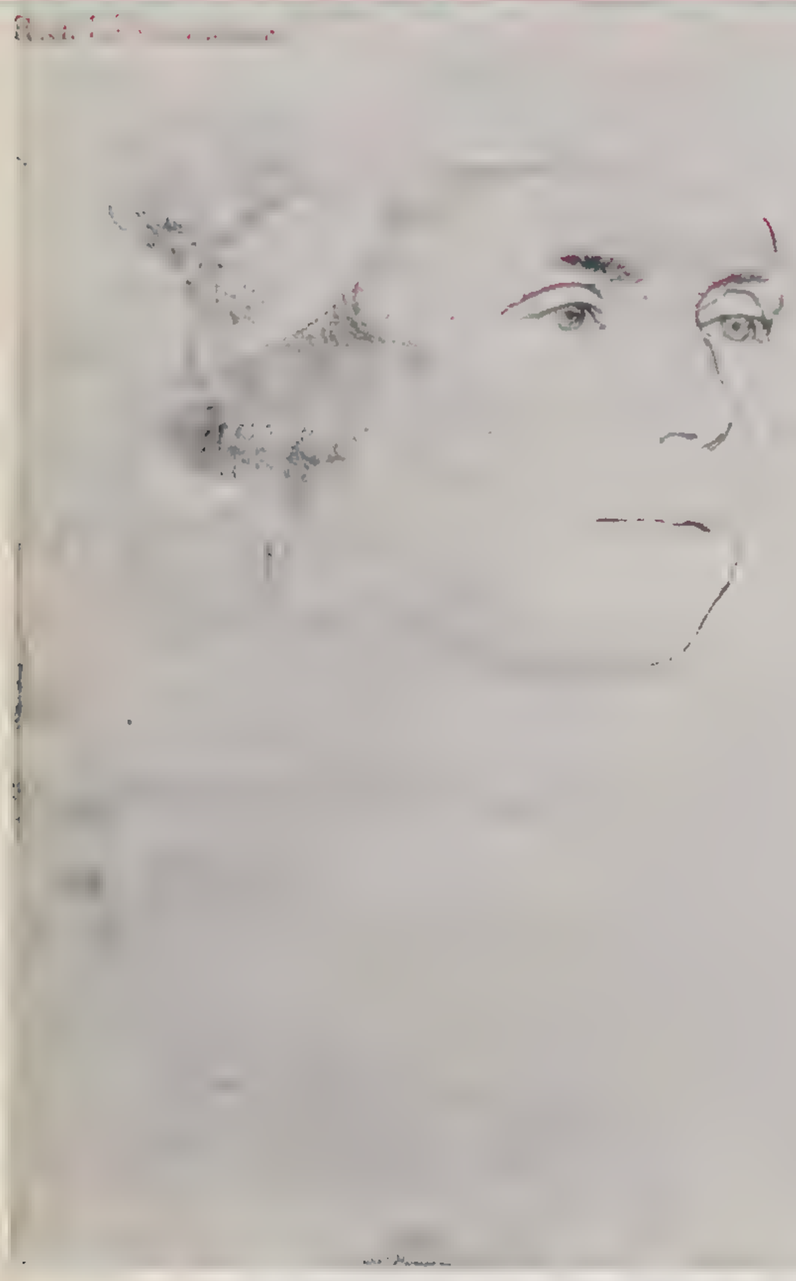
Holbein's talking heads



Holbein's "Richard, 1st Baron Rich": "A touch smarmy around the mouth"

Holbein and the Court of Henry VIII; Pierpont Morgan Library, New York City; through July 30. Hans Holbein's portrait of Erasmus of Rotterdam (c. 1523) shows us the very type of the Renaissance scholar—a figure almost saintly in his calm and rectitude, yet sustained by humane intelligence, not spiritual fervor. Holbein's 1540 portrait of Henry VIII, which now hangs in Rome's National Gallery, presents a human monolith. Though Henry's face is clever and his outfit sumptuous, this slab-like figure impresses chiefly as a personification of sheer will. Intellectual refinement on one hand and brute intelligence on the other—these are the two faces of the Renaissance personality, and Holbein mastered them both.

He painted his "Erasmus" in Basel, Switzerland, to which the artist had migrated from his native Augsberg, a commercial center in Southern Germany. In 1526, aged 29, Holbein traveled to England. He carried a letter of introduction from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, the author of *Utopia* and the leading humanist at Henry's court. Holbein found some work but not enough to keep him in England. Returning six years later, he came to the king's attention. Henry VIII commandeered him and his extraordinary talent to serve as England's court painter. No other artist of Holbein's stature is known to us through such a paucity of finished works. In the place of numerous lost canvases stand preparatory drawings, and fortunately these are brilliant. As part of the Britain Salutes New York festival, the Pierpont Morgan Library is putting on an exhibition of seventy Holbein drawings; the show also includes one of the artist's painted miniatures and a selection of books, letters, and manuscripts from the England of Henry VIII.

Erasmus' place is occupied here by a drawing of Sir Thomas More, an image of a visionary mind grounded in ordinary, even homely practicalities. The British Royal Collection, which loaned the pictures in this show, has none of Henry VIII. There is, however, a stand-in for the most ruthless side of the monarch's character—Sir Richard Rich. Rich was the shady operative who oversaw the lucrative task of dissolving England's treasure-laden monasteries. When Thomas More was charged with treason for refusing to accept Henry as the head of the English Church, Rich's perjured testimony led to the clergyman's conviction. More was subsequently beheaded. Holbein presents Sir Richard as blandly handsome, and just a touch smarmy around the corners of his mouth.

The literary and historical content of this show is so striking that one easily overlooks Holbein's mastery of portraiture's formal difficulties—one of which is to find precisely the tilt of the head, the turn of the face, that will bring an image to life. Holbein does it nearly every time. Formal elegance is indistinguishable here from psychological insight. This artist's courtiers, ladies-in-waiting, poets, scholars, and diplomats are clear to us as people because they succeed so convincingly as works of art.

—CARTER RATCLIFF

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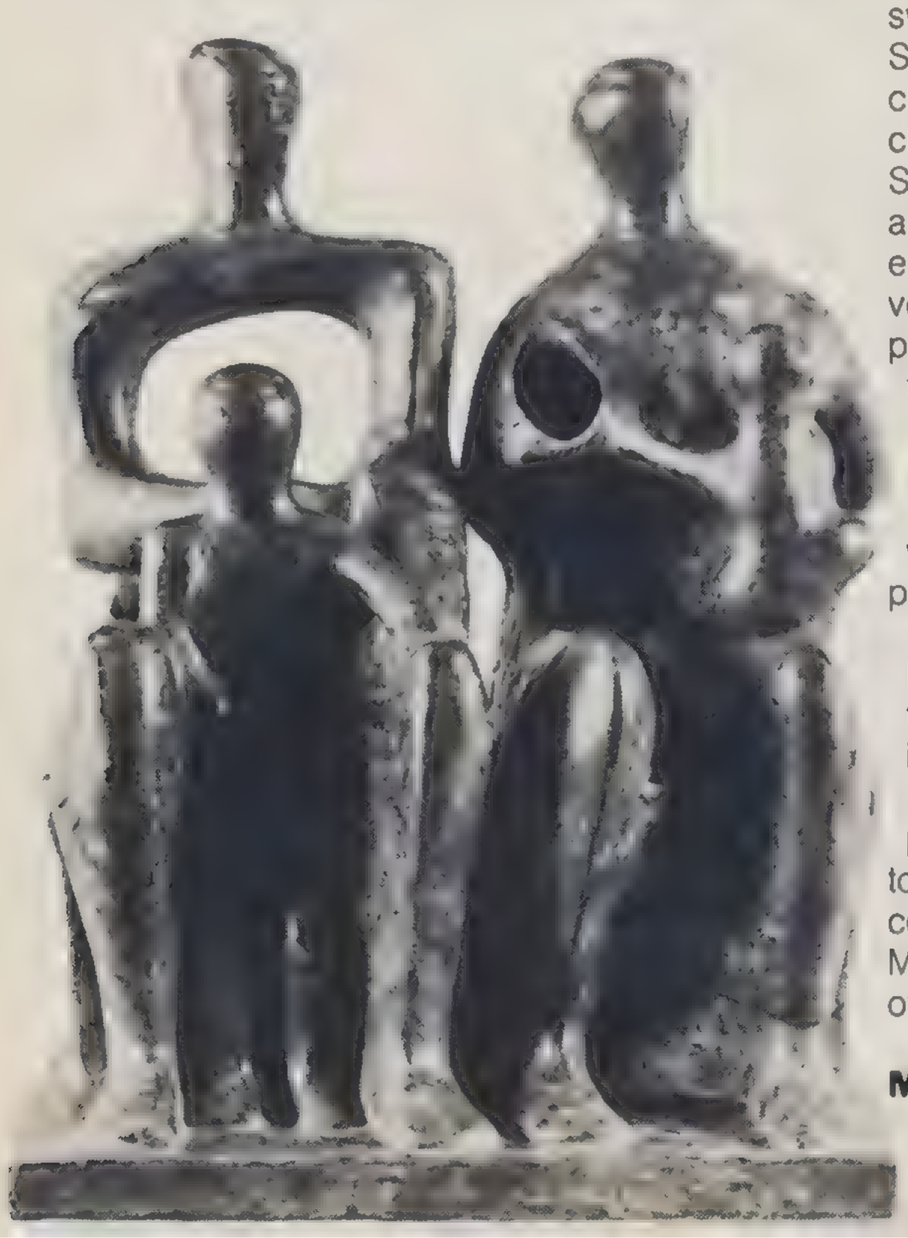
HENRY MOORE: MOM 'N POP ART

Henry Moore: 60 Years of His Art; Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City; through September 25. Another of the Britain Salutes New York exhibitions, this is a massive show, with pieces ranging in date from 1922 to last year. Some are small enough to hold in the hand. Others loom over the audience like prehistoric megaliths. In all these sculptures, Moore demonstrates his command of scale, which is not just a matter of size. It has to do with giving a sculptural mass a strong visual presence, whether the object is in fact large or small. Moore's miniatures have a hugeness to them, thanks in part to their attenuated appendages. The familiar "shrunken" heads of this artist's figures enhances the weightiness of their bodies. And the holes in his forms have the same effect. When Moore subtracts material from a torso he reveals the form's inward bulk.

During the 1930s and '40s, Henry Moore was swept along on the currents of the avant-garde. Several Surrealist exhibitions of this period included examples of his work, and indeed his characteristic shapes are close cousins to the Surrealist Jean Arp's curvy "biomorphic" images. Arp led abstraction into sensuality, generalizing biological form—animal and vegetable alike—until icons of the life force appeared. Moore turned Arp's style back toward the human image and domesticity. For all their monumental weight, his sculptures of mother, father, and child have an air of modest portraiture. He is a reassuring artist, one who puts modernist experiment to predictable purposes.

It has been nearly half a century since Moore responded to innovation. During that time, his own style has settled into wide familiarity. Well-known and routinely celebrated, reassuring, quietly grand—Moore's works are perfect for public sites, and that is where an astonishing number of them have appeared in recent years. Once a member of the avant-garde, Moore has become our era's leading exponent of large-scale conservatism. —C.R.



Moore's "Family Group," 1946

The Jeffrey H. Loria Collection, New York

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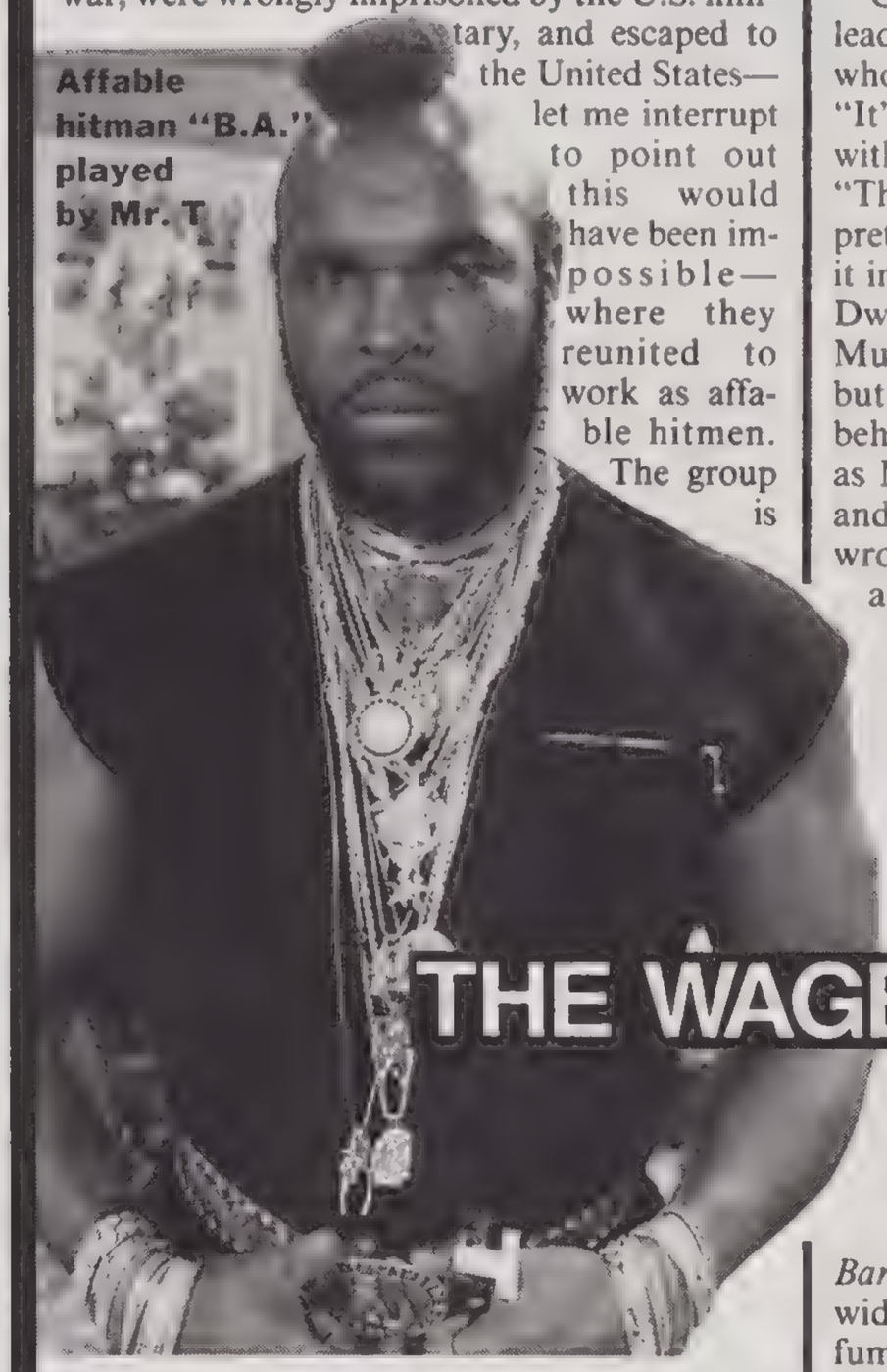
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Top cops: Sharon Gless, *(l)*; Tyne Daly, *(r)*.

THE REWARDS OF TOUGH TV

THE GOOD NEWS: *Cagney & Lacey*, the CBS series on Monday night about two women detectives seems better and better, largely due to the actress Tyne Daly. Her partner, Sharon Gless, is prettier, sweeter, and more accommodating. Stubborn, brave, blunt, tired, Daly plays a woman of principles with a croaky New York voice, who runs out of hand lotion from time to time, wishes she could see more of Harvey, her husband, and have time for her kids. You can't help wishing her well, being grateful for the small, worried face, the tough humor, and the sharp retort. She is wonderful.

. . . AND THE BAD NEWS: Those of us who have not forsaken commercial television, occasionally making the point that some series like *Cheers* and *St. Elsewhere*, *Hill Street Blues*, and *Cagney & Lacey* are worthwhile, are now splashing around in a river of sludge. Two new NBC programs—*The A Team* and *Bare Essence*—make huge dark smudges on the Tuesday night schedule. *The A Team* is not only mindless but unusually offensive since its plots hinge on the various missions of four Vietnam veterans. The men served together during the war, were wrongly imprisoned by the U.S. military, and escaped to the United States—let me interrupt to point out this would have been impossible—where they reunited to work as affable hitmen. The group is joined by a young woman reporter known as "Triple A" because of her initials.



Affable hitman "B.A." played by Mr. T

For more than a decade the ex-infantryman of the Vietnam War has been a convenient psychopath for the writers of television. Program after program has shown an armed, deranged veteran having a flashback, usually to be rescued by law enforcement teams. But nothing has been as shabby as *The A Team*—shame on Frank Lupo and Stephen J. Cannell, its creators, for such harmful exploitation and extreme distortion. May the poverty of their imaginations bring suitable punishment.

George Peppard is "Hannibal" Smith, the leader of this unappealing group, and it is he who must deliver such preposterous lines as: "It's the same plan we nailed the Cong general with outside Khe Sanh." Dirk Benedict, called "The Face" because of a certain California prettiness, then says: "You mean where I took it in the leg?" "Where I got shot down?" asks Dwight Schultz who plays "Howling Mad" Murdock, the veteran who flys the chopper but is usually confined to a V.A. hospital for behavior disorders. The massive actor known as Mr. T is called B.A. for "Bad Attitude," and while many of his fans will find nothing wrong with this role, much is wrong. He is, at any rate, the only man among them who does not smirk or ever change his expression. On a recent episode a police inspector, being threatened by an evil SWAT team who are murdering people, asks for help and gets it. After the veterans squash the SWATs and then flee to escape the military police forever on their trail the inspector asks, with awe: "Why do they do it?" And "Triple A," like the loon she is, smiles, tosses her head, and says: "For the jazz, man, for the jazz."

THE WAGES OF MACHO

There is nothing to report about the series *Bare Essence*, the story of a rich, good, young widow named Tyger who wants to build a perfume company—except that it is so tedious it almost makes *Falcon Crest* interesting. Although we are now quite saturated with police programs, better police than perfume.

—GLORIA EMERSON

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Pan-pop: King Sunny Adé's global beat

DEBORAH FEINGOLD

The arrival on our shores of King Sunny Adé and his African Beats was an event of considerable symbolic significance. Musical pleasure, too, incidentally. Adé is the "Chairman" of Nigerian music. His style, which he calls "juju music," can be heard on a de-facto "greatest hits" record culled from his many Nigerian albums and available in the United States as, not surprisingly, *Juju Music,* a Mango-Island disk.

This Mango-Island connection tells us something. Island started out as a purveyor of Jamaican reggae music, and the connections between reggae and juju are many. Adé's style *sounds* Caribbean: the same lilting repetition, the bubbling percussion underbeat, the crooning vocal harmonies. The main reason for this similarity is that Caribbean styles retain strong ties with their African heritage, and juju music is even closer to those roots. Adé's music has many points of contact with ethnomusicological field recordings of the music of the Yorubas, a dominant tribal group in Nigeria.

But it is more complex than that. The African Beats offer not just talking drums and vocal harmonies. There are electric guitars, too, and a pedal steel guitar and synthesizers. What we are seeing here is one of the most exciting cases yet of the criss-crossing influences that define world music today. And nothing in popular music right now seems more vital than the widespread absorption of African and other forms (Caribbean, Brazilian, Asian) of ethnic and popular music. American and British rockers are tossing aside the clichés of rock and new-wave rock and immersing themselves in the rhythmic complexities and communal hypnosis of third-world cultures. That, in turn, has rekindled interest in the American version of African jamming—disco, funk, and rapping. There are those who now argue that the pop music of the immediate future will lose the neat tunefulness and coherent song-structure that defined both pre-rock pop and rock itself, and blend happily into a churning sea of African-derived polyrhythms, extended over "songs" that last for hours.

Be that as it may, Adé's music has an irresistible charm, for all its problematic wider meanings. Those who want to hear music with airy lightness, unselfconscious complexity and ebullient momentum need go no further than their local record store. —DAVID SARGENT

STILL BRAHMS AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

This month marks the 150th anniversary of the birth of Johannes Brahms. It is ironic that 1983 has seen both Brahms and Wagner celebrations. In the late nineteenth century, the two were held up by Brahms's champions as polar opposites, with Wagner the heedless revolutionary and Brahms the noble conservative, Brahms the sober symphonist and Wagner the mystical maker of overbearing music dramas. Today, both men have come to epitomize the post-Beethoven German symphonic tradition, even if Wagner pushed that tradition boldly toward chromaticism and Brahms did not. Their music sounds comparably rich, dark, thickly voiced, and morally earnest.

Considered cynically, Brahms was never a pioneering extra-musical force like Wagner. His music is a cornerstone of the repertory, and his birthday is exploited by conservative musical organizations to program even more of his comfortable, accessible music. But Brahms is better than a mere nostalgist. Once the polemical dust has settled, posterity makes its choices, and there is always a reason for those choices: there are no "bad" composers in the repertory. Brahms's sensibility may have been conservative, but it was also profound. At its frequent best, he blends a heartfelt lyrical impulse with a loving fulfillment of German contrapuntal and symphonic ideas that extend at least as far back as Bach. If we must be surfeited with mainstream music, we could do far worse than this. —D.S.

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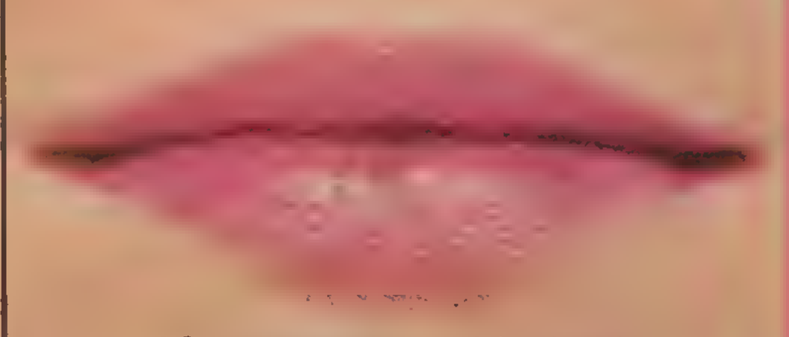
After 2 hours with Lip-Fix	After treatment with Lip-Fix for 14 to 21 days	 After treatment with Lip-Fix for 14 to 21 days

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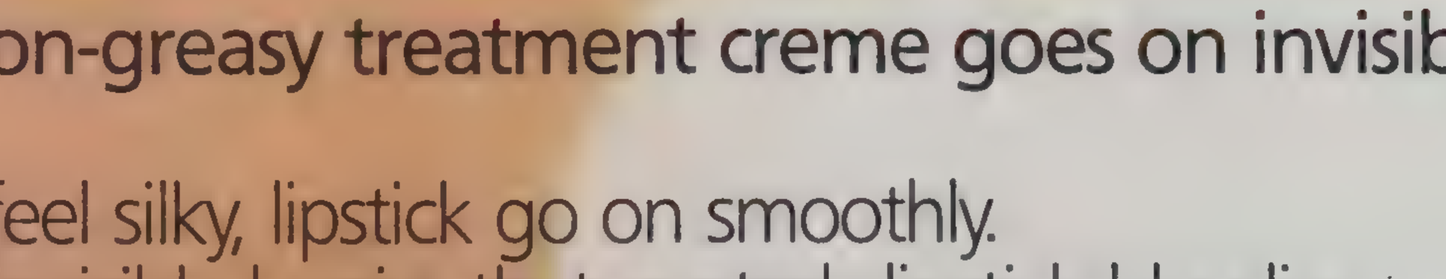

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Images from *The Photography of Imogen Cunningham: A Centennial Selection*, now at California Academy of Sciences. *Above*, "Taiwan Leaves, 2," 1963

IMOGEN CUNNINGHAM

Imogen Cunningham's long photographic career spanned nearly all the first seventy-five years of the twentieth century. Although she was applauded as a legendary figure during the last decade of her life, she spent the thirty-odd years prior to her "rediscovery" working on the West Coast in semi-obscurity. Critic Margery Mann noted that Cunningham was somewhat bitter at achieving fame only in her old age. And in retrospect, it seems that Cunningham could have gained more solid recognition in the 1930's, when she was a part of the now-mythologized Group f/64. After all, Cunningham shared similar photographic concerns with f/64 compatriots Edward Weston and Ansel Adams. But while they were enshrined as the exalted knights of innovation, Cunningham was regarded as peripheral. Now, a one-hundred-photograph traveling exhibition of her life's work has been mounted by The American Federation of Arts to celebrate the centennial of her birthday. Over half the show is composed of images which have not been widely exhibited or published before. This decision could backfire on the well-intentioned curators, for this broad survey includes both the best and the worst of Cunningham's output and shows the esthetic basis for her short-circuited acclaim.

Cunningham's earliest pictures were landscapes and theatrical tableaux of friends done in the soft focus Pictorialist style popular at the turn of the century. They are interesting mainly because of their pointed contrast to the works which followed. In the 1920s Cunningham suddenly began making sharply focused images—cool, almost abstracted close-ups of nudes, flowers, and assorted still-life subjects. These beautiful purist photographs, in which the world is seen in sharp focus, with detail, texture, and pictorial flatness emphasized, brought Cunningham her most significant reputation.

The Cunningham cachet: *above left*, "Insouciant," 1932; *above right*, "Untitled" (hands of Dr. Leo Keoshian), 1973; *below left*, "Amaryllis," 1933. Cherished as a legendary figure during her last decade, she spent the thirty-odd previous years in semi-obscurity.

Cunningham rediscovered: new focus on a persistent purist

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Carol Squiers writes on photography for "The Village Voice."*

It was probably Edward Weston who influenced Cunningham's stylistic change, although it can as easily be attributed to zeitgeist. Whatever its origin, Cunningham shaped that style to her own sensibility. Whereas Weston's still lifes are stark and uncompromising, Cunningham's flowers, shells, and leaves are delicate and sensual. In a picture of an iris, the unfurled petals of the half-open flower reach up into a black field from an encircling grasp of leaves. In a more radical close-up, the striated petals of the false hellebore fill the frame with a lush, swirling pattern of bending lines. And a garden snake isolated on a curved surface makes an oddly elegant, spare composition.

Although Cunningham is also known for her portraits, they are uneven in style and quality. That inconsistency dogged the rest of her career, which is in part what separates her from her more renowned peers. Purism was just a phase for her, not the bedrock of a unified vision. But there are other aspects in the development of artistic fame. Even in the good old days, a dedicated patron, aggressive self-promotion, and generous attention from the press helped photographers on the road to success. Cunningham received the latter attention only when she was in her eighties. History may deny her the rank of innovator, but Cunningham made a number of fine and lasting images during the 'twenties and 'thirties which well represent her contribution to the purist style.

—CAROL SQUIERS

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... DANCE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Though Dance Theatre of Harlem is only twelve seasons old, firebrand creator/director Arthur Mitchell and his company have earned ecstatic praise this season for their invigorating approach to classics such as Agnes de Mille's "Fall River Legend" and Bronislava Nijinska's worldly, sexually ambiguous "Les Biches" (right). Here Mitchell talks frankly to writer Dolores Leviant.*

The "new kid on the block" comes of age

AM: We are still *the* new, young company on the horizon. And the first permanently established black classical ballet company ever in history.

DL: Are all your dancers black?

AM: At this particular point, no. Initially when the Dance Theatre of Harlem started, it was all black because there was a fallacy that blacks could not do classical ballet. Rather than talk about it, I decided the best thing to do was to disprove it.

Now, the problem was that there were no black, classically trained dancers. So, I couldn't hold an audition and then select, out of hundreds of people, whom I wanted. I had to train the dancers as well as develop the company. I used the expertise I'd learned at the New York Ballet from Balanchine, Lincoln Kirstein, Betty Cage. Whenever I didn't know something I would go to the best person I knew in that field and say, "Well, teach me."

DL: How do you explain the fact that so many people gave their experience and advice.

AM: Over the years, I have developed a reputation. I was the first black, classical dancer in a major company in America. People have to respect you when you've done it the right way. I will work for what I get. I accept a challenge. Kirstein said to me before I got into the New York City Ballet, "Arthur, for you to get into the New York City Ballet, in the *corps de ballet,* you've got to be better than the others because you'll be the first black man we're taking." I said, "You're on."

Kirstein and Balanchine have always been behind me. There were times when the networks said, "We cannot have that black man dancing on television with a white girl." And Balanchine said, "If he doesn't dance, New York City Ballet doesn't dance."

I didn't start classical ballet until I was eighteen years old. The guidance teacher at my junior high school in Harlem saw me at a class party doing whatever it was—the jitterbug or the Lindy—and told me to try it for the High School of Performing Arts. I loved Fred Astaire. So, I remembered one routine that he did, *Stepping Out With My Baby.* I went to an old vaudevillian by the name of Tom Kniff and he taught me his tap dance routine to this number. I went down to audition. I remember very distinctly because Kirstein, Martha Graham and John Martin, the *Times* critic, were there judging all the applicants. All these very, very talented and well-trained young people came. And I said, "Now Arthur, what are *you* going to do? You're here. You might as well go in. What can you lose?" And I went up and I sang and I danced. They said, "Give the kid a chance." That's how I got into dance.

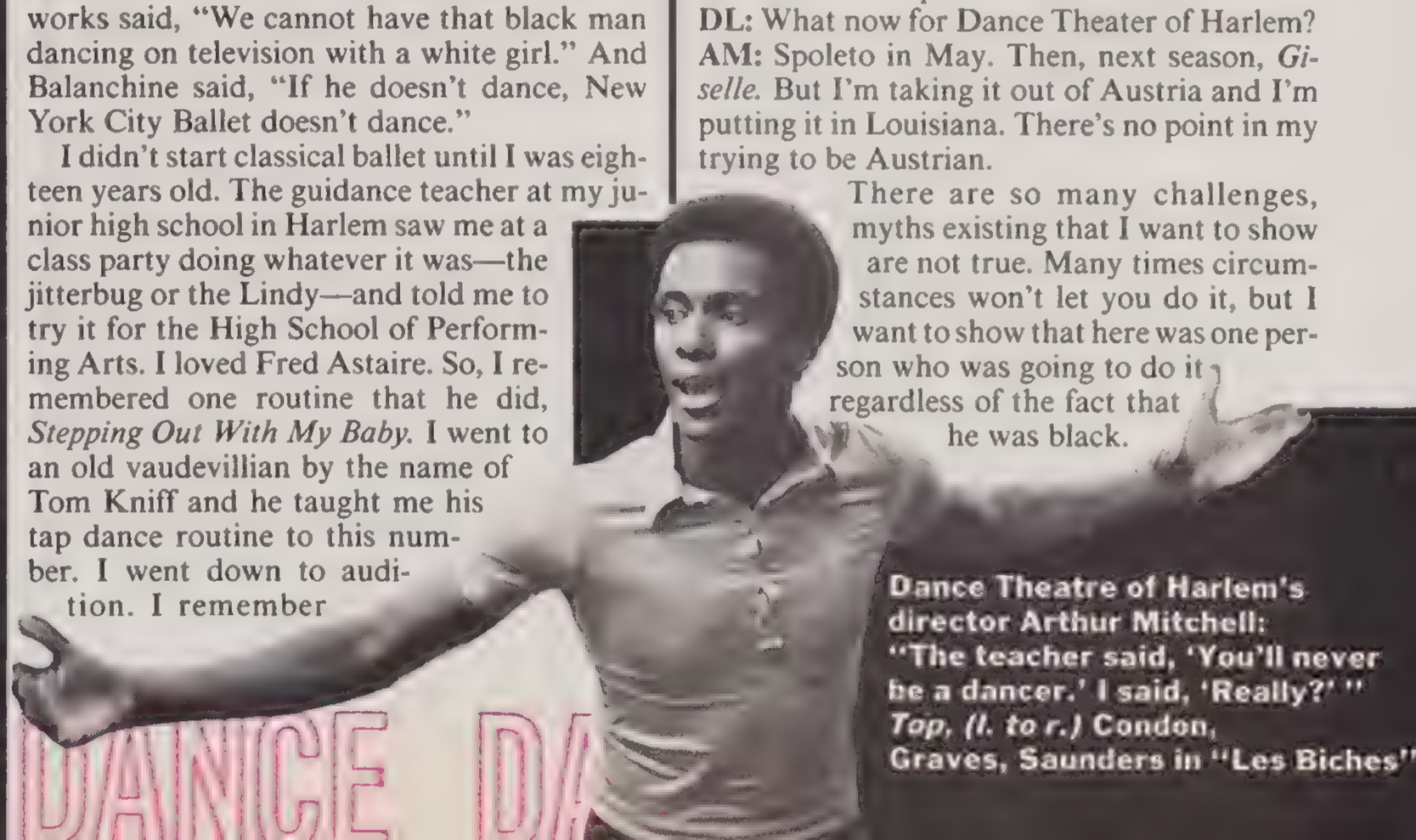
The challenge came when one day, a teacher said to me, "You'll never be a dancer." I said, "Really?" That was the day I said, "I'll show you." The first thing I did was go to the studio. I had a very tight body. I didn't have particularly good feet. Everything on my body is manmade in the sense that I've worked to get it, to achieve it. I *ripped* my stomach muscles apart. They had to call an ambulance and take me to the hospital. It all ended up when I became the first male ever to win the dance award from the High School of Performing Arts.

The thing is, there are two factors that come into play. There are problems that one faces as an artist, then there are also problems that one faces as a black man, so consequently, you have to be on a very, very even keel not to get the two mixed up and become bitter.

DL: What now for Dance Theater of Harlem?

AM: Spoleto in May. Then, next season, *Giselle.* But I'm taking it out of Austria and I'm putting it in Louisiana. There's no point in my trying to be Austrian.

There are so many challenges, myths existing that I want to show are not true. Many times circumstances won't let you do it, but I want to show that here was one person who was going to do it regardless of the fact that he was black.



Dance Theatre of Harlem's director Arthur Mitchell: "The teacher said, 'You'll never be a dancer.' I said, 'Really?' " *Top, (l. to r.)* **Condon, Graves, Saunders in "Les Biches"**

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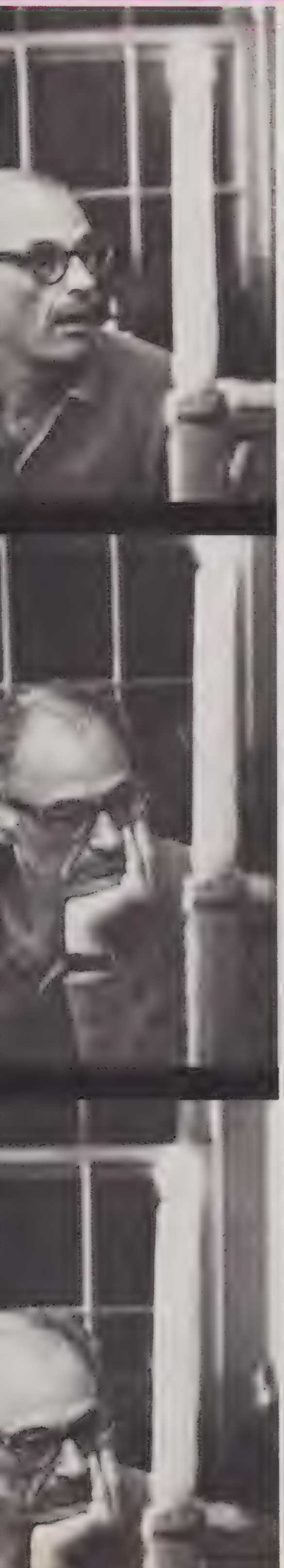

ARTHUR MILLER TO THE RESCUE

A paradox! A paradox! The on-Broadway theater is in a state of attrition, while the American theater is booming—prodigiously off-Broadway, in regional theaters all over the place, in play festivals such as Louisville's "Humana . . . New American Plays." That gave Broadway *Crimes of the Heart, The Gin Game, Whose Life Is It Anyway?* And, in outpost theaters such as New Haven's Long Wharf, which gave this season's anorexic Broadway its revival of Arthur Miller's *A View From the Bridge.* And that's plenty to feed on! Miller, an authentic, out-of-the-melting-pot American theater voice (that's he, *left*) gives us, in *View, verismo* opera. That, at its best, is his special gift: raw, complicated basic emotions exploding with Vesuvian force. His on-stage people run naked and screaming. Suddenly we are his people. Miller has, by the vigor of his almost primal perceptions, revealed us to ourselves. He has plunged us into some pre-Freudian darkness and blasted us shatteringly out of it. That is his way in *The Crucible, After the Fall, Death of a Salesman.* Each proof of Miller's universality, especially *Salesman,* which, at just about this time, should be playing in Beijing, in Chinese, directed by Arthur Miller. This American salesman has indeed traveled far. —L.L.

TONI FRISSELL

TWO MAGICS

Theater . . . a confluence of magics materializing their own reality. And two of the most potent magic makers, wizarding our theater today, are set designer Heidi Landesman, actor Remak Ramsay. First the sets, then the actors—each constituent in making the impossible possible.

Heidi Landesman, designer of dozens of plays—all off-Broadway or in the regional theater—gets dazzling reviews from critics who frequently have eyes only for actors and ears for playwrights. John Simon, in his scourging of the New York Shakespeare Festival's *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* sums up the Landesman high status: ". . . Central Park's *Dream* is done in by the director's crass ideas and an uneven cast. The scenery, however, is just fine. . . ." "What I try to do," says Heidi, "is to find an image that enriches the play, a realm where it has poetic ramifications." She does just that each time out. Examples: the design for one of her *Dream* productions, *above,* cabalistic, star-map fraught; *Painting Churches,* in which desolation is evoked while, paradoxically, it is avoided; *Night, Mother,* a realistic kitchen almost unbearably claustrophobic. "I try to poeticize the reality, to push further."

In Simon Gray's *Quartermaine's Terms,* Remak Ramsay, a tall, quiet, sweetly distinguished man of perceptible *race,* is that rare on-stage person, an actor who is never actorish, never seemingly acting. Heartbreaking. What is also heartbreaking is that Ramsay is the kind of star for whom, some fifty years ago, playwrights would be writing plays. Could be, what with Ramsay in this deeply moving *Quartermaine,* young playwrights will. —LEO LERMAN

BABES IN ARMS

When Broadway theater feels wobbly, Broadway's own jumps in and comes up with surprising sources of nourishment. Such as: The Foundation of the Dramatist's Guild Young Playwrights Festival. With a Selection Committee chaired by Stephen Sondheim, seven plays are chosen for presentation. Requirement for competitors: they must be eighteen and under! This year, the youngest winner was ten-year-old Tagore Joseph McIntyre from Sanders, Arizona! His play, *Scraps,* will receive a staged reading . . . Broadway, here they come!

EAT EAT EAT

COVER LOOK

A

hint of what's ahead this summer: a new "minimalism" in makeup . . . simplicity in shape and color. You see it in the sharp triangle of an earring . . . in skin coloring that heightens lips, eyes. The modern, pared-down palette *above* and on our cover on model Lauren Helm: rosy-to-deep coral touched with silver. All L'Oréal, it starts with L'Ensemble French powder eyeshadow duo in Silver Leaf/Rose Vermeil . . . set off by a smudge of Kohl-Kajal Eye Crayon in "Blushed" . . . creamy Coraline Lip Accents lipstick. Plus, the perfect "finish" at this time of year: perfumed body lotion, like the one in Parfums Cacharel's new Anaïs Anaïs bath line. Blouse, OMO Norma Kamali; about $345. Earrings, Jim McCullough, about $30. Details, last pages. Hair and makeup, Rick Gillette. Photograph by Avedon.

FRAGRANCE CHOICES...

For hot summer days . . . for those times when you want to "layer" fragrance . . . consider a perfumed body lotion. Special: those from Calandre, Krizia (coming soon) . . . News in the U.S.: Madame de Carven—a rich, warm floral chosen by an international panel of women as their favorite . . . From Jordache, the name in jeans—two new scents: For Her—a sensual green hyacinth floral, and For Him—a woodsy blend . . . along with a new Jordache cosmetics collection!

SUN FLASH

A NEW PABA-FREE CREAM THAT PROTECTS AGAINST UVA, UVB RAYS, IS LIGHT-TEXTURED, NON-DRYING, *AND* NON-GREASY—AND WON'T STAIN CLOTHES: ERNO LASZLO PROTECTIVE SUNBLOCK (SPF 12).

Photo *above right:* REYNOLDS ROLLES. Sketch, SCOTT BOLESTRIDGE

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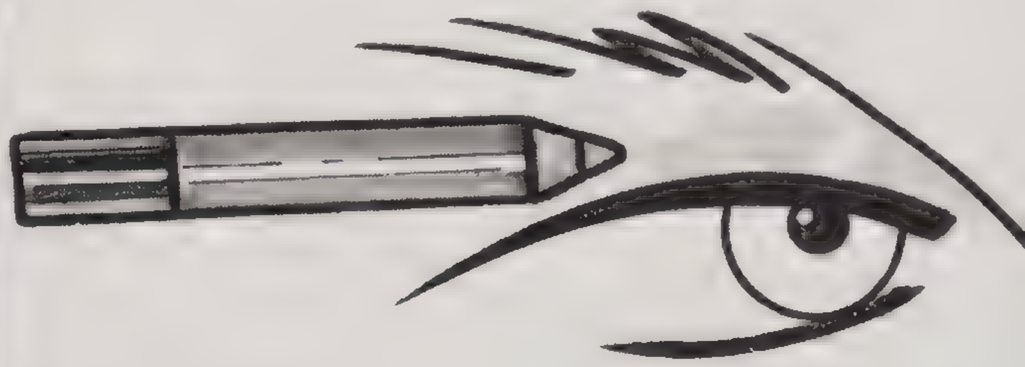
new forms

...of fragrancing, of makeup, of treating and protecting skin...



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HIGH TECH

candles with the inimitable Missoni fragrance—and style, *above*. Set into translucent glass chevrons and sold in pairs—red with purple, yellow with aqua—they stand alone or "tiered," have visual as well as fragrance appeal.

MEANINGS

Among the latest cosmetic watchwords: **Mucopolysaccharides** *are the proteins that make up a major part of our bodies' connective tissues, hold moisture and "firmness" in skin. Now, these substances, said to be "moisture attracters," are being used in creams, lotions . . . as are* **phospholipids,** *recently identified as essential to skin's water balance. The soybean-derived phospholipid lecithin is the major component of the new Complex 15 moisturizers. . . .* **Non-saponifiable** *is the word used to describe vegetable oils that, literally, cannot be blended into a soap. The benefits of using such extracts in skin treatments, according to the makers of French lines such as Sisley and Ducray: they have a softening effect on dry skin, help it to become more supple and hydrated.*

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texture

Can it change on its own? ...shine: more a question of condition than color

ENRICHING

your hair, two ways . . . For color that works with hair's style, gives most effect with least amount of coloring agent, Calvan Walker at Gerard Bollei at the Galleria, NYC, sets hair with Velcro rollers, then lightly applies hair color to top layer of hair. His finisher: a conditioning treatment with toner added (you can get extras to use as refreshers) . . . For best condition: setting systems that heat up, cool down fast—like those from Vidal Sassoon.

Hair's condition—rather than its color—often determines whether a woman seems older. Says colorist Leslie Blanchard, "Hair loses its luster long before it goes totally grey, and brown hair is the most likely to become dull." . . . Two easy solutions: a good deep-conditioning regimen or subtle color highlights.

Key way to achieve line, movement for hair that's very fine: a shorter cut, as *above*—with the shortest strands at the sides, length on top, in front where hair can move, have lift and shape with the aid of setting lotions, gels. Hair styled here by Didier Malige for Jean-Louis David at Henri Bendel, NYC. Makeup, Linda Cantello. Fashion, Liz Claiborne. Earrings, Mark Davis. Fashion details, last pages.

LOTHAR SCHMID

Hair: changing texture...

Hair texture is not a subject you find in dermatology textbooks. It's a consumer term. To women and hair experts, texture refers to the degree of curl: whether hair's naturally straight, wavy, curly, or kinky; and to the degree of thickness; and to whether individual hairs "feel" coarse or fine.

The assumption is that natural hair texture is a fixed factor, like having brown eyes, and that, unless you decide to alter that texture by artificial means with a perm or straighteners, what you're born with is what you've got. Surprisingly, however, hair texture may change on its own.

"Some people have straight hair that becomes curly later in life; others have curly hair that becomes straight. It happens, but we don't know why—although hormonal or metabolic causes are possibilities," says Vera H. Price, M.D., associate clinical professor of dermatology at the University of California in San Francisco.

The first time a hair-texture change is apparent is in young children, usually between ages one and five, when soft, baby-fine curls suddenly reverse in pattern, growing in straight, says Dr. Price. "Many characteristics that a child is born with are not its destined genetic appearance," explains Dr. Price. "Brown-eyed people may be born with blue eyes; many blond children eventually become dark-haired."

Later in life, another hair-texture change may take place, where a long-established texture pattern inexplicably alters and hair goes from straight to curly or from curly to straight. "A common time for this to occur is during puberty and adolescence," says Dr. Price, "although it can happen in one's twenties or thirties. The phenomenon occurs relatively quickly, over about a year" . . . and is sometimes caused by a condition called acquired progressive kinking of the hair, where hair goes from straight to very curly or kinky.

According to doctors, there is no conclusive evidence that hormones are responsible for sudden hair-texture changes in otherwise healthy individuals. Increased oiliness of the scalp, however, may result in an *apparent* hair-texture alteration. "During adolescence, increased oiliness may be hormonally related," says Gary Brauner, M.D., associate clinical professor of medicine, Albert Einstein College of Medicine, NYC. "Oilier hair may appear to have a different texture, or may not feel as rough. These surface changes give a sense of a different texture."

Hair texture may change on its own . . .

Whether or not the hair changes in diameter—and therefore, texture—during pregnancy is also controversial, though we know there are measurable, discernable changes in the rate at which hairs fall during this time, affecting the feeling of fullness.

"Certain medications—cancer medications, for instance—will change the metabolism of the hair follicle," says Dr. Brauner, "resulting not only in the possibility of hair loss but in a change of texture, causing hair to become finer. So it is possible that metabolic changes may change the thickness, or texture, of the hair fiber."

As for grey hair, women often find that it differs substantially from the rest of their hair, growing in coarser and wirier. These coarser grey (actually white) hairs react differently, too, to chemical processes such as perms. "We know grey hairs have a larger fiber diameter, but we don't know why this change occurs," comments Dr. Brauner. "Perhaps as hair follicles age, they do not reproduce hairs with the same regularity as they did before, causing new hairs to grow in wiry or kinky."

Your Well-Being

By Barbara Lang Stern

Mixed emotions: why we cry "tears of joy" and what they say about us

You're starting a new project, playing in a tournament, keeping an important appointment, and you're feeling both eager *and* afraid. Someone you love arrives safely but much later than expected, and you're both relieved *and* angry—the phenomenon of mixed emotions. We cry at weddings, graduations, and all sorts of happy occasions and call these "tears of joy," but analysts suggest they spring from sad feelings or thoughts that have been stirred up by the happy event. So, even while we're joyous, we may cry because we know the happiness we're sharing is merely fictitious, or will be fleeting, or might have been ours but wasn't. Children, who don't cry when they're happy, are bound to wonder at the perverseness of adults; but, from our perspective of experience and knowledge, we see the vulnerability of innocence, the impossibility of lasting perfection. We cry for the inevitable loss of Camelot; and, more often than not, our tears are a useful, needed release.

As complex and occasionally confusing as you may find this kind of richness of feeling, as frustrated as you may be by the ambivalence you feel when your emotions conflict, the awareness of this variety gives you balance; it can strengthen and nourish you. Selective self-awareness—and the single-minded passion that results—can enable you temporarily to be braver, stronger, more creative than you otherwise might have been; but it also can prompt you to act in ways you later may regret—out of pure anger, crushing sorrow, overwhelming hurt, unbearable guilt, abject despair. A helpful counterbalance to such one-sided overreactions is to purposely "try on" a very different emotion. So, when you're aware of how deeply someone has hurt you, you can try to get in touch with your anger or outrage at such treatment and feel less devastated.

Our problems occur most often when we fail to recognize and deal with conflicting emotions or their warning signals. An example of the influence of buried emotion that startled many into self-recognition was the thesis developed by Radcliffe president Matina Horner, Ph.D.: the "fear of success." Buried and unrecognized, a woman's fear that she'll become unpopular, be seen as unfeminine, be punished in some not quite definable way for attaining success and transgressing traditional limits set for women in our culture can prevent her from taking what she has fought for and wants and could attain. Brought into the open, the fear—like other hidden emotions—can be examined, understood, questioned, and usually deescalated or neutralized.

How do you discover hidden conflicts? "Look for the message suggested by your actions," says Kathryn Jason, psychological counselor and coauthor with Joe McMahon, Ph.D., of *The Power To Change Your Life* (Doubleday). "Suppose you want a job. You have to say, 'There's a significant reason I went on a shopping spree when I was supposed to be making up my résumé.' You need to get beyond justifying what you do with a rationalization such as that you went shopping because there was a super sale. Maybe the hidden feeling for you to face is a reluctance to go to work and a desire to be taken care of. Or, if you want to change jobs, maybe you're ambivalent about leaving a comfortable, familiar situation.

"Once conflicting feelings are identified, I usually ask, 'What are you going to get out of behaving in each of the ways you're considering? out of going to work, versus remaining dependent? out of changing jobs versus staying where you are?' Facing ambivalence can help you commit yourself more wholeheartedly."

Most of us have been raised on the concept that many physical problems—commonly including headaches, high blood pressure, rapid heartbeat, chest pains, insomnia, impotence, stomach pains, ulcers, colitis, and asthma attacks—can signal underlying emotional distress. In fact, we may know what's making us sick; but we're less clear about the specific features to look for that are apt to promote pain.

"You come under stress when you're caught in a conflict about your feelings and can't seem to find a way out," says Beverly Roth, M.D., assistant professor of psychiatry at the Medical College of Pennsylvania, and director of the MCP Stress Center's emergency psychiatric team. "Usually, the conflict hasn't been fully recognized and expressed. For instance, the person who thinks she's got tension headaches because she's furious at her boss really is in trouble because she can't tell her boss how angry she is. The bind this puts her in causes the headache. If you're upset at your husband for walking out on you, what usually creates the pain isn't just the upset but the conflicting feelings that underlie it. You might hate the bastard for doing this, but you also might love him, so you can't express the anger.

"We try to help people uncover the conflict," continues Dr. Roth. "Then you're more likely to say, 'Okay, my health is more important than my job; I'm going to have to tell this boss what's on my mind, and find another job if necessary.' Or 'My husband wasn't all bastard *or* the greatest guy in the world. I'll sometimes miss him and sometimes be glad he's gone, but in any event, I can move on.' "

Dr. Roth underscores the helpfulness of groups of people with similar problems: hearing what others have experienced, how they handled it, different feelings that are allowed, and having a place in which to express yourself, can give tremendous relief. Dr. Roth also points out that in acute situations, professional, focused, short-term therapy on a group or individual basis usually is available. ▽

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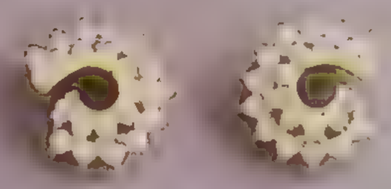
B2

B3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C8

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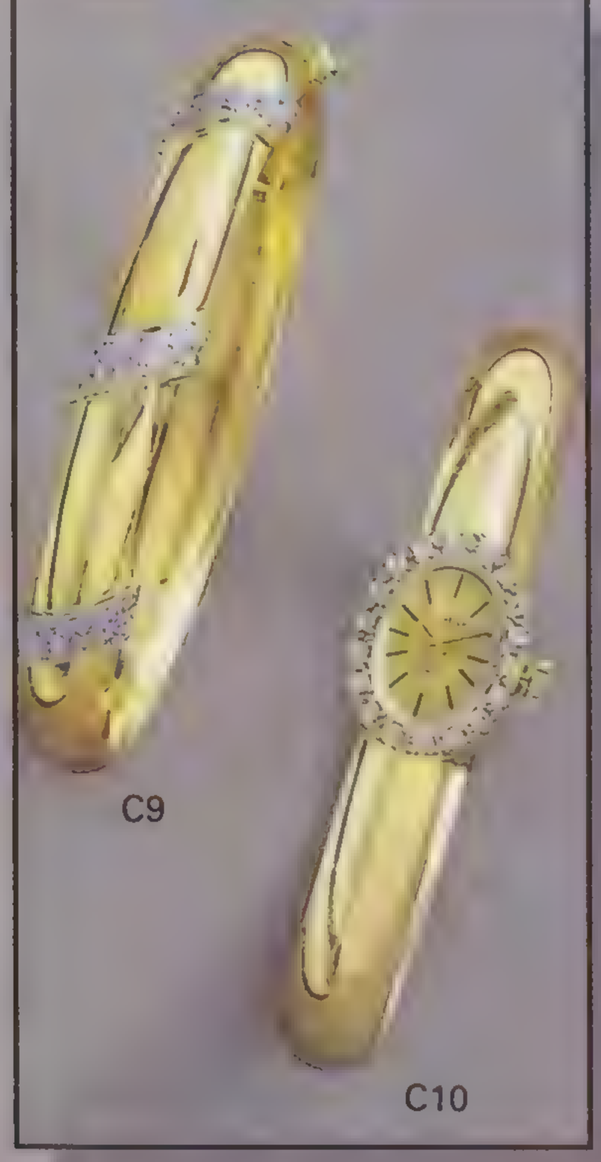

C9

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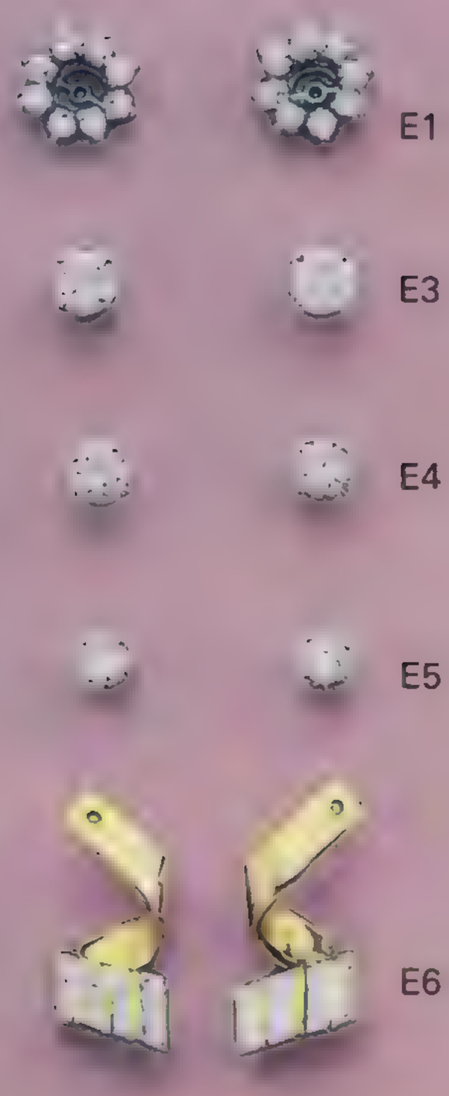

E1

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E14

E15

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G11. Emerald and diamond flower graces this 14 karat gold necklace. $650. Also available with ruby and diamond flower. **(G12.)** $650. With sapphire and diamond flower. **(G13.)** $650.
G14. Emeralds center an 18 karat gold band, dazzling with 1 carat of diamonds. $1750.
G15. Charming 14 karat gold pin glitters with emeralds and ½ carat of diamonds. $500. Also available, sapphire and diamond pin. **(G16.)** $500. As a ruby and diamond pin. **(G17.)** $500. Also available with 1¼ carat of diamonds set in 14 karat gold. **(G18.)** $850.
G19. Pretty ring of emeralds and diamonds set in 14 karat gold. $400.
G20. Emeralds and .95 carats of diamonds form dramatic 14 karat gold hoop earrings. Clip/post. $900. Also available with 1.50 carats of diamonds. **(G21.)** $1150.
G22. Shiny 14 karat gold bracelet, highlighted with emeralds and diamonds. $295.
G23. Rubies and diamonds, set on a 14 karat gold bracelet. $295.
G24. 14 karat gold bracelet with sapphires and diamonds. $295.
G25. Sleek 14 karat gold bracelet shines with diamonds. $350.

All jewelry is shown approximate size.
All jewelry is 14 karat yellow gold, unless otherwise noted.

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H1. Square-cut aquamarine and diamond 14 karat gold ring. $260.
H2. Aquamarines and diamonds glow from 14 karat white gold earrings. $200.
H3. Aquamarine and diamond 14 karat gold necklace. $200.
H4. Square-cut aquamarine and diamond 14 karat gold bracelet. $150.
H5. Amethyst and diamonds on a 14 K. gold ring. $275.
H6. 14 karat gold earrings with oval amethyst center. $60. Also available with garnets. **(H7.)** $60.
H8. 14 karat gold butterfly stickpin with amethysts, peridots, aquamarines and diamonds. $150.
H9. Garnet and diamond, 14 karat gold earrings. $65. Also available with amethysts. **(H10.)** $65.
H11. Garnet and diamond 14 karat gold ring. $135.
H12. Aquamarine and diamond 14 karat gold ring. $150.
H13. Amethyst and diamond 14 karat gold ring. $135.
H14. Amethysts, garnets and citrines adorn a 14 karat gold chain. 32". $300.
H15. Glittering amethysts, garnets, peridots and citrines on a delicate 14 karat gold bracelet. $150.
H16. Rose quartz, garnets and 14 karat gold beads form a 32" necklace. $85. As a 16" necklace. **(16A.)** $45.
H17. Lapis lazuli necklace 14 karat gold beads. 30". $250. Also available with coral and gold. **(H18.)** $200.
H19. Lapis lazuli and 14 karat gold earrings. $100.
H20. Lapis lazuli set in fluted 14 karat gold earrings. Clip/post. $200.

Cultured freshwater pearls and 14 karat gold beads with your choice of:
H21. With sodalite, 7" bracelet. $30. Also as a 16" necklace. **(H22.)** $60.
H23. With amethysts, 7" bracelet. $30. As a 16" necklace. **(H24.)** $60.
H25. With rose quartz, 7" bracelet. $30. As a 16" necklace. **(H26.)** $60.
H27. With garnets, 7" bracelet. $30. As a 16" necklace. **(H28.)** $60.

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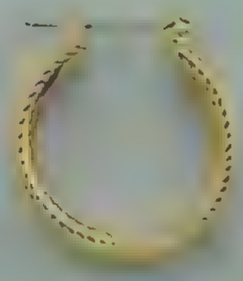

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J1. Textured 14 karat gold dome ring. $295.
J2. Graceful 14 karat gold knot ring. $165.
J3. Shrimp design dome ring of 14 karat gold. $125.
J4. Classic circle pin of 14 karat gold. $100.
J5. Classic 14 karat gold bangle bracelet. $225.
J6. Sleek 14 karat gold button earrings. Clip/post. $165.
J7. Fluted 14 karat gold button earrings. Clip/post. $125.
J8. Swirled 14 karat gold button earrings. $110.
J9. Contemporary 14 karat gold earrings. $90.
J10. Textured 14 karat gold earrings. $85.
J11. Elegant 14 karat gold textured hoop earrings. $60.
J12. 14 karat gold hoop earrings with swivel posts. $45.
J13. 14 karat gold triple strand hoop earrings. $90.
J14. Button earrings of 14 karat gold. $65.
J15. Pretty 14 karat gold button earrings. $65.
J16. Beautifully textured 14 karat gold earrings. $95.
J17. 14 karat gold triple-strand hoop jackets to wear with your studs. $45. Price does not include studs.
J18. Dainty, swirled 14 karat gold earrings. $35.
J19. Triple-twisted 14 karat gold button earrings $60.

All jewelry is shown approximate size.

Spring palette... black and white and pale coral.

K1. Elegant 7mm cultured pearl and diamond earrings. 14 karat gold. $110.
K2. Classic 6-6½mm cultured pearl necklace. 14 kt. gold clasp. 15″ strand. $300. A 22″ strand. **(K3.)** $450. A 30″ strand.**(K4.)** $600.
K5. Diamonds and 5½-6mm cultured pearls center a 15″ pearl necklace. 14 karat gold clasp. $625.
K6. Cultured pearls and diamonds on this 14 karat gold ring. $200.
K7. Cultured pearl and diamond 14K gold ring. $150.
K8. Cultured Mobé pearl and diamond earrings. 14 karat gold. Clip/post. $400.
K9. Cultured freshwater pearls accent delicate 14 karat gold earrings. $60.
K10. Cultured Mobé pearl in a 14 karat gold and diamond ring. $250.
K11. Pretty 14 karat gold and 5mm cultured pearl and diamond earrings. $28.
K12. Cultured pearl and 14 karat gold stickpin. $40.
K13. Geometric 14 karat gold earrings set with cultured Mobé pearls. $140.
K14. Triple strands of cultured freshwater pearls and 14 karat gold beads combine for a pretty 30″ twist necklace. $575. Available as a 16″ necklace. **(K15.)** $325. As a 7″ bracelet. **(K16.)** $175.
K17. Cultured freshwater pearl and 14K gold bead necklace. 32″ length. $150. As a 16″ necklace. **(K18.)** $75.
K19. Cultured freshwater pearl and 14 karat gold bead bracelet. $35. A16 inch necklace. **(K20.)** $80.
K21. Subtle pastel shades of cultured freshwater pearls and 14 karat gold beads combine in a pretty 16″ twist choker. $325. As a 7″ bracelet. **(K22.)** $150.

L1. Black onyx button earrings framed with a twist of 14 karat gold. $65.
L2. Black onyx, cultured pearl and 14K gold bead necklace. 30″ long. $225. As a 16″ necklace. **(L3.)** $125.
L4. Cool crystal, black onyx and 14 karat gold beads form a 34″ necklace. $120.
L5. Black onyx with cultured pearls and 14 karat gold beads. 30″ necklace. $100.

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L6. Black onyx, 14 karat gold and cultured fresh-water pearls form a bold three-strand twist choker. $165. As a 32" necklace. **(L7.)** $325.
L8. Black onyx 8mm studs. 14 karat gold posts. $20 pr.
L9. Fluted 14 karat gold button earring jackets to wear with your studs. $60 pr.
L10. Classic 14 karat gold 8mm studs. $28 pr.
L11. Ivory† earring jackets to wear with your studs. $25 pr.
L12. 7½mm cultured pearl, 14 karat gold studs. $40 pr.
L13. Black onyx "flower" earring jackets to wear with your studs. $25 pr.
L14. Pretty coral necklace with a carved coral drop and 14 karat gold beads. 24" length. $200. As a bracelet. **(L15.)** $60.
L16. Black onyx cat stickpin with diamond eyes in 14 karat gold. $80.
L17. Bold black onyx, 14 karat gold and diamond dome ring. $425.
L18. Cultured freshwater pearls and 14 karat gold beads combine with coral to form a 32" necklace. $250. As a 7" bracelet **(L19.)** $65. Also available with lapis lazuli as a 32" necklace **(L20.)** $250. With lapis as a 7" bracelet **(L21.)** $65.
L22. Dainty crystal and 14 karat gold beads combine with coral for a 7" bracelet. $25. As a 16" necklace **(L23.)** $50. Also available as a 7" bracelet with amethyst **(L24.)** $25. As a 16" amethyst necklace **(L25.)** $50.
L26. Crystal, 14 karat gold beads and black onyx combine in a 7" bracelet. $25. As a 16" necklace **(L27.)** $50. Also available with sodalite as a 7" bracelet **(L28.)** $25 or a 16" necklace **(L29.)** $50. Please specify stone desired.
L30. Bold coral and 14 karat gold earrings $220. Also available with black onyx. **(L31.)** $200.
†Sorry, not available in California.

All jewelry is shown approximate size.

All jewelry is 14 karat yellow gold unless otherwise noted.

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Gifts of gold sparked with diamonds

M1. Diamond cross on a 15" 14 karat gold chain. $225.
M2. 14 karat gold and diamond heart centers a herringbone chain. $250.
M3. ½ carat of diamonds sparkle from this 14 karat gold heart necklace. $420.
M4. Diamonds shine from this 14 karat gold necklace. $425.
M5. ½ carat of diamonds set in triangular 14 karat white gold earrings. $325.
M6. 14 karat gold charm holder with diamonds. $120.
M7. Unicorn charm in 14 karat gold. $75.
M8. Available with sterling silver body and 14 karat gold horn and mane. $35.
M9. Teddy bear charm has movable arms and legs. 14 karat gold with diamond. $50.
M10. Raggedy Ann charm in 14 karat gold with movable arms and legs. $40.
M11. Matching Raggedy Andy. $40.
M12. 14 karat gold heart charm with diamond. $40.
M13. #1 Mom 14 karat gold charm with diamond. $35.
M14. #1 Grandma 14 karat gold charm with diamond. $45.
M15. Diamond and 14 karat gold cluster ring. $350.
M16. Diamond studs total .30 carats, set in 14 karat white gold. $275 pr.
M17. Diamonds accent these 14 karat gold earring jackets. Studs not included. $295 pr.
M18. 14 karat gold bangle bracelet with diamonds. $375.
M19. Sleek 14 karat gold bangle bracelet. $180.
M20. Diamond triangle on a 14 karat gold bracelet. $395.
M21. A 14 karat gold herringbone bracelet with 3 diamonds. $125.
M22. As a 9" anklet. $135.
M23. A twist of gold and diamonds on a 14 karat gold bracelet. $200.
M24. 14 karat gold rope bracelet glows with diamonds. $250.

N1. Diamonds on 14 karat gold hoop earrings. $165.
N2. Geometric 14 karat gold ring, with diamonds. $100.
N3. Triple-band, tri-color 14 karat gold ring with diamonds. $425.

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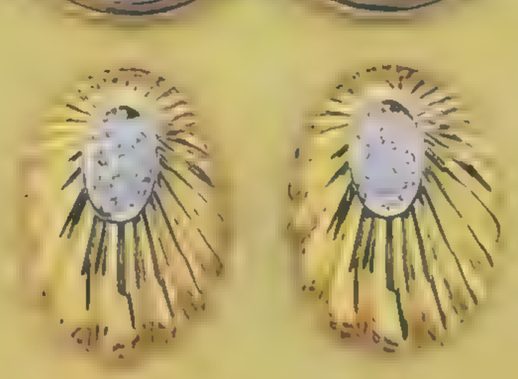

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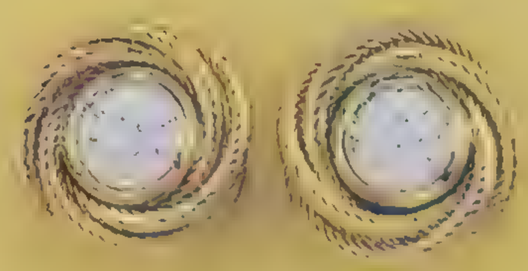

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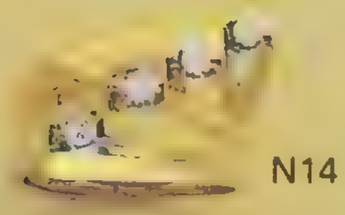

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N4. Dramatic Cleopatra necklace of 14 karat yellow, white and pink gold. $475.
N5. Quartz watch with diamond trim and 14 karat yellow, white and pink gold band. $875.
N6. A diamond cluster sparkles on a tricolor 14 karat gold flexible bracelet. $400.
N7. Braided 14 karat yellow, white and pink gold bracelet. $195.
N8. Textured 14 karat gold bow pin with 3 diamonds. $300.
N9. Hoop earrings of tricolor 14 karat gold. $80.
N10. 14 karat gold hoop earrings set with diamonds. $325.
N11. 14 karat gold triangle earrings with diamonds. $110.
N12. Fluted 14 karat gold earrings with diamond cluster. $250.
N13. 14 karat gold love knot earrings centered with diamonds. Clip/post. $385.
N14. 14 karat gold geometric ring with diamonds. $395.
N15. 14 karat gold ring glows with .50 carat of diamonds. $435.
N16. ½ carat of diamonds crown this 14 karat gold wedding band. $450.
N17. A cluster of diamonds on a 14 karat gold ring. $250.

N

It's Spring... with special times to remember.

P1. Rugged 14 karat gold men's link bracelet. $575.
P2. 14 karat gold Krugerand coins (1/10 oz.); framed as cuff links. $450.
P3. 14 karat gold Krugerand coin (1/10 oz.) ring. $365.
P4. Men's brushed 14 karat gold signet ring with diamond. $375.
P5. Shining 14 karat gold tie bar with diamond. $175.
P6. Sleek 14 karat gold penknife attaches to his watch fob or key ring. $95.
P7. 14 karat gold key ring with engravable tag. $195.
P8. Black onyx and 14 karat gold cuff links. $135. Also available with lapis lazuli and 14 karat gold. **(P9.)** $135.
P10. Classic 14 karat gold sphere tie tac. $35.
P11. Classic 14 karat gold cuff links. $160.
P12. 14 karat gold oval cuff links. No charge for engraving, three script or block initials. $195.
P13. Classic 14 karat gold collar pin. $65.
P14. 14 karat gold collar bar. $115.
P15. Cultured pearl and diamond tie tac in 14 karat gold. $75.
P16. Knot tie tac with diamond in 14 karat gold. $60.
P17. Bold 14 karat gold and diamond ring. $350.
P18. Lapis lazuli and brushed 14 karat gold ring with diamond accent. $230. Also available in black onyx. **(P19.)** $220.
P20. Lapis lazuli and 14 karat gold cuff links. $250. Also available in black onyx. **(P21.)** $200.
P22. Lapis lazuli and 14 karat gold shirt stud set. $185. Also available as black onyx studs. **(P23.)** $165. As black onyx tie tac. **(P24.)** $30. As lapis tie tac. **(P25.)** $35.
P26. Classic 14 karat gold oval link bracelet. $200.
P27. Impressive 14 karat gold heavy rope bracelet. $350.
P28. Distinctive 14 karat gold link bracelet. $260.

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P

Q1. Sporty two-tone ladies' quartz watch. $75. Also as a men's watch. **(Q2.)** $75.
Q3. Ladies' two-tone quartz watch with Roman numeral dial. $40. As a men's watch. **(Q4.)** $40.
Q5. Classic goldtone ladies' quartz watch. $40. Also as a men's watch. **(Q6.)** $40.
Q7. Ladies' tailored goldtone quartz watch. $50.
Q8. Matching men's watch. $50.
Q9. Men's black matte Swiss quartz watch with goldtone markers, sweep second hand and date. $75.
Q10. Matching ladies' watch. $75.
Q11. Carriage goldtone quartz alarm clock by Linden. Comes with 3 melody alarms. 6"x3½". $75.
Q12. Linden's quartz alarm clock. Handsome black lacquer and goldtone case. 6½"x4⅛". $75.

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Q: My eye makeup tends to fade over the course of the day. What can I do to make it last?

A: Makeup artist Way Bandy has a technique that holds color throughout the day: "I use foundation on lids instead of eyeshadow, then top that with a matching face powder. Beige, soft pink, russet look wonderful on lids with ivory foundation on the browbone," says Bandy. "I prefer these 'natural' colors to enhance, 'enlarge' eyes. And, some foundations adhere to skin better than eyeshadows do."

To apply: Use fingertips for foundation, a soft brush or sponge-tipped wand for powder.

If you prefer the look of more color in eyeshadows—lavender or khaki green, for example—Bandy suggests first using shadow in cream-shadow form, top that with a complementary shade of powder shadow to ensure lasting color.

Q: There is more and more talk about collagen injections. Where can they be used? Are there any dangers?

A: Dermatologists and plastic surgeons have been injecting Zyderm collagen to "fill in" facial skin depressions since its approval by the FDA in mid-1981. Until recently, patients who previously had silicone injections were excluded from collagen treatments. A recent FDA ruling eliminated this contraindication, but doctors stress that this must be decided on an individual basis.

A series of several injections, usually spaced about two weeks apart, is often necessary to successfully "improve" a particular area.

Despite their growing use, there are some physicians who object to collagen injections, usually on two grounds: First, that collagen, although a highly purified biological material, can cause allergic reactions in some patients. Second, that achieved results, even when initially satisfactory, may need "touching up" with additional injections within six months to two years.

Even those physicians using collagen stress that it is not a panacea. "Zyderm injections can be quite successful in 'lifting' certain wrinkles and acne scars, as well as in correcting congenital facial deformities. Where they have not proven successful, however, is the treatment of very superficial wrinkles or so-called 'ice-pick' acne scars, which can still be treated only by surgical excision," says Elliot W. Jacobs, M.D., attending plastic surgeon at New York Eye and Ear Infirmary.

A recent study presented at the American Academy of Dermatology's annual meeting suggested that acne scars, once successfully treated, are less likely to need later "touch-ups" than age-related wrinkles, probably because collagen injections, like other forms of cosmetic surgery, do not stop the aging process but simply lessen what has already occurred.

Q: I'd like to have my legs waxed but understand that the "grow-in" period necessary between waxings can be uncomfortable, unattractive. Can this be avoided?

A: Waxing is a great alternative to shaving, especially in summer. To start, hair must be allowed to grow for about two weeks. This initial growth may be uncomfortable and unattractive, especially as hair that's usually shaved looks coarse.

"Waxing seems to soften hair," says Elisa Ferri of Beauty Bookings, NYC. "And, once you get in the habit of waxing, hair tends to grow at a slower rate; some women can go four weeks between waxings."

One drawback: waxing legs seems to aggravate ingrown hairs. To prevent this, Ferri recommends women use a loofah sponge on waxed areas. "If ingrown hair becomes a problem, stop waxing and start shaving legs for a few weeks. This brings ingrown hairs to skin's surface. Then, you can resume waxing."

Q: The label on my body lotion reads "patent pending." Does this mean the lotion is especially effective? One-of-a-kind?

A: No. It simply means the cosmetics company *thinks* the lotion is unique and has applied to the U.S. Patent Office for exclusive rights to the formula.

To file for a patent, the company must determine that no other firm has owned or does own rights to the lotion's composition. If the patent office confirms that the formulation is new, it must then judge that the product is "useful" (e.g., Johnson's Baby Shampoo was deemed "useful" because of its uniquely non-irritating, gentle formula) before it awards a patent. This may take up to two years.

Your lotion may well be issued a patent, however, as about 65 percent of patent requests are rewarded. After seventeen years, patents expire; and other companies are then free to duplicate the product's formula. ▽

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DIORESSENCE

Mind Health

Righting wrong impressions... health and the fighter personality... nymphomania—beyond the myth

By Carol Tavris, Ph.D.

CONFLICTS—NIPPING THEM BEFORE THEY BUD

Once a conflict has started to escalate, returning the relationship to normal is like getting toothpaste back in the tube. In a book he is writing, psychologist Jeffrey Z. Rubin, Ph.D., identifies the steps of escalation. The first is forming impressions.

"Let's say you and I work in the same office," says Rubin. "Each morning I greet you, and you do not respond. I conclude that you are stuck up. Really, you're shy, or afraid. You don't know the conclusion I've come to about you, though, so you don't change your behavior. Therefore, my attitude intensifies. Pretty soon we've each concluded that the other is a nasty, unfriendly person."

Once an impression is formed—positive or negative—"selective perception" takes over. You will now select, from all the information you receive about the other, only that which conforms to your impression. (To build on their positive impressions, new lovers select only the good news about each other.) "People see not only what they wish to see," says Rubin, "they also manage ingeniously to test their impressions in such a biased way as to uphold their suspicions. For instance, if you believed your adversary to be guilty of some heinous crime, your questions would be designed to verify that belief: 'Why did you do it, anyway?' You wouldn't bother asking the questions of guilt or innocence: 'Did you do it?'"

The final step in a conflict, says Rubin, is "attributional distortion." If your adversary acts in support of your impressions of him, you attribute his behavior to his personality: "He's a creep and a thug, just as I've always said." If he acts in a way that contradicts your impression, though, you interpret it as a temporary fluke or a special situation: "He had to be kind just then." Before long, says Rubin, there is nothing your adversary, whether a person or a nation, can do to disprove your beliefs.

To avoid unnecessary conflicts, says Rubin, the first thing to understand is that these biases of the mind affect us all—and gauge our perceptions accordingly.

WHAT'S IN A NICKNAME

"Jimmy" Carter and "Patty" Hearst both kept their childhood names, yet the founder of Standard Oil and the Rockefeller Foundation, John D. Rockefeller, never referred to himself as "Rocky." Von O. Leirer, Ph.D., of Human Cognition Research Corporation in Stanford, California, and his associates at the University of California, Santa Barbara, have found that we think differently about people who use the formal version of their names (Edward, Ronald, Patricia, for instance), the informal version (Ed, Ron, Pat), or the adolescent version (Eddie, Ronnie, Patty). In particular, we think of Edward as being the most introverted, conscientious, emotionally stable, and cultured of the three—the most grown-up, one could say—and Eddie the least. The study doesn't tell us whether Edwards *really are* more grown-up than Eds or Eddies, but it does have an important implication . . . considering that most men drop the adolescent form of their names eventually, while many women do not.

NYMPHOMANIA—THE TRUTH

Having said in this column that you rarely hear about nymphomaniacs anymore, I now must backtrack. Psychiatrist Stephen B. Levine, M.D.—who is director of the Sexual Dysfunction Clinic, University Hospitals of Cleveland—reports in the *Journal of Sex & Marital Therapy* that there *is* a diagnostic syndrome of a "persistent, unmanageable increase in sexual drive," and that women who suffer from it are not the happy, lusty, passionate females of fiction. "They are pathetically ill and desperate about their lack of control," says Dr. Levine.

Some cases of excessive, unrestrainable sexual desire, he explains, are caused by organic problems: drug abuse (alcohol, amphetamines, etc.); temporal lobe disease induced by trauma, epilepsy, or tumor; or androgen treatments (sometimes given for such problems as anemia or endometriosis). Other cases reflect a different type of sexual dysfunction, such as an inability to achieve orgasm, or psychological distress.

But most "surges of libido" don't last more than a few months and aren't anything to worry about, says Levine. A newly divorced woman, for example, who had little sexual pleasure in her marriage might feel hungry for new experiences and good sex. Levine therefore looks for what increased sexual drive *means* to a woman, instead of automatically regarding it as a biological or psychological pathology. Falling in love, he reminds us, is still the most common cause of "excessive" desire.

STRESS, HELPLESSNESS, AND CANCER—A MISSING LINK DISCOVERED?

People who care for cancer patients have often commented on the importance of the patient's struggle for life in fighting the disease and on how hopelessness and helplessness can bring on the patient's death. Now some remarkable research by Madelon Visintainer, Ph.D., and Martin Seligman, Ph.D., suggests a link between psychological helplessness and a fundamental cellular reaction that stimulates tumors to grow. Visintainer and Seligman had found that rats that had endured shocks they couldn't control became lethargic, stopped trying to escape, acted helpless when escape *was* possible, and suffered physiological stress reactions such as ulcers. Rats that were able to turn off their shocks did not become so "helpless."

The researchers implanted ninety-three rats with cancer cells: thirty rats were assigned to a controllable-shock group, thirty to an uncontrollable-shock group, and thirty-three to a no-shock group. Normally, 50 percent of all rats will reject a tumor implant. Indeed, in the no-shock group, eighteen of the thirty-three (54 percent) rejected the tumor and were cancer-free. In the controllable-shock group, nineteen out of thirty (63 percent) rejected the tumor. But in the uncontrollable-shock group, the "helpless" rats, only eight out of thirty (27 percent) rejected the tumor. When animals are unable to control pain and stress, their susceptibility to cancer increases.

This work has tremendously exciting potential for human application, although it is worth noting that people are not (usually) rats. In humans, our perceptions of helplessness and control can affect us as much as our actual circumstances.

YOUR SENSE OF DIRECTION—THE SEX DIFFERENCE

A good sense of direction is learned by actively interacting with your environment instead of passively reacting to it—by being a driver, say, instead of a passenger. Since women have tended to be passengers more often than drivers, in life as in cars, their sense of direction has not been as good as men's. (On the other hand, this fact hasn't bothered women very much; a good sense of direction, according to research, is more important to male self-esteem than to female self-esteem.) Now, Kendall J. Bryant, a psychology graduate student at the University of California at Berkeley, has found that three personality factors influence the sense of direction for both sexes: sociability, self-acceptance, and "capacity for status" (a term that includes such qualities as ambition and self-assurance which contribute to social status). Bryant finds that these three factors make a person more likely to enjoy exploration without worrying overmuch about getting lost—and that, in turn, enables the person to teach herself to navigate.

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TTES

New dimensions in stress control

It's all a matter of learning how to cope

Stress. You may not always be able to pinpoint it, but you know when it hits you. Technically defined as a non-specific reaction of the body to a demand, a more practical definition of stress is: difficulty in handling pressure, responsibility, and conflict.

This difficulty results in physical and emotional body responses. Physical manifestations include cold, clammy hands; elevated blood pressure and heart rate; mysterious aches and pains such as low-back or neck pain; and, in some cases, stress may contribute to a general high-illness state—which may include ulcers, heart disease, or even a breakdown in your immunity system. Emotional or psychological responses include inability to concentrate, hostility, frustration, anxiety, blues, depression, and burnout.

The key to stress control is how you handle it—whether you manage stress or allow it to manage you. That's why trying to avoid stress does not work: You can run away from stress and still be plagued by it—if you're a worrier, uncomfortable with change, angry at the world, or not in tune with your body. It's all a matter of learning how to cope with stress—and understanding your place in the world.

It's also important to remember that stress is not always bad for you and that it often is the very element that makes life exciting. It is impossible to enjoy sex, love, even a breath of fresh air without a hormonal response to stress; so while it can be debilitating, stress also adds tremendous zest to life.

Here, techniques for coping with "negative" stress. By adopting all or some of these strategies, you'll discover that stress need not rob you of vitality or success.

Note: In all the following, to experience a long-range, stress-control benefit, you must make a life-style change incorporating the strategy into your regular routine.

AEROBIC EXERCISE kept up for thirty minutes or longer is one of the best methods, experts say, for relieving emotional and psychological stress.

Aerobic exercise's primary benefit is in the psychologic responses that occur owing to secretion of beta-endorphins and enkephalins. These morphine-like hormones are secreted after thirty minutes or more of exercise—*provided that the exercise is non-competitive and somewhat repetitious*—and help to provide a "high" or feeling of carefree unwinding.

Because about 50 percent of our body weight is muscle, when we are under stress, our muscles are usually the first to experience it—often in the form of eye twitches, low-back or neck pain, arm tremors, etc. Physical exercise allows a dissipation of this muscle tension and also helps to transfer stress from one area of your body to another. If you're mentally and emotionally fatigued, you need to fatigue yourself physically to relieve stress and prepare your body for proper rest and relaxation.

Aerobic exercise also helps to relieve two other potential stress producers: boredom and anxiety. Yet another reason to exercise regularly: people who are physically fit get more out of other stress-management techniques.

VISUALIZATION EXERCISE Most of us rush through life overloading our bodies and are not aware of the tremendous stress we are under. Visualizing techniques, such as *body scanning,* help you to become more aware of your body. When you "scan," you can recognize where in your body you are tense and learn to relax specific muscles.

Exercise: Lie on the floor, close your eyes, and starting with your toes, "think" your way up your body. Ask yourself, "Where do I feel tension?" If any part of your body is tight, focus on making those muscles relax.

> ***How do you handle stress? Do you manage it or does it manage you?***

The technique in *visualizing* is to form a mental image of what you want to accomplish. Keep repeating the image over and over again. Visualize calming scenes or situations. Soak in a mental hot tub and watch stress dissipate. Visualize yourself literally putting your hand into your brain and pulling away negative thoughts. (Classes in visualizing and body scanning are available at many universities.)

RELAXATION EXERCISE Meditators are known to experience significant changes in oxygen consumption, brain waves, and lactate levels resulting in a highly relaxed condition—the exact opposite of the stress-producing fight-or-flight response. Four basic elements for achieving this are: a quiet environment, an object to dwell upon, a passive attitude, and a comfortable position.

Exercise: Sit quietly in a comfortable position, and close your eyes. Deeply relax all your muscles beginning with your feet, progressing all the way up to your face. Breathe through your nose, and become aware of your breathing. As you breathe out, say the word "one" silently to yourself.

You must practice relaxation regularly for effective results, much the same as is required for a successful aerobic exercise program.

YOGA The essence of yoga is to cancel out all distractions associated with daily life and reach a passive attitude. By decreasing muscle tension and breathing in a rhythmic fashion, you may be able to step outside of stressful circumstances, find temporary relief, even achieve insight and perspective to help you confront and deal with your stressors.

Exercise: Sit on floor with legs stretched out in front of you. As you reach toward your toes, concentrate on the muscles at the back of your legs being stretched. Hold for about 10 to 20 seconds. Concentrating on these muscles helps you to cancel out distractions, achieving a necessary respite, from time to time, from the rigors of our stress-filled world.

—CHARLES T. KUNTZLEMAN, Ed.D.

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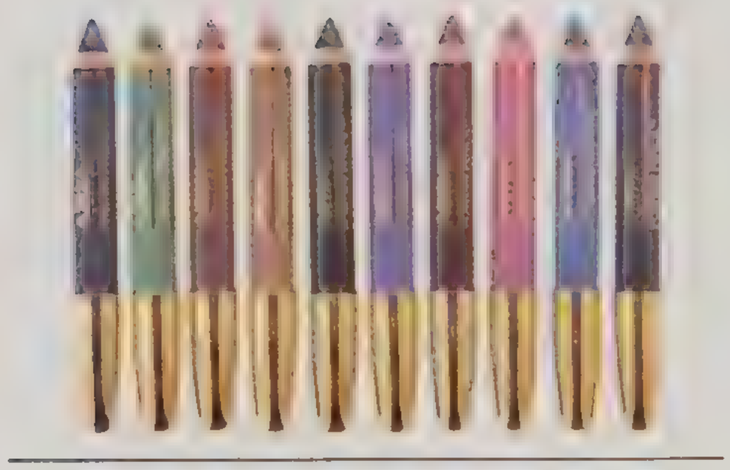

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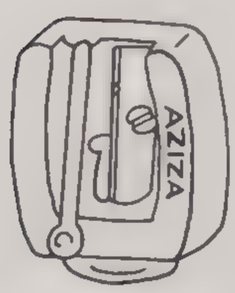

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Between Us

Movers/shakers: winners ...new alcoholic help... are you a "Real Woman"?

By Lorraine Davis

IN HER OWN WORDS . . .

"After having struggled for our independence and recognition of our professional seriousness, now we must create a harmony between what we are at work and what we are as women. Now we'll begin to enjoy our homes more, to entertain at home; we'll come back to fidelity."—*Diane Von Furstenberg, designer of clothes, cosmetics, home furnishings; mother of two*

"I've never taken myself totally seriously. The only reason, I think, I've kept my sanity with everything going on around me is the fact that I have a reasonably good sense of humor. . . . My main thing in life is to delegate; I get people who like to take responsibility and I give it to them and they go."—*Ursula Meese, executive director, The William Moss Institute, Washington, DC, delegate on United Nations Status of Women Program, commissioner of UNESCO (among other posts), and wife of Edwin Meese III, counselor to President Reagan*

"I would like to see all of us—liberals, moderates, conservatives, whomever—realize that our common bond is providing equal opportunity for all women."
—*Anne B. Hoover, associate faculty member, Indiana University/Purdue University at Fort Wayne and president, The Association of Junior Leagues, which on May 15-18 in Dallas will hold its annual conference; theme: "Yesterday's Myths; Today's Realities," focusing on women, youth, and the elderly*

ROUND-UP TIME IN TEXAS

San Antonio's scenic Paseo del Rio is the place to be July 7-10: National Women's Political Caucus will hold its sixth biennial convention, "Win with Women," with political and organizational training sessions and workshops on such issues as pay equity, national security, work and family, presidential politics, and delegate selection for national party conventions. Festivities will include a dinner honoring women office holders, cartoon auction, film festival, "fun run," and more. Info: Coordinator Grace Orlansky NWPC, 1411 K Street, NW, Suite 1110, Washington DC 20005; (202) 347-4456.

WOMEN VS. ALCOHOL: OVERDUE AID

Women long have decried the effects of alcohol on their lives. In the 1870s, doughty dowagers from the Women's Christian Temperance Union smashed their local bars with axes. Today, we're getting more effective help; but the National Council on Alcoholism estimates that there are ten million Americans who have serious alcohol problems, of whom between 1.3 and 3 million are women. Many other women are married to alcoholics.

Until recently, most treatment facilities have been male oriented; now, the professionals are realizing that, even when women can get treatment, better results are obtained in all-female environments. Judith A. West, director of the new CareUnit for Women Program at St. Catherine Hospital on Half Moon Bay (Marine Blvd. and Etheldore St., Moss Beach CA 94038; 415/728-5533), said, "In mixed groups, women keep up their nurturing roles with the men and don't deal with their own problems. We eliminate that and work in four areas: assertiveness training, relaxation and stress management, vocational counseling, and body awareness.

"Our society is generally not supportive of a woman's need for independence and autonomy. In our program, the major emphasis is on building a woman's self-esteem and strength."

When a woman's "drinking problem" is an alcoholic spouse, there's help for her, too. At the half-dozen or so hospital-based women's alcoholic centers now open around the country, wives and children are counseled. At the Women's Center for Alcoholism Treatment of the Phoenix General Hospital (1950 West Indian School Road, Phoenix AZ 85015; 602/279-4411), director Bobbie Gruchy said, "Members of the family often become sicker than the alcoholic—developing deep resentments and anger; they become obsessed with the drinking problem."

Emphasizing that alcohol abuse is a treatable illness, the St. Catherine's CareUnit includes this advice on a list of "twelve things to do if your loved one is an alcoholic": "Don't use the 'if you loved me' appeal. . . . It is like saying, 'If you loved me, you would not have tuberculosis.' "

REALPERSONS

You've probably had a few grins while glancing over "Real Men Don't Eat Quiche" (Bruce Feirstein, Pocket Books); now, inevitably, we learn that "Real Women Don't Pump Gas" (Pocket Books). Author Joyce Jillson notes that real women don't have to prove that they're men's equals: they know they're superior. Her list of Real Women includes Ed Asner, Nancy Drew, Sandra Day O'Connor, Lassie, and Diana, Princess of Wales (her sister-in-law, Princess Anne, "pumps gas"). Perhaps the book's philosophy is best summed up in its light-bulb joke:

Q. "How many Real Women does it take to change a light bulb?

A. "None, Real Women don't try to change light bulbs. They accept them for what they are."

Taking pragmatism a step further, Rae Lindsay and Dianne Rowe have written "How To Be a Perfect Bitch" (New Century) with detailed instructions on looking out for Number One and a dedication to Evita Perón. This book is an upscale version of the how-to books of Helen Gurley Brown—or, if your memory's long, Stephen Potter's "One Up-manship."

I'm not recommending that any of us work at becoming a P.B., but you might need a good squasher now and then; e.g., "If your friend is flat-chested, tell her you wish you were flat-chested, too, so you could wear those bargain-priced teenage boys' shirts; if your friend is big-bosomed, tell her you wish that you were her size so you wouldn't be tempted to buy so many chic clothes."

DOLLARS FOR DOERS

This month: your last chance to be nominated for the Second Annual Wonder Woman Foundation Awards. The Foundation, dedicated to advancing equality for women (and created in 1981 by DC Comics Inc. and its parent Warner Communications, Inc.), will hand out a total of $150,000 to ten to twenty women over forty years of age "whose pattern of growth and achievement suggests further contributions to American society." In 1982, eighteen women got $7500 each. Of them, the Foundation's president, Jenette Kahn (president and publisher of DC Comics Inc.), said: "We had brought together a group of women who proved the most disenfranchised individual can effect monumental change." Requests for 1983 nomination forms: The Wonder Woman Foundation, Inc. Awards Program, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC 10019.

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OWNER Magazine

YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from page 46)

intelligent and important human beings. Yet, the majority of your fashion photos depict us as disagreeable pouting playmates—rather nasty, albeit sexy, children. Certainly not as women with any intelligence, warmth or dignity. . . . I'm sure you can do better than this.

Amanda Green
New York NY

Covering art

As an instructor at the Art Institute of Houston, I have been citing Vogue as the perfect exemplification of future trends. By watching and reading your coverage of what's fashionable, the students have at least a five year edge on what will filter down in the overall design field. However, for a magazine that has been a trend setter . . . you have been doing the exact same thing [on the cover] for nine years—a lifesize portrait with copy on the side. What about all the inventive photo covers of the 'fifties and 'sixties and the wonderful illustrated covers of the 'twenties, 'thirties and 'forties? . . . Why not change and get the ball rolling again. . . . We thank you for a great magazine.

Michael Gibson
Art Institute of Houston
Houston TX

Zeitgeist—"invisible" artists?

(Re: February issue), I am dismayed that Barbara Rose failed to link the fact that only one woman artist out of over forty men was included in the *Zeitgeist* exhibition to its qualities of "gross insensitivity" and "brutalizing bestiality." The compulsion to exclude women is remarkably invisible even today and is based on several components of Nazi attitude: the perception of one group as superior to another and the need to act out the suppression of the "inferior" one. It is no accident that the excluded group in this case is associated with the principles of Humanism: the preciousness of human life and dignity, freedom of thought, emotion and relationship, and the creative importance of the personal and subjective.

Undoubtedly the artist who made the most powerful indictment of Naziism was Kathe Kollwitz. I wonder how the work of the Zeitgeist artists holds up under her standards.

Nola Ahola
Seattle WA

Kudos for Wagner, West

I am writing to thank you for two marvelous articles in February 1983 Vogue. The first is "Blame Wagner?" by Peter Gay. I personally absorbed this problem with my mother's milk as it were, but it is fascinating to read about it in Vogue magazine and in so interesting an article, especially, as is pointed out, in this year of the "Wagnerfest." I will be interested in reading Dr. Gay's book.

The second article I found fascinating is the article by Rebecca West ("There Is Nothing Like a Dame"). In the new book room of our local library I found her latest book *1900*. She certainly gives us all courage as we face our own advancing years. . . .

Sarah Rabens
Chicago IL

Don't forget—forgive!

. . . Thank you for the article by Barbara Lang Stern in the "Your Well-Being" section of the February issue on "Learning to forgive."

When I finally did the biblical principle shown in the article of forgiving others and asking to be forgiven, I truly did find my relationship with my fellow man and with God beautifully united.

The article was well-written and in good taste, not too political or controversial, but as are all Vogue articles, well-balanced and appropriate.

Carolyn Sandgren
Dallas TX

Soothing news for smiles

As a practicing endodontist, I would like to congratulate you on your article "Root Canal Without Fear," (HealthStyle, March 1983). Hopefully this will help dispel the notion that root canal therapy must be painful and reduce the anxiety attached to this aspect of dental care.

Let me clarify one misconception: the new [experimental] sono-explorer may help keep x-rays to a minimum. The tones produced determine the root canal length and have nothing to do with the presence or absence of infection. This can only be determined by the experience of the clinician. Richard L. Giddon, D.M.D.

Brooklyn NY

Editor's Note: In the April HealthStyle section, the item on keloid scars referred to "the replacement of abnormal growth with a fine-line scar." Though this could be an outcome of treatment, what is considered a satisfactory result is a flattened, more cosmetically acceptable scar.

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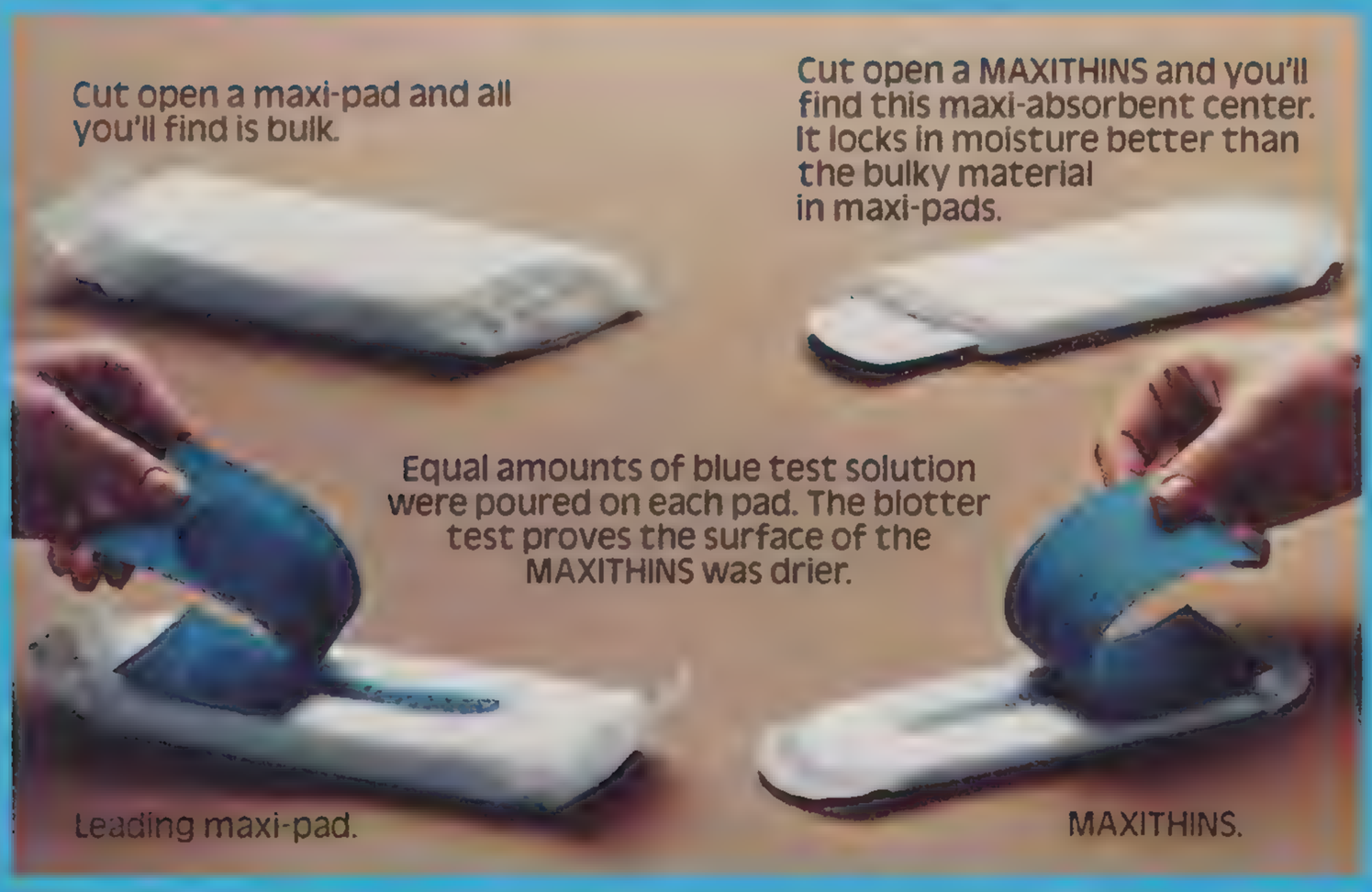

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FITNESS NOW

what's news...

Rating the spas...improving motivation...women in space

We all know *why* we should exercise—and the benefits of visiting a spa; but the real question of *where* to go is harder to answer. That is, are you in shape for the rough-and-tumble of The Ashram? Or are you better off with the more pampering style of the Greenhouse? . . . the relaxing mind/body mood of The Golden Door?

One expert who, after evaluating your fitness level, helps you to decide: Chicago fitness pro Andrea Clark, who developed the exercise program at the Woman's Athletic Club of Chicago. "A spa like Sheila Cluff's Oaks," she says, "is for the less fit." The Ashram, on the other hand, "is for a woman in shape, who knows the ropes, and is simply looking for a place to work out."

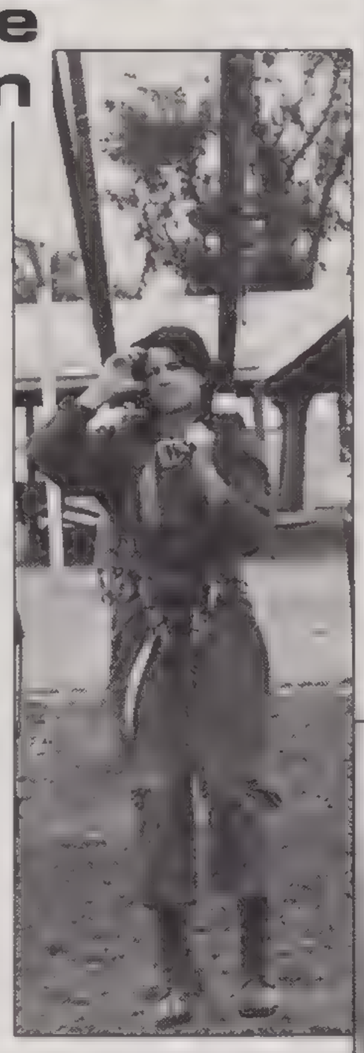
But whether you're going to a spa or exercise class, set goals: "Do you get a tough workout—but not an 'education' . . . or is exercise that teaches you an understanding of your body your goal? It should be," says Clark. "A lot of so-called experts—some qualified, some not—'sell' fitness and a lot of women are getting hurt. There's no personal attention. No follow-up." Always, go slowly: don't push yourself, she cautions, citing Jane Fonda's program. Very few, she says, can do the entire hour and a half advanced Workout class without stopping—including some instructors; it's too hard. Remember: "the hype, the music . . . that's not what promotes fitness. It's the type and quality of the *movement.*"

SPAS: TWO WAYS

mountain retreat **Put together by former tennis pro Julie Anthony, Ph.D., now a sports psychologist: The Aspen Club (Colorado), a sporting facility complete with tennis, swimming, racquetball, gym. In the works: a hospital-affiliated wellness center offering physical and mental evaluation and conditioning. The plan: to offer the club to businesses who would fly in execs first to be tested, then to participate in a supervised exercise program. The first group lands next month.**

spa at sea . . . **Increasingly, savvy people are traveling for fitness—not vacationing to indulge themselves but to rejuvenate or retrieve lost good habits. One proof: the growing number of fitness resorts. Another: the new Golden Door—aboard the QEII—where, if anywhere, there is an abundance of tempting indulgences (the QEII is the single largest consumer of caviar in the world). But even aboard the sybaritic QEII, guests sign up: spa classes (from 7:00 AM to 8:00 PM) are filled . . . and the low-calorie Golden Door menu suggestions rival the sublime QEII fare. We have to be careful people don't overdo, says Eric Mason, the ship's physical fitness counselor, whose fitness program, including an upper-deck Parcourse, goes on all day. Guests won't overdo, however, if they follow the Door's Da Vinci aerobics: one of the best—non-jolting—methods of "taking you up to" your maximum heart rate.**

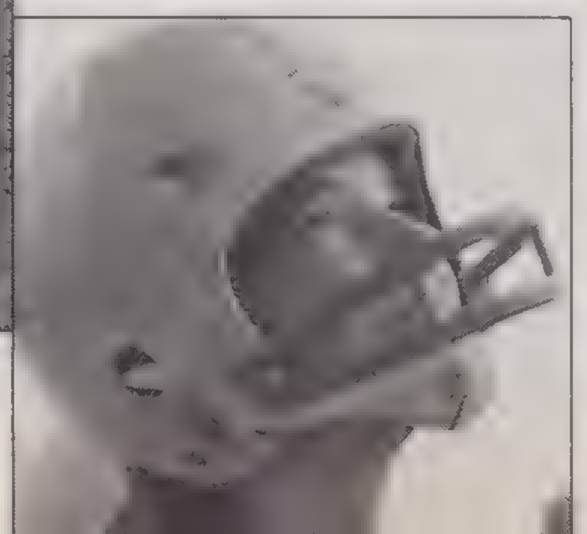
the latest space hero is a woman



SLATED TO BE A MISSION SPECIALIST IN THE SEVENTH U.S. SPACE-SHUTTLE LAUNCHING, SALLY RIDE—THE FIRST AMERICAN WOMAN IN SPACE—HAS BRAWN AS WELL AS BRAINS. NATIONALLY RANKED AS A JUNIOR TENNIS PLAYER AND A STAR AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY (WHERE SHE RECEIVED A PH.D. IN PHYSICS), SALLY RUNS FIVE MILES DAILY, WORKS OUT BEFORE DINNER—HER ONLY "DEFINITES" IN A VARIED DAY (SURVIVAL TRAINING, *RIGHT*). SALLY'S SUCCESS: TENNIS. "YOU LEARN HOW—AND HOW NOT—TO COMPETE."

VOGUE, May, 1983

Motivating *themselves to exercise when they get home at night is difficult for women," says exercise expert Andrea Meyer, who asked hundreds of working women. Her solution: a studio in the work environment—in her case, NYC's Wall Street, because "even though more women are involved in finance, there isn't a single place there for women to work out." Her studio, Jazz Up Your Body (349-5780), first open only at lunch, after work, now open early A.M., too.*



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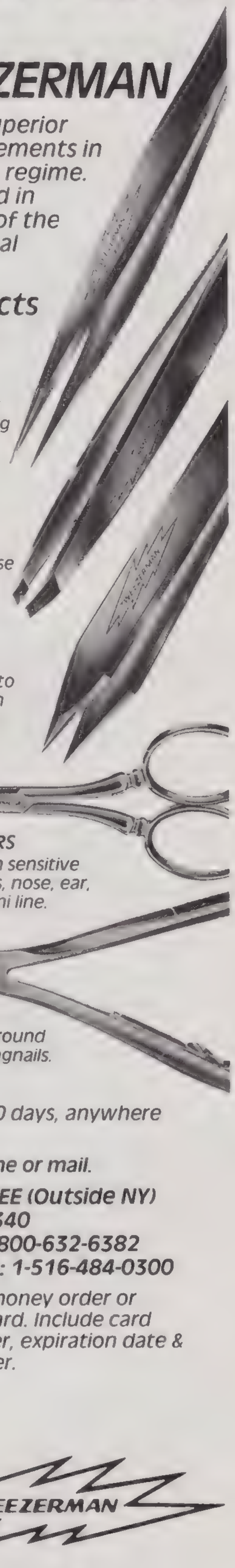

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health

Expert advice on treating scalp problems... dealing with dry hair

DRY HAIR It's sometimes a problem only at the crown, the temples, "where hair is weakest—and breakage and loss often first occur," says NYC hairstylist Richard Stein. For prevention, apply extra conditioner to those areas, "and remember to brush hair thoroughly to spread the scalp's natural lubricating oils from the roots to the ends. The only real cure for hair breakage, unfortunately, is to cut off split ends, then start a regular preventive treatment program."

The following conversation is adapted from a symposium sponsored by Neutrogena's Skincare Institute. Participants: dermatologists Albert M. Kligman, M.D., U. of Pennsylvania; Nicholas J. Lowe, M.D., U.C.L.A. School of Medicine; Howard I. Maibach, M.D., U. of California Medical School; Mitchell Wortzman, Ph.D., Neutrogena's director of pharmaceutical sciences.

Q: What are the common scalp conditions?

Dr. Lowe: In general, dandruff produces mild scalp scaling with little itching. When scalp scaling is accompanied by redness/scaling on the face and around eyes—this is *seborrheic dermatitis. Psoriasis* can produce thick, red, scaly spots on the scalp and skin.

Dr. Kligman: Dandruff—although it prospers in adult life—disappears after age sixty or sixty-five. It also diminishes in spring and summer, is worse in fall and winter. Seborrheic dermatitis tends to be year-round.

Q: What effects does sebum have on these conditions? Are there other factors?

Dr. Kligman: Some people with a lot of dandruff have oily scalps, others don't. On the other hand, scalp oiliness has a relationship to seborrhea. I think dandruff responds to stress. When people get into anxiety-producing situations, they may wash more, or scrape, or rub their scalps. Those factors play a role.

Dr. Lowe: In some parts of the country, humidity is a factor. In some Midwestern states in the winter, with their significantly lower humidity, dry, scaling skin and scalp conditions, in general, become worse.

Q: Can you control dandruff with non-medicated shampoo?

Dr. Kligman: You can keep scales off the scalp with frequent washing. If you have dandruff but wash thoroughly, you will be scale-free for about three days; but you don't improve the problem and may make it worse.

Dr. Wortzman: Zinc pyrithione and selenium sulfide are the most widely used therapies. Tars are less popular. Several other agents, alone or in combination, are occasionally used.

Q: Are all dandruff therapies equally good?

Dr. Kligman: All of these ingredients get results but at different rates. Selenium works fastest, zinc pyrithione next. Then, comes tar. Salycylic acid and sulfur take more than a month to work.

Dr. Lowe: I think the degree of effectiveness also depends on the condition you are treating.

Dr. Kligman: Zinc pyrithione is slower than selenium, but . . . if you shampoo every day, it's faster. If you use a reasonable schedule—twice-a-week shampooing—then zinc pyrithione is a little less effective.

Dr. Lowe: When people ask me how they should treat dandruff, I tell them whatever therapeutic shampoo product they are using, to use it frequently—daily to start with, then reduce its frequency. It's very individual . . .

In many patients with scalp disease, tars are very effective—although they have to be used cautiously. I feel one initially should use non-tar products for milder scalp scaling. If dandruff fails to respond to those therapies, then I might suggest a tar shampoo. For seborrheic dermatitis, tar shampoos are extremely effective. For psoriasis, you need a more active shampoo. Some tar shampoos can occasionally produce phototoxic risks.

Dr. Kligman: Selenium is a type of poison and inhibits the multiplication of epidermal cells. Tars are anti-itch and good hair conditioners.

Good dandruff shampoos, with active ingredients noted: Head & Shoulders (zinc pyrithione); Neutrogena T/Gel (coal tar); Pantene Conditioning Anti-Dandruff (zinc pyrithione); Sebulex (salicylic acid and sulphur); Selsun Blue (selenium sulfide); Vanseb-T (tar, sulfur, salicylic acid); Vidal Sassoon's Sassoon D (a non-medicated formula).

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Horoscope

By Maria Elise Crummere **May**

GUY BILLOUT

Your Taurus profile: Tenacious Taurus, the first of the Earth signs, exudes a sense of staunch security, reliability. By instinct, Taureans understand the true value of people, places, works of art, works of love. They demand—and in their deliberate manner obtain—the best of everything. Taurus' sweet smile enhances the beautiful eyes and skin that reveal the steadfast soul within

Taurus
APRIL 20–MAY 20

May issues you a license to play the dashing diplomat. The authority: your socially powerful ruler, Venus, who currently presides with public-oriented Cancer. Seize this opportunity! Communicate your ideas for the first eight days, then stop to consider your gains and options. Success is at hand and your family reaps the rewards. From the 17th till the 27th, resolve all doubts. Ask yourself: Did you get what you were *really* after? Most likely you will have! Then, up and away: Memorial Day weekend has you off on a springtime sprint with close companions.

Gemini
MAY 21–JUNE 21

Gemini incommunicado? Unheard of! But it could just happen with your ruler, Mercury, in "non-talking" Taurus. Impatient as you become, you must stay calm: get your point across via writing, perhaps wiring—all before the 27th. A social date on the 7th is as advantageous as it is fun. The new moon on the 12th draws you closer to a dear friend, while the 13th to the 22nd lures you into a task that proves to be quite pleasant.

Cancer
JUNE 22–JULY 22

Make a point of it: if you haven't planned a dinner party, on the 7th, do so! A successful soirée's in your stars. Then, until the 16th, Cancer's at a crossroad: should you publicize your ideas or concentrate—at last—on that special project? Since you're now under the influence of an inactive Mercury, best to keep a low profile. Resolve to set new goals. Fulfill old promises on the 31st.

Leo
JULY 23–AUGUST 22

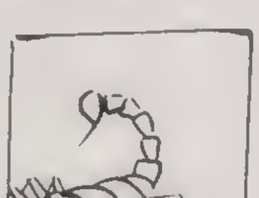
With your radiant ruler, the Sun, set at angles to Mercury, the speaker, and Mars, the activator, Leo's more dazzling, more in command than ever. Though you may find "the crowd" has different ideas, don't be frustrated. Find value in contrary opinion! Major positive changes are in the works for you—especially after the full moon on the 26th. Leo's ripening for a sensational new season!

Virgo
AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

The password for May: patience. All paperwork, all groundwork should be completed by the 7th; but sign nothing, commit to nothing in business until after the 26th. Then, precisely on the 27th, rush to finish everything, and then watch as a tide of positive responses flows in! Though this merry May may be successful but *serene* business-wise, it sizzles with successful social events.

Libra
SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 23

A heyday in May for lucky Libra! From the 1st, Mars the motivator, whips everything, everyone into shape. Your projects really get the push they need. But steer clear of persistent problems that try to block your progress on the 9th; and play the pillar of strength in a particular career pursuit on the 17th. On the 24th, "going public" with your plan is a good bet: you've a winner in hand.



Scorpio
OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 22

A month for special maneuvering! When Scorpio runs into some verbal opposition the first week, your natural reaction is to sting the opponent. But keep calm: put your mind to money matters, instead—particularly on the 9th. Expect news on the 14th, and proceed with caution in both love and work on the 27th. A new friend arrives on the new moon on the 12th bringing the sweet serenity you've certainly earned. *(Continued on page 118)*

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YOUR HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 117)

Sagittarius
NOVEMBER 23–DECEMBER 21

A merry, merry month of May! Your fortune-fair ruler, Jupiter, releases a cascade of opportunities—a situation enhanced by the presence of fame-forging Uranus. Your prime time: the 12th through the 20th—with the 14th the ultimate moment. After the 26th, Uranus upsets your life routine, this soon followed by a sequence of great improvements. Your *raison d'être* now: discover the new you!

Capricorn
DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19

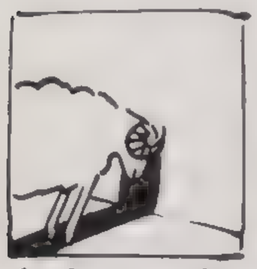
A little spring cleaning's in order for Capricorn. Discard any notions about renewing former associations. (With your ruler, Saturn, in retrograde, there's nothing to be gained here.) Instead, revitalize stagnant ideas, plant the seeds for great new pursuits—professional and personal ones; start afresh at every level. As much as cautious Capricorn reveres the past, part with it—particularly on the 24th. The new horizon will be brighter!

Aquarius
JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18

Intellectual Aquarians appreciate their quiet time—and get plenty of it the first twelve days. With six planets in retrograde, in a sense "on vacation," you see little action. Promises made may go unfulfilled. But life's astir between the 12th and 20th—make the most of it. Fortune flirts with you, as your ruler Uranus is moving with lucky Jupiter. Together these planets promise the Water Bearer sign an overflow of destiny-determining events.

Pisces
FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

Those born under the sign of the Fish float gently down the stream of serenity the first three weeks in May. The source: your ruler, Neptune, now in retrograde. But don't let things drift too far! When Neptune joins Saturn on the 22nd, "the great planner," your moods, values, your very direction in life shift—and you want to be ready. After the 25th, you realize your new life will yield precious spiritual satisfaction.



Aries
MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Your ruler Mars, still in ambitious Taurus with rational Mercury, provides you with the best angle on a present situation: you can both take time to reflect and still be right on top of it. Diplomatic Aries is at the peak of negotiating power—particularly between the 7th and 10th. On the 21st, you're on a new faster track, and you're moving at top speed by the 26th. Just ahead: a surprise on the 27th.

GLE

ALABAMA Holmes

ARIZONA Broadway Southwest, Diamond's, Sears

ARKANSAS M. M. Cohn, Sears

CALIFORNIA The Broadway, Bullock's North, Bullocks Wilshire *(Palm Springs, Woodland Hills, Newport Beach)*, Harris', Henshey's, Liberty House *(San Francisco)*, Macy's *(Citrus Hts., Hilltop, Stockton, Newark, Pleasanton)*, I. Magnin, Rodders, Sears

COLORADO The Denver, Sears

CONNECTICUT Howlands, Macy's, Reibman's, Sage Allen & Co., Sears

DELAWARE Sears, John Wanamaker

WASHINGTON, D.C. Woodward & Lothrop

FLORIDA Furchgott's, Jordan Marsh, Maas Bros., McRae's, Sears

GEORGIA Davison's, Belk-Matthews, Sears

HAWAII Liberty House

IDAHO The Bon

ILLINOIS Bergner's, Bonwit Teller, Carson Pirie Scott, Famous-Barr, I. Magnin, Neiman-Marcus, Sears, Venture, Younkers

INDIANA Block's, Carson Pirie Scott, de Jong's, Hudson's, Hutner's, Lazarus, Sears, Venture

IOWA Roshek's, Sears, Venture, Younkers

KANSAS Adler's, Harzfeld's, Macy's, Sears

KENTUCKY Sears, Shillito's

LOUISIANA Holmes, Sears

MAINE Freeses', Sears

MARYLAND Bamberger's, Bloomingdale's, Eyerly's, Hecht's *(Downtown Baltimore)*, Hochschild-Kohn, Hutzler's, Sears, Woodward & Lothrop

MASSACHUSETTS Almy's, Blake's, Bloomingdale's, Cherry & Webb, Filene's, Jordan Marsh, Sears, Star Store, Steiger's

MICHIGAN Hudson's, Sears, Steketee's

MINNESOTA Powers, Young-Quinlan, Sears

MISSISSIPPI Holmes, McRae's, Sears

MISSOURI Adler's, Famous-Barr, Harzfeld's, Macy's, Sears, Venture

NEBRASKA Ben Simon, Sears, Younkers

NEVADA Broadway Southwest, Diamond's, Macy's, Sears

NEW HAMPSHIRE Almy's, Sears

NEW JERSEY Abraham & Straus, B. Altman & Co., Bamberger's *(East Brunswick, Rockaway, Toms River)*, Bloomingdale's, M. Epstein, Hahne's, Sears, Steinbach's, Stern's, John Wanamaker

NEW MEXICO Broadway Southwest

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NORTH CAROLINA John Carroll, Matthews-Belk, Miller & Rhoads, Sears

OHIO Gidding-Jenny, Gregg's, Higbee's, Hudson's, Jacobson's, Lazarus, Macy's *(Bowling Green)*, May Co., O'Neil's, Sears, Shillito/Rike's, Stern & Mann's, Strouss

OKLAHOMA John A. Brown, Sears

OREGON Frederick & Nelson, Mervyn's, Sears

PENNSYLVANIA Abraham & Straus, B. Altman & Co., Bamberger's *(N. Wales, King of Prussia)*, Bonwit Teller, Bon Ton, Boscov's, Cox's, Corner House, Eyerly's, Gimbel's (Lancaster), Lady Bug, Schleisner's, Sears, Strouss, John Wanamaker

RHODE ISLAND Cherry & Webb, Jordan Marsh, Peerless, Sears

SOUTH CAROLINA Davison's, Sears

SOUTH DAKOTA Younkers

TENNESSEE Cain-Sloan, Loveman's, Sears

TEXAS Bealls, Foley's, Joske's, McClurkan's, The Popular, Scarbrough's, Sears

UTAH Sears

VERMONT Almy's, Magrams

VIRGINIA Miller & Rhoads, Rices Nachmans, Sears, Woodward & Lothrop

WASHINGTON The Bon, Frederick & Nelson *(Tacoma)*, I. Magnin, Sears

WEST VIRGINIA Lazarus, Stone & Thomas, Sears

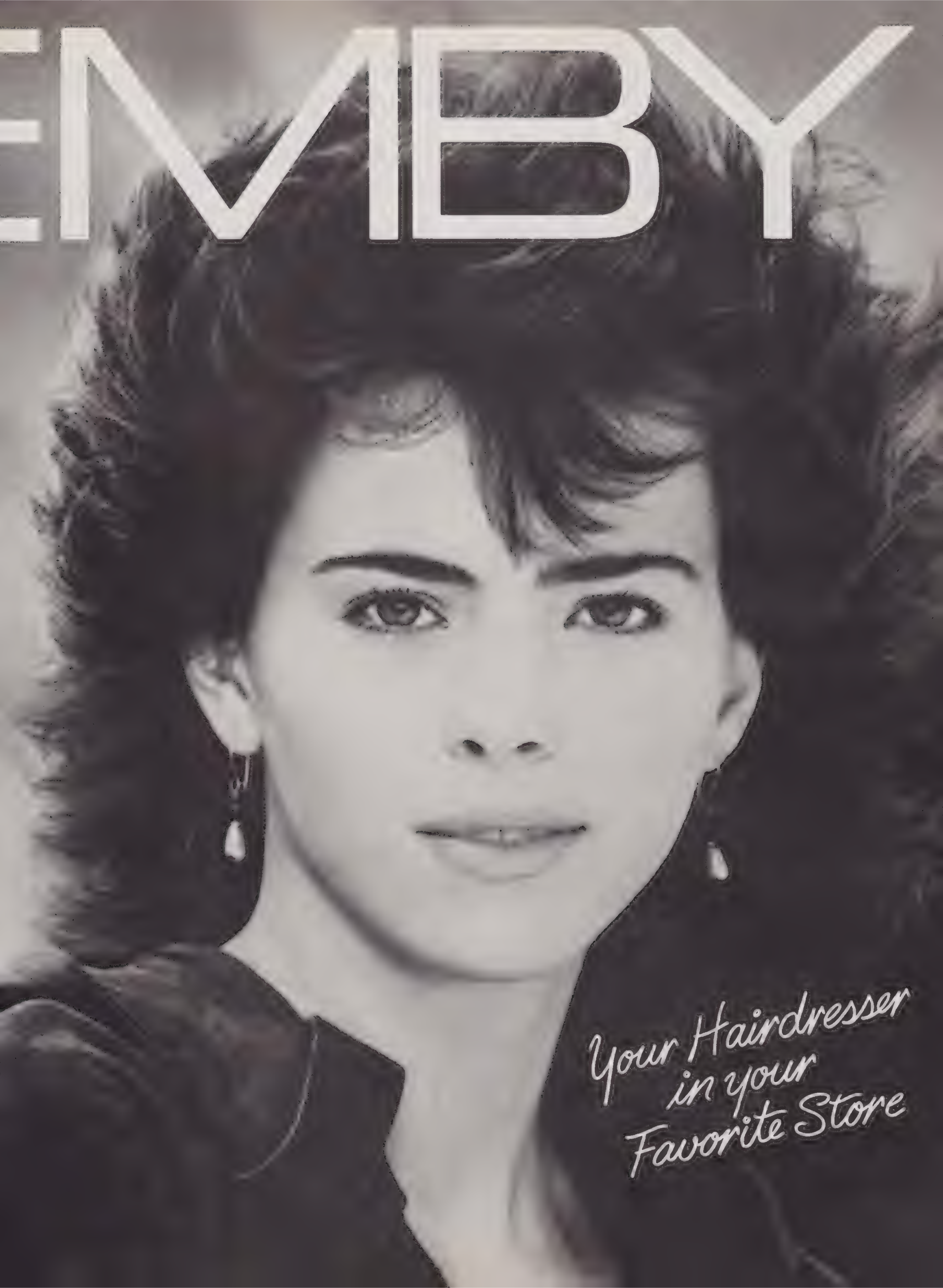
WISCONSIN Bergner's, Boston Store, Sears

CANADA The Bay *(Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Saskatchewan)*, Bowring Bros., T. Eaton's *(New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Ontario, Quebec)*, R.T. Holman, Holt Renfrew, Charles Ogilvy's, Rosberg, Sears *(all provinces)*, Wood Bros., Zeller's

MEXICO El Palacio de Hierro, Sears

PUERTO RICO Sears

EUROPE, SOUTH AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND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What happens when a woman designs a war monument?

The Vietnam Memorial—a spare and beautiful place—has made a lot of men angry

BY MICHAEL SORKIN

A few days before the official dedication, I went to have a look at the Vietnam Memorial. I was prepared for an ambivalent experience. Like all monuments, it proposes a place in history for its subject. In this case, though, the task of interpretation was full of risk: memories of Vietnam are divided, in conflict. Even the idea of remembering is charged. Until a group of veterans organized this project, America's official preference had been amnesia.

The design for the memorial was selected in a national competition, won unanimously by Maya Ying Lin, an architectural student at Yale University. Competitors had been asked to submit proposals that were "reflective and contemplative in character" containing the names of all the American dead and missing and making no "political statement" about the war. No sooner was the winner revealed than the impossibility of this last proposition became clear. From the outburst of vituperation that greeted Maya Lin's project one might have thought she'd proposed to erect a statue of Ho Chi Minh. Judgments ranged from "a tribute to Jane Fonda" to "a black hole" to "a wailing wall for Draft Dodgers and New Lefters of the future."

The object of this vehemence—I discovered on my visit—is a spare and beautiful place, a genuinely "reflective and contemplative" environment. Two long polished black granite walls meet to form a broad "V" shape. On one side—towards the street—the walls protrude only a few inches from the earth. On the other—inside the arms of the "V"—the earth slopes gently down towards the vortex to form a shallow bowl, like an amphitheater. Inscribed on the faces of the walls are the names of the dead and missing, listed in the order that they were lost. It's a place with a rare capacity to move. On the day I was there, I saw flowers and personal mementos leaning against the sides of the walls, messages taped to them. Instinctively, visitors reached out to touch the names of relations and comrades, their hands reflected in the polished surface so that another hand appeared to be reaching out from within.

At about the same time I was observing all of this, the Washington Fine Arts Commission was voting to make certain modifications to the memorial. These will include a large flagpole with the emblems of the five military services carved into its base and a realistic statue of three soldiers (two white and one black) in full battle regalia. But why should this be necessary? Where does Maya Lin's compelling work "fail"?

As far as I can tell, the memorial's main error lies in its violations of some implicit monumental dress code. An anecdote: in 1841, Congress rejected a statue of George Washington that it had commissioned from the sculptor Horatio Greenough for the rotunda of the Capitol. Greenough, it seems, had chosen to portray the father of his country dressed in a toga, bare to the waist. The scandal was the nudity: no one batted an eye at the toga.

It seems to me that Maya Lin's monument has been assaulted largely because it is out of drag. Most people can scarcely imagine a monument without statues and classical decor; to build one outside this convention seems a provocation. Many Vietnam veterans were surely especially sensitive to the fact that the memorial is an exception. They wanted it built precisely to establish a ritual parity with veterans from other wars whose monuments unself-consciously abound. But beyond the simple fact of commemoration, there is also the undeniable fact that it is not the kind of war memorial that is a memorial to war—no charging G.I.s with bayonets fixed here. How this must have grated on those who see America's loss in Vietnam as no more than a failure of our will to win. Here, then, is just another such failure, another instance of history relinquished to those without the stamina to fight. Clearly, plenty of people were looking for a victory monument.

For this crowd—whose most outspoken (if self-appointed) representative is our premier artistic troglodyte-on-the-spot, Tom Wolfe—there follows a simple syllogism. To be a *(Continued on page 122)*

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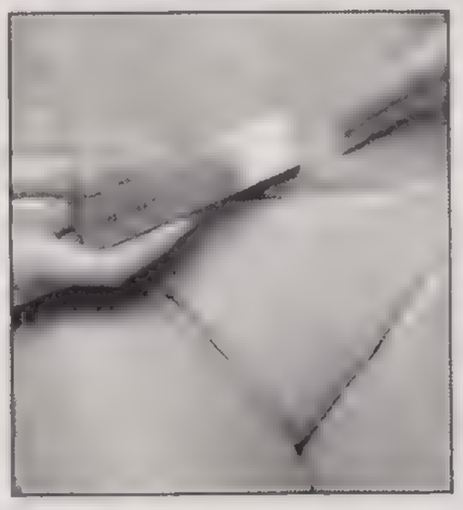

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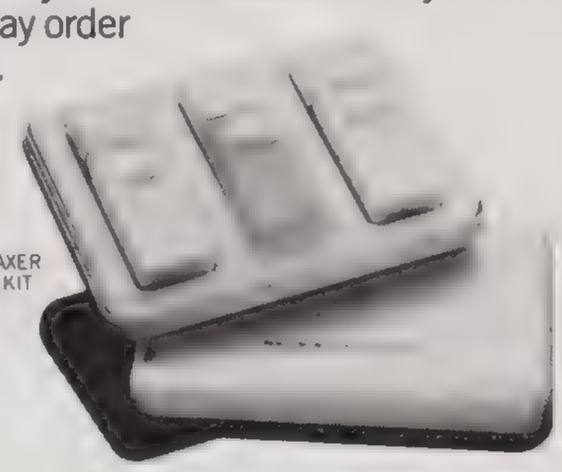

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VIETNAM MEMORIAL

(Continued from page 120)

memorial unlike other memorials is to be an anti-memorial. To be an anti-memorial is to be an anti-war memorial. Therefore, the Vietnam memorial is actually a monument to those who opposed the war. The evidence for this is visible in Maya Lin's choice of a modern idiom for her design, which a truly shocking number of commentators have identified with left politics. It's the same specious species of argument that reduced the issue of the war itself to questions of long hair and short hair, that supported the slaughter because the opposition wore bizarre clothes.

But why should the haberdashery of modernism be such a provocation? First, of course, is that imputation of leftism, which some critics strain to conjure up on the basis of the social democratic leanings of certain early modernists. But this is just red-baiting. The real offense is modern art's iconoclasm, its repudiation of certain sacred images. The memorial commits that ultimate art crime, "abstraction," which is held equivalent to the refusal of meaning. Such a complaint couldn't be more ironical. What is being said, in essence, is that abstraction is inadequate to represent an abstraction, that abstract art cannot possibly evoke abstract ideas like "courage," "honor," or "sacrifice." Of course, all the alternatives—flags, representational sculpture, etc.—are also "abstractions." But they are symbols whose iconography is already familiar.

The real anxiety over the work comes, I think, from the conflation of artistic "minimalism" with minimum content. This problem arises from a failure of category, from the fact that, looking at Maya Lin's work, one is hard-pressed to come up with a convenient term to describe it. Is it sculpture, architecture, gardening, what? There is an expectation of sculpture because it is the traditional commemoration. But there is also an expectation about sculpture that it will depict some thing. We have a historic prejudice about ways of marketing a place, and that prejudice is for the creation of narrative not about the place itself but about some abstract system for recalling the events that the place has been designated to remember. A good deal of recent "sculpture"—like the work of Richard Serra, Carl Andre, or Robert Smithson, to which Lin's work has been pejoratively linked—has been fundamentally concerned with the idea of the "site specific," with the advocacy of strong links between art and setting.

But Maya Lin's work is unlike the earth sculptors; her preoccupations are not with the pure act of differentiation, with the exploration of the line of "otherness" between art and nature, with the pure act of marking. Rather, her concern is with setting. The Lincoln Memorial sets an image of Lincoln in a classical temple, an environment meant to evoke an atmosphere of reason, dignity, and historical continuity. Lin "sets" the inscribed names of the American dead and missing on a wall buttressed against the enveloping earth within a quiet garden of peace. And just as evocatively, she sets this garden within the monumental landscape of Washington.

In all the fuss over Maya Lin's abstract modernist design, there was seemingly no discomfort over the fact that the foremost marker in town, the looming Washington Monument, is equally abstract, a purely geometrical form. I suspect the reason for this oversight lies in that monument's indisputable phallomorphic conviction. The final otherness that had Maya Lin's (male) critics in such a dither was undoubtedly that the source of this seditious modernism was not simply a student, not simply an Oriental, but worst of all a woman. That a woman—the ultimate outsider—should have won the commission was the final affront, absolute confirmation that the war was to be remembered differently, a monument emasculated. How could a woman, from her forced perspective outside of (male) history, be expected to place the Vietnam war within the stream of that history. It had to be an anti-monument.

Perhaps it was Maya Lin's "otherness" that enabled her to create such a moving work. Perhaps only an outsider could have designed an environment which is so successful in answering the need for recognition by a group of people—the Vietnam vets—who are plagued by a sense of "otherness" forced on them by a country that has spent ten years pretending not to see them. Women have been invisible a lot longer than that. Maya Lin has been able to make a memorial that doesn't insult the memory of the war by compromising the fact of its difference. She knows that honest memories are the strongest. For that reason, the Vietnam memorial is likely to retain its power over the emotions long after private memories of the war have faded. ▽

Michael Sorkin *is a writer and architect living in New York.*

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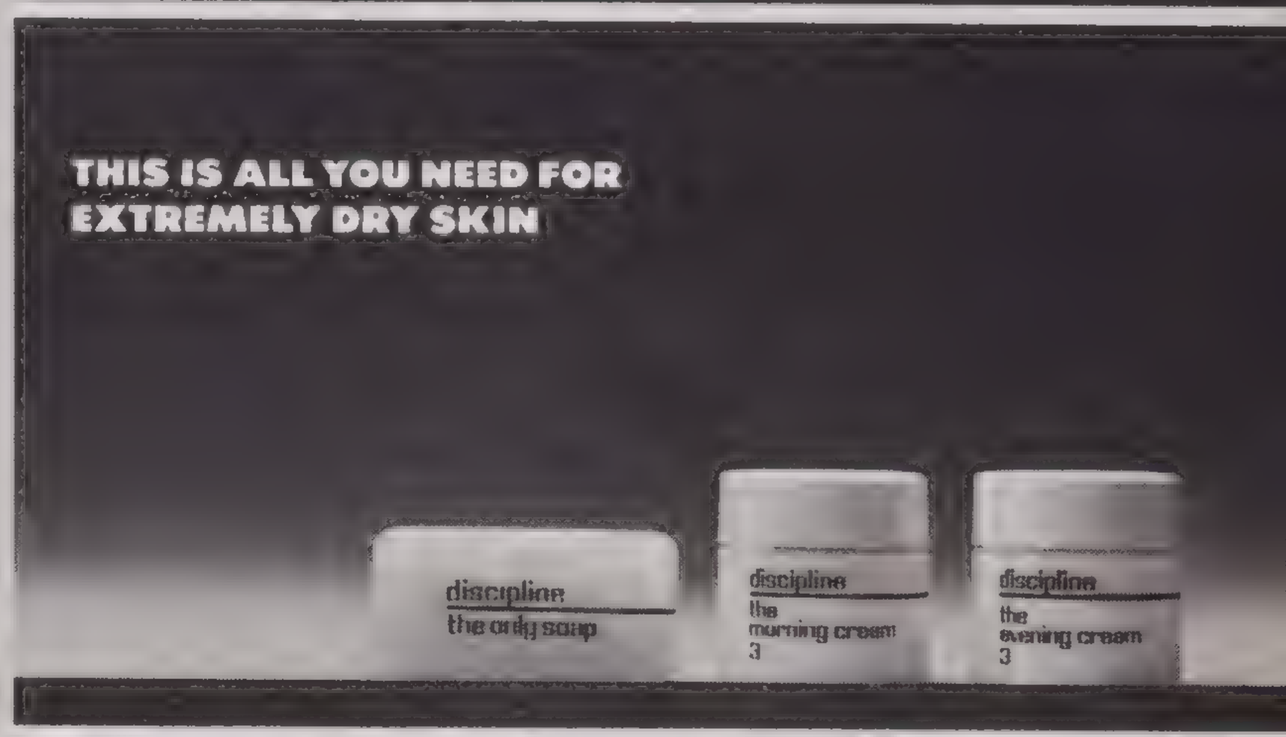

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Health

The case for/against estrogen... alcohol and liver disease: new links ...eating for lower blood pressure?

By Melva Weber

YOUNG AT HEART

Aging, by itself, does not reduce the fitness of the heart in responding to exercise, reports a Baltimore research team studying cardiac performance in volunteers aged twenty-one to seventy-nine.

In vigorous workouts on stationary bicycles, younger people responded by increasing their heart rates. In older persons, the heartbeats per minute do not increase so much—but the amount of blood pumped by each beat increases, compensating for the lesser heart rate. Conclusion? Healthy older people need have no decline in cardiac fitness, reports medical writer Phil Gunby in *Archives of Internal Medicine*.

TEETOTALING: WAY TO A HEALTHY LIVER?

Screening tests of prospective blood donors often disclose that a person is an unknowing carrier of hepatitis B surface antigen (HBsAg), a virus disease of the liver, even though he or she may be symptomless and in good health. The incidence of chronic hepatitis is low in such carriers, say medical authorities; normal living patterns should present no unusual health risk.

But medical investigators at the University of Modena, Italy, carefully tested and followed up about three hundred symptomless HBsAg carriers, compared them with HBsAg-negative control subjects, and found that even moderate use of alcohol greatly increases the risk of abnormal liver function in the carriers. In Modena, daily use of wine is customary. But HBsAg carriers showed greatly increased rates of liver abnormalities with even moderate wine drinking. Carriers' risk of liver disease is so high, say the Italian gastroenterology and blood researchers, that they suggest HBsAg carriers abstain from all alcohol.

PRO/CON: ESTROGEN REPLACEMENT THERAPY

Estrogen replacement therapy: Are its benefits to women of menopausal age outweighed by risks of cancer? The Food and Drug Administration has required warnings to be dispensed with estrogen compounds. Now, the American Medical Association's Council on Scientific Affairs has issued guidelines.

Among important benefits of estrogen therapy for women in either natural or surgical menopause:

- It helps prevent or arrest osteoporosis, the breakdown of bone substance that leads to spine collapse, broken hips, fractured wrists. Women who undergo premature menopause generally need estrogen replacement at least up to the average age of natural menopause, between fifty and fifty-one years. For women at normal menopause, the Council urges physicians to evaluate each case for the risks and benefits involved.
- Many women suffer from dried and shrunken vaginal and urethral tissues which can be painful and sexually disabling. Estrogen treatment, either oral or applied directly to tissues as cream or ointment, can relieve these symptoms. But, externally applied estrogen products are readily absorbed and should be accounted for as systemic doses.
- As many as 75 percent of all women have "hot flashes" (vasomotor flushes) which may persist for five years or more. Estrogen is effective, says the Council, in reducing or eliminating these symptoms.
- Estrogen may protect against heart attacks, as it is shown to raise blood levels of high-density lipoprotein (HDL), the cholesterol believed to protect against fatty deposits in blood vessels.

A major factor *against* estrogen therapy is increased risk of cancer of the uterus. Studies have shown risks of two to eight times in women on daily estrogen dosages, compared with women not taking estrogen. However, the Council report points out that, while estrogen may increase the incidence of endometrial cancer, it does not increase the death rate from the disease. Some researchers suggest that estrogen-induced cancers are a different, less aggressive form, and with prompt detection and treatment have five-year survival rates as high as 95 percent.

Cancer risks were first measured on continuous estrogen therapy, often at higher doses than are used today. Now, cyclic therapy with progestin added for the last seven to ten days of the estrogen cycle may reduce risks of uterine cancer.

Postmenopausal women treated with estrogen, should have check-ups annually, at least, to keep watch for any uterine changes. Besides pelvic and breast examination, blood pressure should be checked. Any abnormal bleeding is investigated and followed up promptly. Estrogen-dependent breast cancer (in which cancerous tumors need estrogen to grow), or a history of it, rules out the use of estrogen as therapy.

The Council advises conservative use of replacement estrogens, careful assessment of patient's potential risks and benefits, and using the lowest effective dose.

PASS THE POTASSIUM, PLEASE

Raising potassium in your diet may turn out to be an important factor in reduction or avoidance of high blood pressure—in some cases equal to reducing sodium in food, currently the subject of a wide-scale campaign. In London, researchers Kay Tee Khaw and Simon Thom of St. Mary's Hospital conducted a study of volunteers with normal blood pressure, found that raising potassium intake, even without reducing sodium, can lower blood pressures.

Reducing sodium has proven a distinct help in controlling high blood pressure, and hypertensive patients are routinely put on sodium-restricted diets. Healthy people also are urged by some nutrition leaders to cut down salt. Other authorities suggest that sodium-potassium balance (of as much potassium as sodium) is the key to the matter, and that too much sodium can produce the effect of potassium deficiency even when potassium intake is adequate.

The British researchers believe that increasing dietary potassium by the equivalent of three oranges, three bananas, or three servings of vegetables daily would be equal to a 10 percent reduction in sodium intake—and would make a significant difference in the blood pressure picture for the population.

BEST WAY TO TREAT AN ULCER?

Attention, sufferers of peptic ulcers: at least one physician believes that directions usually given for taking two commonly recommended drugs—cimetidine and antacids—should be altered. Standard recommendations call for taking cimetidine with meals, antacids between meals, and both together at bedtime. For convenience, many ulcer patients take the two medications together at mealtimes.

This routine should be changed, says William M. Steinberg, M.D., of George Washington University Medical Center in Washington, DC, noting that antacids reduce the absorption and effectiveness of cimetidine when the two agents are taken at the same time. He suggests that peptic-ulcer patients take antacids one hour after the mealtime cimetidine, and one hour before the bedtime dose of cimetidine.

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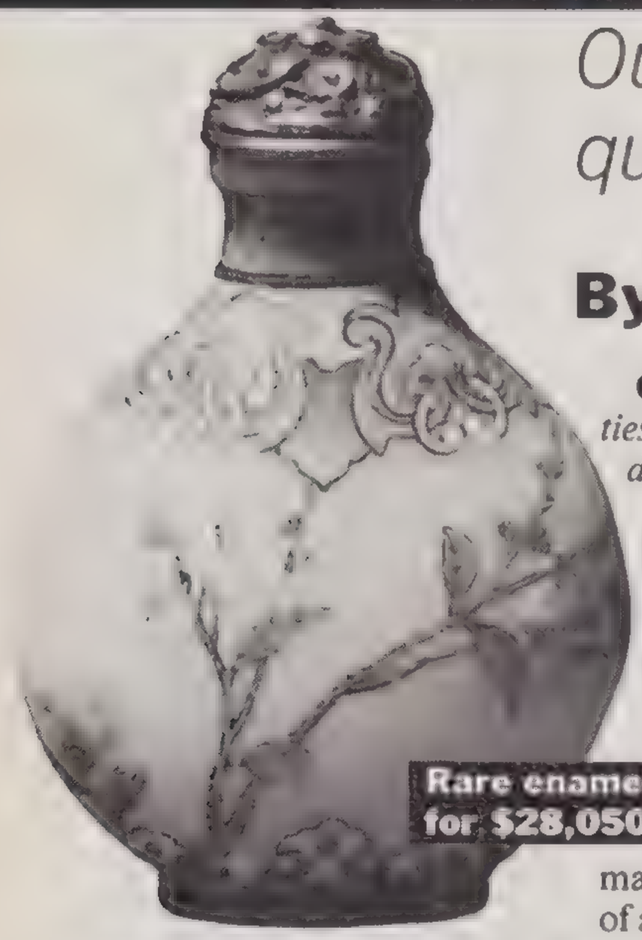
Talking about... Treasures

Our expert answers your questions about collectibles

By Jeffrey Hogrefe



Rare enameled-glass snuff bottle, sold for $28,050 at Sotheby Parke Bernet

One of a pair of Art Deco armchairs, c. 1937, by design master Gordon Russell

Q. *Here is a pair of armchairs we purchased in the 'thirties at Gordon Russell Limited, a furniture shop in London. I believe they are now collectors' items, but I don't have a clue about their value or history. Can you help?* *M.H., Cambridge, MA*

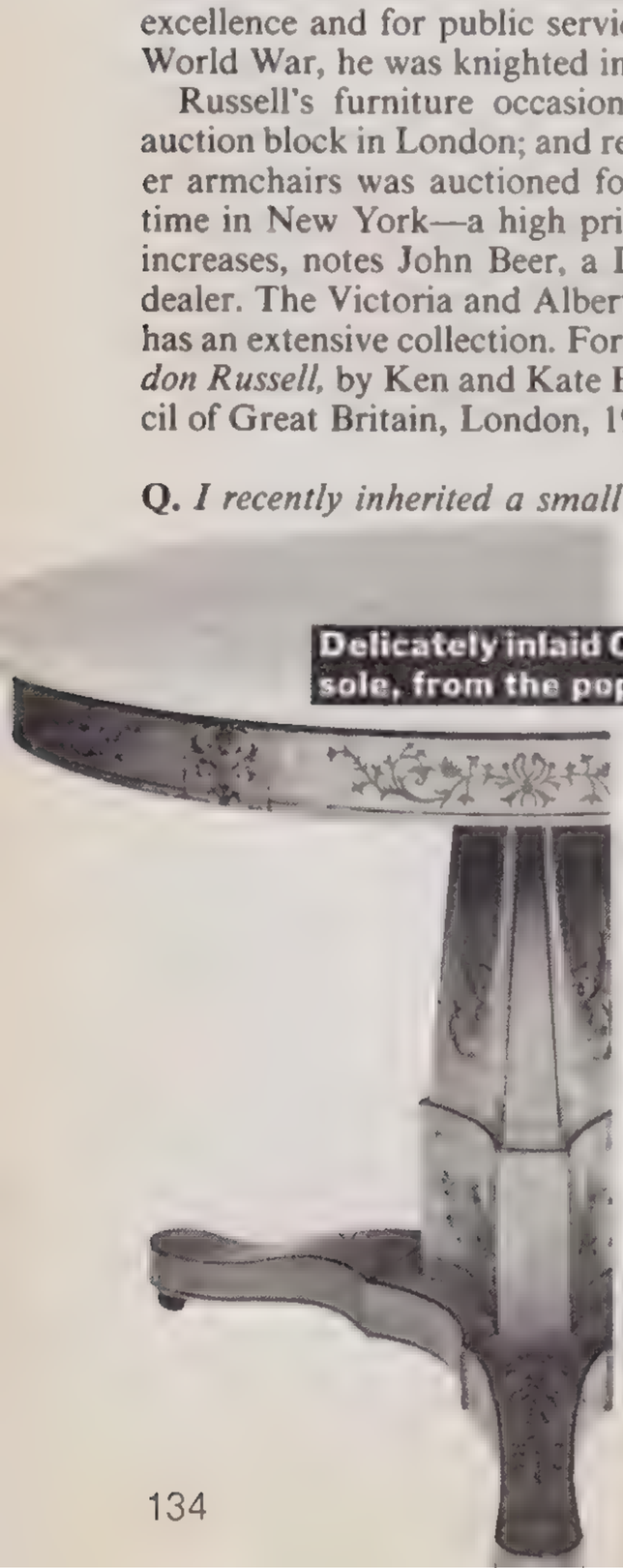
A. A sharp designer, a shrewd businessman, and a public-spirited figure—Sir Gordon Russell (1892-1980) had an enormous impact on modern design in Great Britain; but that fact doesn't seem to impress many collectors, for his work attracts only a small group of aficionados in London. And—good news for buyers—even top Russell examples often go for under £500 (roughly $825), according to dealers and specialists.

The Russell style spanned the modern idiom—from rustic Arts and Crafts to industrial and frankly modern designs. During the early 'twenties, he created Arts and Crafts furniture for homes in the bucolic Cotswolds. In 1929, he expanded to a salesroom in London. There he marketed his designs and those of other modern masters. For continuous standards of excellence and for public service during the Second World War, he was knighted in 1955.

A beautiful example of the eighteenth-century gowns on view at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art

Russell's furniture occasionally surfaces on the auction block in London; and recently a pair of leather armchairs was auctioned for $1,980 for the first time in New York—a high price and sign of future increases, notes John Beer, a London collector and dealer. The Victoria and Albert Museum in London has an extensive collection. For further reading: *Gordon Russell,* by Ken and Kate Baynes, Design Council of Great Britain, London, 1981.

Q. *I recently inherited a small collection of Chinese snuff bottles from my mother. She collected them about thirty years ago and I haven't the foggiest notion of their history or value. Help!* *T.R., Miami, FL*



Delicately inlaid Charles X burr maple console, from the popular again *Restauration*

A. Small, delicate, varied—but tainted by association with a nasty habit—until recent years snuff bottles have been the poor relation of the Chinese works of art family.

Now, however, even though most examples still go for under $100, collectors are willing to pay serious money for rare ones. And with good reason: snuff bottles are so small that even a large collection doesn't need more space than a small vitrine or bookshelf; and they offer wide variety—bottles appear in ivory, glass, jade, brass, ceramic, as well as such unusual materials as dried tangerine skin, hornbill bird beak, or "molded" gourd (a gourd grown in a mold and forced into a desired shape).

Snuff bottles date back to the seventeenth century. The sought-after examples are primarily from the eighteenth century, the heyday of bottle artistry; collectors have paid up to $50,000 for these, reports Timothy Sammons, a specialist at Sotheby's in New York. Bottles decorated with enamel on glass or copper at the Imperial Palace Workshop in Beijing are prized; as are those made at the turn of the century with portraits of actors, governors, and other notables painted on the inside walls. Those late portrait bottles can also bring top dollar, adds Sammons.

Snuff-bottle collectors pursue their finds at auctions, galleries, and through membership in the International Chinese Snuff Bottle Society (2601 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21218). The society publishes a quarterly journal and meets once a year in October or November. The Philadelphia Museum of Art and the Seattle Art Museum both have outstanding collections. *Collector's Book of Snuff Bottles,* by Bob C. Stevens, Weatherhill, New York and Tokyo, 1980—recommended reading.

Q. *I have a pair of armchairs I believe to be French Empire. They are made of light-colored wood with contrasting dark inlays—with gently scrolled arms, slightly tapered sabre legs, and high curved back. Are they French Empire?* *R.T., New York, NY*

A. One of the most popular nineteenth-century styles—French Empire—left a large mark on design throughout Europe and America—and many variations of Napoleon I's furnishings appear today which are not from the French Empire period, 1804-1815. Your chairs, which fail to match the description of period Empire on several counts, are one such example.

Most likely, according to Peter Krueger, a French furniture specialist at Christie's, the New York auction house, your chairs are from the *Restauration* period, the reigns of Louis XVIII (1814-1824) and Charles X (1824-1830), the time following the Empire period during which the Bourbon monarchy was restored.

The *Restauration* was charac-

(Continued on page 138)

Fabergé extravaganza: Colonnade Egg from collection of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II

How to turn a simple party into a royal ball.

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TREASURES

(Continued from page 134)

terized by restraint and austerity, in the wake of political defeat and economic losses, and furniture from this period reflects these characteristics. In place of rich red imported mahogany (standard wood in Empire) light native woods—tulip, myrtle, elm, and various fruit woods—were used. In the place of rich gilt mounts, which were also standard on Empire pieces, cabinetmakers usually applied delicate inlaid designs of contrasting dark woods—swans, lyres, and thick acanthus scrolls. The scale of chairs, which had become veritable thrones during the Empire period, was reduced.

Now the good news: Louis XVIII and Charles X furniture have recently climbed in popularity in Paris, where a single chair can bring up to several thousand dollars—and soon, dealers and collectors predict, this popularity will be matched in this country as well. Examples can be found occasionally in New York City at Didier Aaron (32 East 67 Street) and at Christie's (502 Park Avenue) and Sotheby's (1334 York Avenue), the auction houses. And the best news: prices are still lower here than in Paris—even with the favorable exchange for dollars in France.

Q. *I have recently started collecting antique jewelry that I find in second-hand clothing and antiques stores. I am still a novice and would like to learn more about it. Can you give me an overview, and some tips on what's undervalued now?* *R.J., Bethesda, Maryland*

A. Antique jewelry—jewelry where the setting is more valuable than the stone—has never been more popular, reports Jacqueline Fay, a specialist in antique jewelry at Sotheby's in New York. And of the four main periods—Renaissance, Victorian, Art Nouveau and Art Deco—Victorian jewelry is the most undervalued period.

Most examples of Victorian jewelry go for less than $500, notes Fay, and that's less than most good contemporary jewelry. At a recent auction a circular brooch in the form of entwined lizards, by Maison Robin, a leading Paris jewelry house, brought $500, for instance.

Look for gold necklaces with intricate designs from jewelers such as Castellani and Guiliano, for these can be worth up to $20,000. A micro-mosaic plaque necklace set in gold recently brought $18,000; and a gold necklace in the shape of grape leaves, set with glass beads in the form of a cluster of grapes, brought $9,250.

For further reading: *19th-Century Jewelry* by Peter Hinks, Faber and Faber, London, 1975 is a highly recommended source. *La Belle Époque,* now on view at NYC's Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, includes some examples of Victorian jewelry; the Hull-Grundy Collection in the British Museum in London is thought to be the best in the world.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Fabergé Fantasies

Fabergé: Jeweler to Royalty; Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Avenue and 91st Street, New York City; April 15-July 10.

Fabergé Festival: A La Vieille Russie, 781 Fifth Avenue, New York; April 10-May 21.

Peter Carl Fabergé was the Imperial Russian jeweler from 1881 to the 1918 Revolution, and during that period a wide variety of shimmering bibelots—boxes, carved animals, and the ever-popular Easter eggs—filled the vitrines and tabletops of Russian royalty—as well as those listed in *Debrett's Peerage* and those who wished they were—from British royalty to American industrial magnates. And now, for the first time ever, the *crème de la crème* of these treasures will be on view in New York in two places at once.

Included in both exhibitions will be examples of Imperial Easter eggs, jeweled egg-shaped cases which open to reveal a surprise: a tiny statuette, a basket of hard-stone flowers, a series of enamel portraits—sometimes garish, but never boring. Also on view will be humorous figures which delighted both the Rothschilds and the Romanovs. In one, an enamel gorilla smokes a cigar; in another, a monkey with an incredulous expression holds his flaming tail; and another figure depicts a jeweled hippopotamus sitting fat and content with a broad grin, as though he'd just feasted very well, indeed.

The first exhibition (in chronological order) opened at the Cooper-Hewitt on April 15. It's one of many citywide events under the banner "Britain Salutes New York," and the Fabergé objects here are drawn solely from British collections. From the vitrines of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire (and others) come over two hundred "works of fantasy," in the words of their creator, Peter Carl Fabergé.

The Cooper-Hewitt benefits from the second exhibition, a $250-a-head evening gala at A La Vieille Russie, leading dealer of Russian works of art. Over five hundred examples of Fabergé objects from leading collections will be on view here—from such American collections as the Cooper-Hewitt; the Brooklyn Museum; Hillwood, the former Washington, DC, residence of Marjorie Merriweather Post, which she left to the nation; and the noted Forbes Magazine collection.

An evening of Russian festivities were planned for under the direction of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Jr. and Mrs. Dean Johnson, with all admission proceeds going to the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, America's leading museum of decorative arts. (Are we seeing the start of a trend: antique fairs and shows as the newest fund raisers for hospitals, museums, and other causes that the private sector wants to help?)

Eighteenth Century in Los Angeles

An Elegant Art: Fashion and Fantasy in the Eighteenth Century, Los Angeles County Museum of Art; through June 2.

Should you find yourself in Los Angeles this month, you may want to see what this museum calls the first major period costume exhibition on the West Coast. A full day in aristocratic eighteenth-century life—from the boudoir to the ballroom—is depicted in eleven tableaux. Over three hundred items—gloves, dresses, caps, lace, purses—from the museum's vast collection clothe ladies, children, servants. Mannequins were designed by a top designer from Walt Disney's studio for optimum realism: each one was made specifically for a particular costume—soft from the bosom down, with natural human hair. For those who cannot see the exhibition, a catalogue with sixty color photographs and two hundred black-and-whites has been published by Harry N. Abrams.

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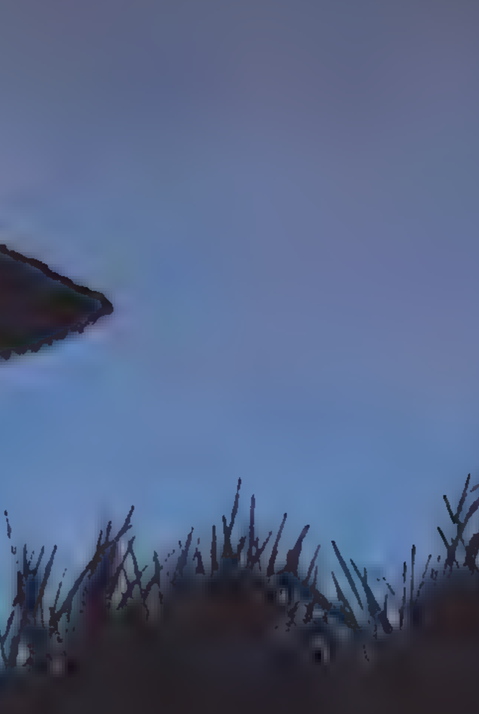

TEA ROSE

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The zooming cost of health—what can we do about it?

Paying for care we may not need threatens to make care we do need unaffordable

BY SUSAN LEE

Sure men and women are different. We're better. We're smarter, tougher, more mature, and so forth. We also—inexplicably—consume more health care than men do. Even leaving out pregnancy-related health care, it seems we see doctors more, stay in hospitals more, and use prescription drugs more.

While researchers disagree on just why that is, all agree that it is true. And that makes the health-care debate going on in Washington now of particular and urgent importance.

Budget makers and policy shapers are concerned about the nation's health bill. And with good reason. Americans are spending a great deal of money on health care—close to 10 percent of the Gross National Product last year, or about $300 billion. Just in terms of government outlays, Medicare and Medicaid spending now constitute about 9 percent of the federal budget. Even more alarming, health-care costs are growing at rates well in excess of the rate of inflation. Over the past decade, costs have zoomed ahead of the Consumer Price Index; indeed, last year, when increases in the CPI averaged around 4 percent, health care kept to its double-digit rises.

There are many causes behind these figures—some desirable, some not so desirable. For instance, new and improved forms of treatment are expensive to design, test, and deliver; but while fancy technology might be an unavoidable cost pusher, it's also a desirable one. Just ask anyone who has had a coronary-bypass operation.

Yet quite apart from technological advances, there are other causes of skyrocketing health costs that can—and should—be controlled.

Doubtless the standard list of disagreeable variables, like fraud and ignorance, contribute to the cost spiral; but they aren't the heavy players. Most observers divide the blame between two structural defects in the health-care market: the system of payments and the system of insurance.

Consumers pay for medical care on a fee-for-service basis. That is, each time a doctor or hospital renders a service, they receive a payment. Of course, this fee-for-service system creates incentives among providers to provide lots of service. Indeed, critics argue that providers do, in fact, provide too much service—service that is unnecessary or suboptimal.

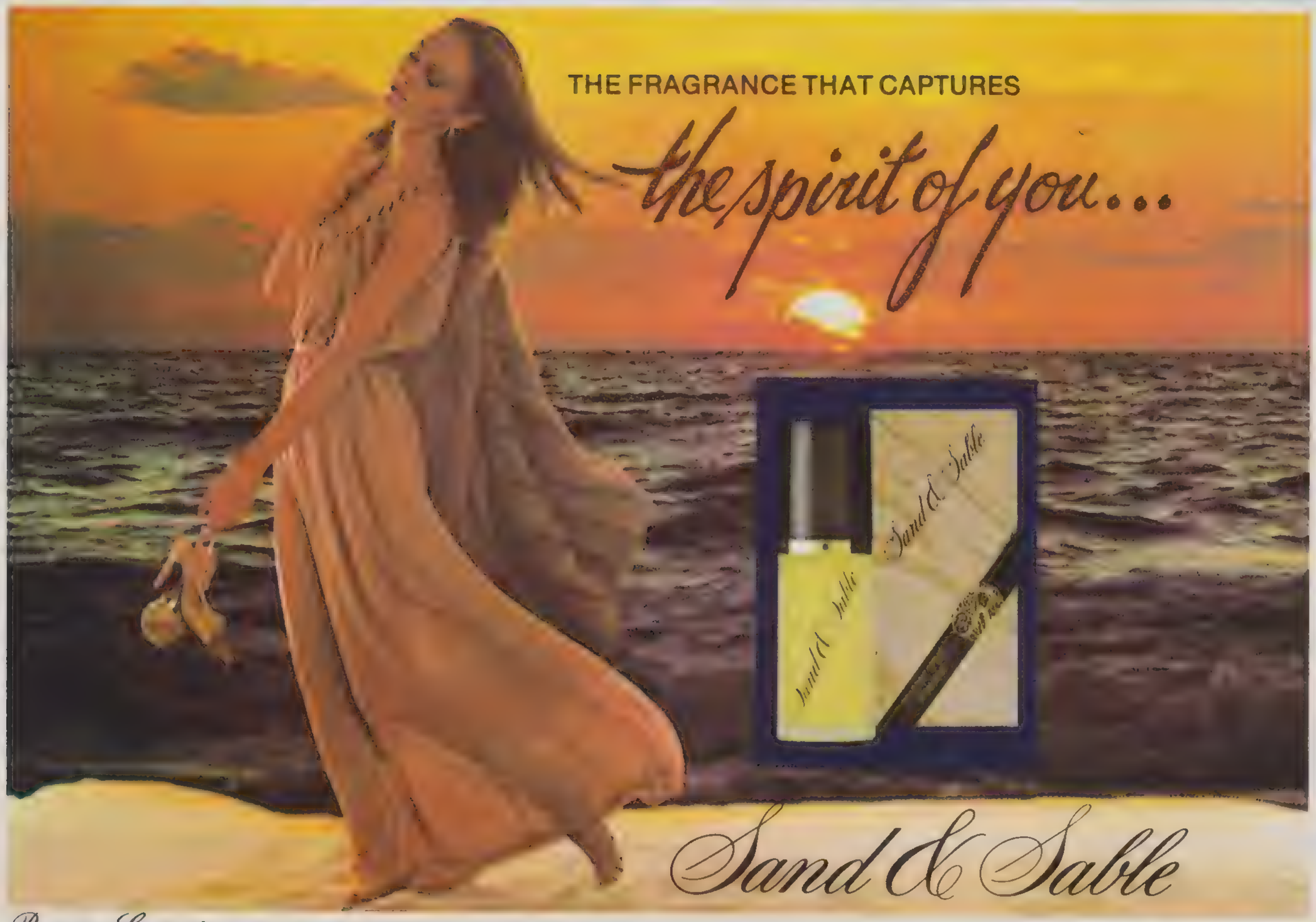
Most everybody can recite a horror story involving unnecessary surgery or hospitalizations or lab tests. Even grimmer, of course, are the stories of disasters resulting from unnecessary procedures. Well-documented, for instance, are the medical complications often caused by electronic fetal monitoring during low-risk births.

Why, then, is health-care delivery plagued by such wasteful and dangerous practices? The answer lies in the other structural defect: the insurance system.

If the fee-for-service system stood all by itself, the incentive for providers to abuse it would be constrained by the financial considerations of the receivers. That is, doctors or hospitals might wish to deliver all kinds of pricey treatments, but patients might balk at paying the bills. That standoff would, no doubt, result in cost savings.

But there's the rub. Almost nobody pays her own medical bills. Most people are covered by insurance, either private or governmental; indeed, many people do not even see their medical bills. This type of insurance system, called third-party payment, removes an important financial constraint on the providers of health care.

The prognosis gets *(Continued on page 143)*



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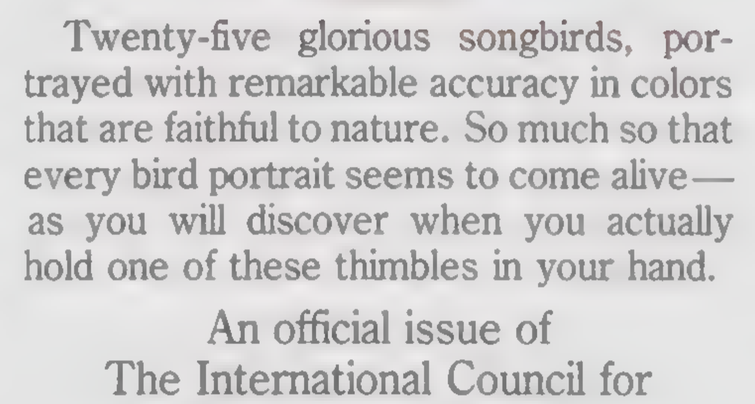

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by Robin Hill

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Robin Hill

HEALTH COSTS

(Continued from page 140)

even worse when the role of government is factored in. Not only does the federal government provide health insurance, but it allows employers to deduct the cost of providing insurance from their taxes. Further, the government doesn't tax those insurance benefits at the individual level. Hence, neither employers nor employees have any incentive to limit the amount of insurance coverage or to examine the costs of the coverage.

Thus, it's the financial structure of the health industry that creates the conditions of ever-escalating costs. Simply put, nobody—doctors, patients, insurance buyers and users—has a direct financial stake in keeping costs down. The problem facing policy makers, then, is how to deal with all the forces driving up costs without leaving people unprotected.

> ***Right now, nobody has a stake in keeping medical costs down***

Solutions range from total nationalization of the health-care industry to turning it over completely to the private sector and the free market, but most of the solutions now being debated would require the consumers to pay more of the bill. That can't be a happy thought, especially during the moment of writing out the check; nonetheless, since much of current health-care costs are the result of waste engendered by the system of financing, introducing cost-consciousness at the consumer level would be a quick and effective way to cut back on that waste. A check-writing consumer is a vigilant consumer.

Concerned awareness can, of course, come through other doors. For example, the Public Agenda Foundation—a nonprofit, non-partisan group—recently ran a campaign in Des Moines, Iowa, to educate the public on health-care costs. The finale of the two-month effort was an opinion survey, in the form of a ballot on various proposals to constrain costs. The most popular suggestions were those that involved changing insurance coverage to favor less pricey forms of care, like out-patient treatment, whenever possible, and in-home care for the elderly instead of nursing-home care. The respondents even gave modest consent to increasing the deductible amount on insurance.

While players and observers will complain about the details of the various solutions, there is a bottom line on which everybody agrees. Spending for health care should go for *real* health care. It should go for plastic hearts and cancer research instead of extra lab tests or unnecessary days in the hospital. Waste isn't free, after all. Dollars profligately spent are dollars that cannot be spent on necessary road paving or factory building. Trimming the health-care industry of casual spending can only have a healthy impact on the economy. ▽

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Portrait of a woman wearing mētāl

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is one hundred and twenty dollars an ounce
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a body milk, a soap, a dusting powder.

paco rabanne

Close encounters with the great

A flamboyant, soul-seeking man of letters reveals the way they really were

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

Frederic Prokosch, novelist, poet, memorialist, had the wit, prescience, and extraordinary good fortune to become friends with some of the greatest cultural legends of our time. In his book of revelations, "Voices" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) Prokosch exercises his prodigious memory and insight to show us the men and women we always wanted to meet—conversations we always wanted (but never dared hope) to hear.

One night at Mona Williams' I was led to the marble fireplace and there on a couch sat a frail old lady.

"This is Lady Cunard," said Mrs. Williams impressively. "Come and chat for a while with Emerald. Emerald is a legend. You won't be bored."

Lady Cunard had a small triangular face lined with wrinkles and a tiny red mouth and enormous blue eyes. She looked both painfully disillusioned and incessantly startled. (Cyril Connolly claimed that this look of ceaseless amazement was the result of one of Emerald's rather desperate "surgical experiments.")

She fixed her blue eyes on me and said, "Do sit down. You look flushed. You've been playing some kind of football, I suppose?"

"I have never played football."

"Well, perhaps it is basketball. I don't know the difference. I have a horror of all balls, be they white, red or yellow. Once in Grosvenor Square a little ball flew through the window and struck a Marie Laurencin and left a horrid hole in it.

"Dear, dear," she added softly, "it seems so terribly long ago. Everything in England is becoming so very long ago. This war does confuse things. The other war was different. It was a more poetical war, if you'll pardon the expression. In the spring of 1916 they started a thing called Dada and they started it in Zurich because there wasn't a war in Zurich. But London was rather dreary so I decided to amuse myself. I had some curious people do a play in my drawing room. It was written by Willie Yeats and he called it *At the Hawk's Well*. It was all very quaint and Edmund Dulac designed the masks. I invited Pound and Eliot. They were both very young then. Dear, handsome Eliot was very nervous and a trifle *collet monté* and nobody dreamed that he would turn into a grand panjandrum. Ezra Pound was fearfully Bohemian. His hair looked like a wig. He was a fuzzy sort of man and an intimate friend of my daughter Nancy, who adored the avant-garde and was thrilled with the new Bohemianism. Tom Eliot was fearfully shy and Ezra Pound had a different sort of shyness, more *féroce*, more bizarre. His trousers were made of a kind of spattered green baize. He sometimes wore a cloak and a big black sombrero. He also wore an earring but perhaps my memory is deceiving me. My impression of Pound was that he yearned to become a pirate.

"I grew to be fond of Ezra. Eliot was stiff and rather porcelain but Ezra was very woolly, like an elongated teddy bear. He was always in need of money so I helped him out occasionally. He grew quarrelsome later on. He seemed to resent the money. He grew very disputatious and kept shaking his fuzzy head and he began to resemble a rooster more than a pirate or a teddy bear. Eliot was always a perfect gentleman, very crisp and immaculate, but Ezra was very huffy and puffy and irascible. I am terrified of poets if they revel in obscurity and both Eliot and Ezra positively wallowed in obscurity."

She stared at the flames, which turned her eyes from blue to violet. She looked desperately old and very brittle and bewildered, but she had a way with words which was playful and beguiling, like a child playing intently with multicolored beads. She looked at me with a sudden and startled timidity and whispered, "Could you come for tea tomorrow? We will talk about obscurity. . ."

Emerald Cunard, Henry James, T.S. Eliot, Gertrude Stein, Bernard Berenson, Picasso, Pound, Virgil Thompson, Maugham . . .

She lived in the old Ritz-Carlton in a suite with Sir Thomas Beecham. Sir Thomas rarely appeared at Lady Cunard's famous tea parties, but he occasionally poked his head into the room to see what was happening. Once he heard Virgil Thompson mentioning the name of Gertrude Stein.

"Pure drivel," he growled and slammed the door and vanished.

These tea parties of Emerald's were both casual and ritualized. There were wafers and nuts but no cakes or buttered toast. The guests sat in a circle with their chins tilted attentively, since no gossip or digression was tolerated by the hostess.

She turned to Maugham. "What is your secret opinion of Henry James, Willie? Do you genuinely like him? I suspect that you loathe him. I have just been reading *The Princess Casamassima*. I am puzzled by the princess. Not by the style, which is navigable, but by the perpetual tangle of hints and innuendoes. The princess strikes me as being a very evil woman. She destroys for the mere idle pleasure of destruction. That's what evil is, isn't it? Destroying for the pleasure of it. The end of the book is terrifying, even more than the end of *The Idiot*. I shall return to my Racine. After the horrors of Henry James I find *Phèdre* very soothing, very cool and comprehensible. . ."

Emerald Cunard had been born in California as Maud Burke. She came to England and was married to Sir Bache Cunard. But she grew bored with the country life and all the hunting and shooting and she ensconced herself in London and became a patron of the arts. She was an intimate friend of George Moore in his heyday and she occasionally went to Paris and talked with Valéry.

Maugham said to her one day, "Do tell me p-please, Emerald. What on earth made you d-decide to change your name to Emerald?"

"Well, I'll tell you the reason, Willie. I grew sick of Alfred Tennyson. Men kept leering and muttering, 'Come into the garden Maud.' I took a sudden fancy to the works of Théophile Gautier. He wrote about cameos and amethysts and emeralds. So I changed my name to Emerald and I've never regretted it. It was an audacious thing to do but never for a moment have I regretted it."

Once Emerald said to Maugham, "You look old today, Willie. It is so desolate to grow old. Aren't you frightened of the loneliness?"

"I really wouldn't know," said Maugham, pursing his lips. "You are so m-much older than I, please remember, my d-dear Emerald."

Her eyes grew sharp as fangs but they quickly grew playful again. She said, "Let me think. You are 99 and I am 100. It *does* make a difference after all, doesn't it, Willie?"

Once she said, "I was never a beauty. George Moore called me *pétillante*. My daughter Nancy is a beauty but she was turned into an enigma. Liz Paget is a dazzling beauty and Mona Williams is a famous beauty but she spends ten hours a day thinking of nothing but her beauty. I have never seen beauty and intellect go hand in hand. Nancy would abhor me for saying this but it is the mournful truth. Pound is an intellectual but not conspicuous for his beauty. Osbert is certainly not a beauty and Edith is anything but a beauty and Sacheverell is a dear but by no means an Adonis. George Eliot was downright ugly and Dorothy Wordsworth looked like a bulldog and that pathetic Emily Dickinson looked like a mournful little spaniel. I once met Rupert Brooke and people raved about his beauty but to me he looked like a figure in a painting by Burne-Jones. I am grateful that I was never a tantalizing beauty. It's so much easier to grow old. Don't you agree with me, Willie?"

She poured out the tea with a bird-like insouciance but in her feverish blue eyes there was a shimmer of revulsion. She plucked at the tea sieve and then dropped it as though it had stung her.

She whispered to Maugham, "Is it one lump or two, dear?" And as she tossed them into the teacup they looked like cubes of strychnine.

(Continued on page 146)

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Purely Paris!

Clothing by Carven Sportswear, Paris Photo: Christian Freund

Madame de Carven...
elegance personified.

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FREDERIC PROKOSCH

(Continued from page 144)

I drove to Vallombrosa on a warm, windless morning. En route there was Pontassieve and I looked it up in my obsolete Baedecker:

> 13 m. *Pontassieve*, at the meeting of the Arno and the Sieve, was a Madonna by Fra Angelico in its church. The omnibus (21 lire) ascends to Saltino (Grand-Hotel, pension 50 lire), a fine viewpoint. Thence it is a walk of ½ hour to *Vallombrosa* (Hotel Demeniale, pension 45 lire), a summer resort with a famous *Monastery* (now a forestry school) of which St. John Gualberte (see p. 365) was the founder. Milton stayed at the guest house in 1638 (tablet erected in 1925) and the surrounding pine woods are the 'Etrurian shades' of *Paradise Lost*. The church contains a painting of five saints by Raphael.

I conscientiously visited the Fra Angelico Madonna and the famous monastery which had been turned into a forestry school. Then I looked at the saints of Raphael and strolled in the pine woods, where the dry, fragrant needles cracked under my feet.

I arrived at I Tatti at half past twelve, in time for luncheon. The rest of the guests were strolling in the garden.

Lady Colfax declared, "I have decided to write a novel. Not one of those stream-of-consciousness ones, though my taste leans to the avant-garde, but something more traditional, in the style of Jane Austen."

"Why not George Eliot, dear?" said Nicky Mariano, who was Berenson's secretary. "George Eliot was fearfully brainy; no brainier girl has ever lived."

Nicky was a good-hearted woman with the warm, brisk air of a Bavarian *Hausfrau*.

"It isn't my brains that I wish to preserve for posterity! It's my gift for quips and sallies, like in *Emma*," said Lady Colfax.

Bernard Berenson materialized among the bushes like a *deus ex machina*, and we straggled past the flowerbeds into the dining room for luncheon. The interior of I Tatti was deliciously cool and spectrally alert. The painted saints and angels seemed to be listening from their frames, on the *qui vive* for a debatable attribution or an exaggerated evaluation.

We sat down at the long, dark table, hushed and solemn as at a ritual. There were gnocchi in the Roman style and a big *vitello tonnato*, which is veal roast soaked in a sauce of spiced tuna fish.

Bernard Berenson's early name had been Bernhard Valvojenski. He had attended the Boston Latin School and Boston University and he finally went to Harvard, where he became an Episcopalian. Later on, when he was famous, he was received into the Roman Church.

He was a fragile little man with a querulous goatee, a shrewd, fastidious mouth, and equivocally gleaming eyes. He still belonged to an era (or perhaps he had steeped himself in an era) where it was rude and parochial to call a spade a spade, whether in matters theological or cultural or erotic. This had sharpened his mind into a fine, acid subtlety and whatever he said one felt that he meant exactly the opposite.

He said to Lady Colfax, "You should learn to write like Thackeray. Drop this nonsense about Jane Austen. Jane Austen never makes me giggle. Dickens was a vulgar caricaturist but Thackeray had a style. You may not like it, he was snobbish, but he succeeds in making me giggle. If a writer can't make me giggle he belongs in the lower categories. Dostoevsky makes me giggle. Even Chekhov now and then. But Hardy—goodness me, who ever giggled at *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*?"

"I was thinking of George Eliot," said Nicky apologetically.

"George Eliot was a bluestocking. She belongs in the lower categories. After all, brains aren't everything. I never giggled at *Silas Marner*."

I said, "Have you ever giggled at Henry James, Mr. Berenson?"

"I have giggled *unintentionally* at Henry James," said Bernard Berenson. "That is to say, I have giggled at things that weren't intended to be giggled at. There are giggles in Henry James but they weren't intended to be giggles. Now in Proust—there the giggles were intended to be giggles, though in that scene where the Baron de Charlus is being flagellated, I'm not sure that the hilarity was wholly intentional."

"You should have been a novelist, dear," said Lady Colfax.

The old man winced a bit, as though stung by a mosquito. "Perhaps you are right, Sybil. I might have been a hilarious novelist. . ."

I *have giggled unintentionally* at Henry James, said Bernard Berenson

During the dessert, which was a bowl of chocolate profiteroles, I asked him about the Raphael saints in Vallombrosa.

"Are they definitely by Raphael?"

"Nothing is definite in Vallombrosa. There are days when I wake up and everything looks frantically spurious. There are moments when I wish that I had never fussed about with paintings. There are times when I am filled with a hideous feeling of frustration, or maybe it is confusion, or perhaps I should say corruption."

We rose from the table and drifted into the drawing room. The talk turned to Picasso and Berenson said bitterly, "There is one thing about Picasso. He is fearfully easy to imitate. And not only to imitate but even to *forge*. One hundred years from now there will be a plethora of fake Picassos, aside from the thousands of genuine Picassos. There will be millions of Picassos and who will tell the fakes from the real ones? Even his signature is disastrously easy to imitate."

Berenson glanced at me with a diabolical glee. His goatee quivered slightly, his eyebrows converged, and his fingers clung to his knees like caterpillars.

"And that is the trouble with these moderns," he purred contentedly. "Take Vlaminck. Take Utrillo. They are absurdly easy to imitate. A hundred years from now who will tell a false one from a real one? Now with Piero di Cosimo or Carlo Crivelli. . ."

Whenever Berenson came to Rome he stayed in the Hôtel de la Ville, which is a pleasant old hotel at the top of the Spanish Steps. He always had the same rambling room on the topmost floor. It was lined with gilded burlap and had a splendid view of the pines and its own rich aroma of rotting canvas, like the sail of a ship which had crossed tempestuous seas.

I drove him to lunch on the Via Appia Antica and we ate on a terrace near the tomb of Cecilia Metella. He looked frailer than before and the gleam in his eyes had faded. His voice had lost its sting, even the goatee had dwindled.

"Don't you ever feel like an exile here in Italy, Mr. Berenson?"

"All my life I have felt like an exile. I have basked in being an exile. Exile sprinkles a pinch of paprika on a personality. But you're right. One grows weary of being a lonely exile."

"But surely you aren't lonely!"

"Yes, I am. Dreadfully lonely! My whole life has been a series of finely calculated poses and it has ended by the poses becoming instinctive, and my innermost tremblings have turned into poses. Ghastly, isn't it?"

"Henry James must have felt like that, I imagine," I said.

"Maybe he did. He must have felt that he was growing ever more fraudulent. I don't intend this as a criticism, for there are many kinds of fraudulence. Some are vulgar and ridiculous and others are subtle and patrician. Henry James ended up by being a genuine patrician and his last and final fraudulence was both exquisite and moving. I can see him on his deathbed, writing for the 'real distinguished thing.' Even his final *timor mortis* had an aristocratic fraudulence. As I say, all great artists engage in their own fraudulence. Look around. Even Vermeer—that miraculous breathless stillness! Even the sunlight in Vermeer has a magical fraudulence. What is magic after all but an inspired and lovely fraudulence?"

This was exactly the sort of thing that I'd been waiting for him to say. I could feel the pencil in my pocket beginning to quiver with excitement.

I said shyly, "Do you mind if I write this down, Mr. Berenson?" I took out my pencil and looked at him expectantly.

"Write it down? Heavens no. You might quote me. It would be embarrassing."

"I won't quote you if you don't wish it. But it seems a bit of a shame. These amazing *aperçus*—it would be a pity not to preserve them."

The look in his eyes changed with a lightning rapidity. His goatee looked alive again, faintly diabolical.

"Amazing *aperçus!* Is that what you call them? You sound positively Jamesian. Very well. Write them down. Let these jewels of perception be embalmed and immortalized!"

So I wrote them down faithfully and then I asked discreetly, "There's no artist, you say, without a touch of fraudulence?"

He reflected for a while. Then he coughed rather faintly. "Only Cézanne, I suppose. Try as I may I see no fraudulence. Only Cézanne recoils from all tricks and manipulations. Remember, even Rembrandt had his tricks and manipulations. After all, what are the passions and despairs of a great artist, be it Rembrandt or Michelangelo or even our dear friend Henry James, but grist for the mill of his inspired and noble fraudulence?" ▽

Photographer: Patrick Demarchelier; Nightgown: Sami for Savage Designs; Earrings: Marsha Breslow

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Couples can pare: Some marrieds gain a deduction

Joining incomes may be costly

BY JULIAN BLOCK

Can you keep more of your hard-earned income out of the clutches of the Internal Revenue Service just by getting married or divorced? It all depends. For one-income couples, marriage can provide the best tax shelter. For dual-income couples, it's another story; that walk down the aisle may lead them to a tax trap.

Due to our tax system of progressive rates, which taxes the first dollar of the second income at the same percentage rate as the last dollar of the first, the tab as Mr. and Mrs. is more than it would be as two singles who share bed and board and report exactly the same income—a quirk known as the "marriage penalty" or the "sin subsidy."

In response to complaints from the increasing number of two-paycheck couples, Congress authorized a new deduction designed to provide partial relief from the federal marriage indenture. Couples can deduct 10 percent of the first $30,000 of the 1983-earned income of the lower-paid spouse.

The higher a couple's tax bracket is, the greater the tax saving. For a couple whose taxable income puts them in a 30 percent bracket, a deduction of $3,000 lowers their taxes by $900. If they are in a 50 percent bracket, the savings is $1,500.

Despite the deduction, many two-earner couples will continue to feel that they are unfairly penalized by our tax system. Worse yet, marriage penalty relief results in new inequities. The full deduction is available only when each spouse earns a minimum of $30,000. No deduction is available when one spouse is unemployed, though he or she may have substantial investment income from stocks, rental property, etc.

To illustrate some of the effects of the revised rules, consider the way the deduction affects three affluent couples who live on the same street; the Bensons, the Carsons and the Dawsons. All of them enjoy salaried income of $62,000. In the Benson family, $62,000 is earned by one spouse. Both Mr. and Mrs. Carson work; one earns $32,000 and the other $30,000. The salary mix for the Dawsons is more uneven; one earns $52,000 and the other $10,000. The Bensons would receive no special deduction, a top deduction of $3,000 for the Carsons and a modest deduction of $1,000 for the Dawsons.

Strictly from a tax standpoint, it pays for persons with relatively unequal incomes to marry each other. But it is a costly proposition for a two-earner couple with relatively equal incomes. ▽

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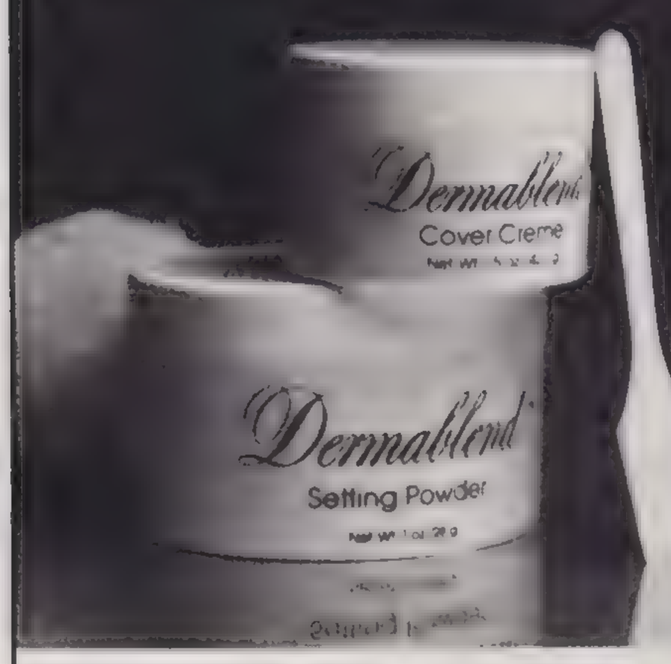

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Aerobic dance does not substitute for muscle-toning activities, nor will it, alone, improve flexibility. Best overall program is to precede aerobic activity with warm-ups and supplement them with calisthenics and upper-body strengtheners.

SAFE MOVES

In aerobic dance, careful warm-ups can make the difference between fitness and injury. "Most of the injuries I see from aerobic dance are caused by overuse: the body is not prepared for exercise rigors," says John G. Yost, Jr., M.D., orthopedic surgery, Lenox Hill Institute of Sports Medicine and Athletic Trauma, NYC. "For beginners, spend twenty minutes stretching/warming up and ten minutes dancing; gradually increase aerobic time as your fitness level increases. If you become dizzy during aerobics, stop immediately. And, it's wise to check with a doctor before starting any fitness program."

The reason for aerobic dance's popularity? It's fast, easy, energizing, slimming . . . fun!

Aerobic dance studios are popping up faster than croissant shops. Here's how to tell the good from the not so good. . .

Most important: "Examine instructor qualifications," says John Dietrich, president, The American International Health Industries and author of "The Complete Health Club Handbook" (with Susan Waggoner; Simon & Schuster). "The ideal: Jacki Sorensen's Aerobic Dancing." Her instructors must meet certain high standards—e.g., know CPR—and are retested periodically. "Most other staff-training programs are inadequate," says Dietrich. "Many aerobic-dance classes aren't aerobic; instructors focus on perfecting steps instead of sustaining a cardiovascular workout. If the teacher doesn't monitor your heart rate, learn to do it yourself." (See above.)

GEARING UP

Jump, kick, but cushion feet from the shock. Knees and back can suffer from the pounding of aerobic dance. It's best to work out on a mat, wear cushioned shoes—such as running shoes. Etonic's "Aerobix" shoe, *below*, offers good traction, is as supportive as a running shoe but super lightweight.

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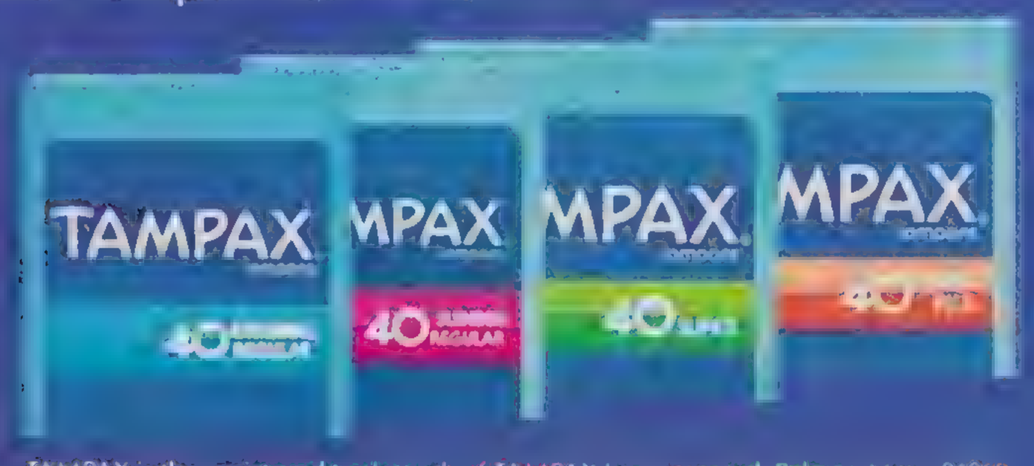

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Money

Great tips! Selling smart—getting the best price for your stocks, jewelry...buying smart—what's the right time/price for gold?

By Lisa Gubernick

STOCKS—WHEN TO SELL

There are two reasons to sell a stock—either to cut your losses or to reap your profits—and in either case, the crucial question is when to make your move. "If a stock loses 20 percent of its value, it's time to sell, no matter what," says Gerald W. Perritt, executive director of the American Association of Individual Investors. "It's not that difficult to recoup 20 percent; if you hold on until a stock is down to half of its original value, you have to double your money just to break even." Robert Stovall, director of investment policy at Dean Witter Reynolds, advises cutting losses even sooner. "If a stock drops 15 percent, start selling. Too many investors think things can only get better—that's substituting wish-fulfillment for logic."

Developing the discipline to sell a stock that's made money for you is as important as it is difficult. Stovall takes a long-range view, recommending that, after a stock has had four to six great quarters, you sell enough to recover your original investment. Hold on to the rest as long as the stock continues to rise. Beyond that, he says, "when your stock has gone up 50 percent or so, it's time to think about selling. If you buy a stock at twenty and watch it climb to thirty, then thirty-two, the temptation is to think that it will double. It generally makes more sense to take some of your profits." Stovall also advises holding stock for a year, if possible—after a year, your profits are considered capital gains rather than income and taxed at a lower rate.

Mary Ellen Kay, vice president of A.G. Becker, warns that "when a stock is on the rise things can look too rosy. When everyone is bullish it means everyone owns some stock—and if that's the case, who's left to buy? If you hold on and wait for a price to go to the moon, you may be sorely disappointed. There is such a thing as being too greedy."

GOLD—WHEN TO BUY

No one sells inflation insurance, but many experts say that if you put about 5 to 10 percent of your assets into gold, you will be protected. "If interests rates go through the roof, the value of your gold holdings will expand to protect your entire portfolio," says William Donohue in " William E. Donohue's No-Load Mutual Fund Guide" (Harper & Row). He recommends splitting 10 percent of your assets between long-term government bonds and gold to "catastrophe-proof" your portfolio. R. Leslie Deak, of the Deak-Perera Group, one of the largest precious-metals companies, advises buying gold through a certificate program. Usually, you pay a 3 percent premium over gold's "spot" price (quoted in the newspaper) for the certificate, which covers storage, insurance, and the right to borrow against your gold, which is held in a bank. At what point should you buy gold? "Anyone who buys at under $500 an ounce should do well in the future," says Deak. Both Donohue and Deak advise "dollar averaging"—spreading purchases out over a year or two so that the cost is balanced over time. "You are not trying to make a short-term profit," says Donohue. "You're buying long-term insurance."

PLAYING THE *WHOLE* MARKET

Until now, investors not only had to decide when to buy stocks, but which stocks to buy—and risk picking the one issue that went down in a bull market. The latest way to speculate—stock-index futures—lets you play the whole market at once: you can buy or sell the entire Standard & Poor's, Value Line, or New York Stock Exchange Index. "Shorting" stock-index futures—which means selling a contract that you'll buy later, ideally at a lower price—is a way to profit when the market falls. If you think the market's rising, you can "go long"—buy the contract to sell later at a higher price.

These index futures are comparable to old-fashioned commodity futures on soybeans or cocoa. In principle, they are promises to buy or sell the list of stocks on the index at a specified future date. In reality, index futures are settled in cash: you pay or receive whatever the total value of the index is on the day your future comes due, a twist that forever blurs the line between investing in and betting on the market.

Indexes are a high-stakes gambit, with initial investments ranging from $4000 to $6000. "On over a dozen dates in the last year, a $6000 contract could have jumped to $8500 in value—or dropped to $3500," says Dan Skelton of Paine Webber. "Indexes offer investors who have an opinion about the market their first opportunity to put their money where their mouths are—with all the accompanying good and evil."

IF YOU WANT TO SELL YOUR JEWELRY . . .

If you want to sell your jewelry, how should you do it? That depends on its value, which is determined by a variety of factors including the size of the stones, the designer of the setting, and the piece's provenance. "A ring owned by Merle Oberon, for instance, might be worth more," says Rose Leiman Goldemberg, author of *All About Jewelry* (Arbor House). If your jewelry is neither antique nor by a major designer, and contains no stones over a carat, a jeweler will consider it "used," says Goldemberg, and probably pay only " 'meltdown value'—shockingly little. A $5000 ring could bring less than $1000." Goldemberg advises selling such pieces either to a friend, through the newspaper, or on consignment to a dealer, who takes a 25 to 50 percent commission. "*When* you sell is very important," says Goldemberg. "You're likely to do far better before Christmas, Valentine's Day, or Mother's Day."

Jewelry in good condition, with an antique setting or with stones of a carat or more, should be worth more than the sum of its parts. To find out how much more, Goldemberg advises having your piece appraised for "fair market value" by a jeweler or lapidary specializing in the kind of jewelry you collect. The appraisal provides a good guideline for the reserve (the lowest price you're willing to take) if you sell at auction, or the price to ask if you sell directly to a dealer. If your piece is appraised for $10,000 or more, Goldemberg advises taking it to a dealer or auction house with an international reputation, such as Cartier or Sotheby Parke Bernet. "Jewelry that valuable has to be 'placed,' " says Goldemberg, "so you want to be sure you are working with someone who knows that certain collector in Japan—or wherever—who is looking to buy."

HOW TO GET A BUSINESS LOAN

When Carol Kohlreiter launched her real-estate development firm, HQZ Enterprises, three years ago (a recent project: Andy Warhol's new Factory), she was turned down by nearly every bank in Manhattan before she found a banker willing to take a chance on her fledgling business. Her problems getting credit are shared by nearly every new entrepreneur, and Kohlreiter reports that the only way to surmount this financial hurdle is to "establish a relationship with your banker. Show him an impeccable plan; include figures for how firms like yours have performed as well as your own projections. You'll have to convince him you're a winner." Carol J. Parry, a Chemical Bank senior vice president, adds, "Banks deal on character. A loan is far more likely to be approved if the banker knows you—even if only for a personal checking account."

No matter how little you borrow from a bank, substantial collateral—generally stocks, bonds, or cash—is required. Even without collateral, you may still get a loan if your bank is part of the Small Business Administration loan-guarantee program, which last year backed 12,016 bank loans to entrepreneurs. If your bank still turns you down, all is not lost. The SBA provided 1,931 *direct* loans last year, available only to those rejected elsewhere. "Remember, we still require very solid financial statements," notes the SBA's Ed Holloway. "We provide loans—not grants." For more information on SBA backing, check with your neighborhood bank.

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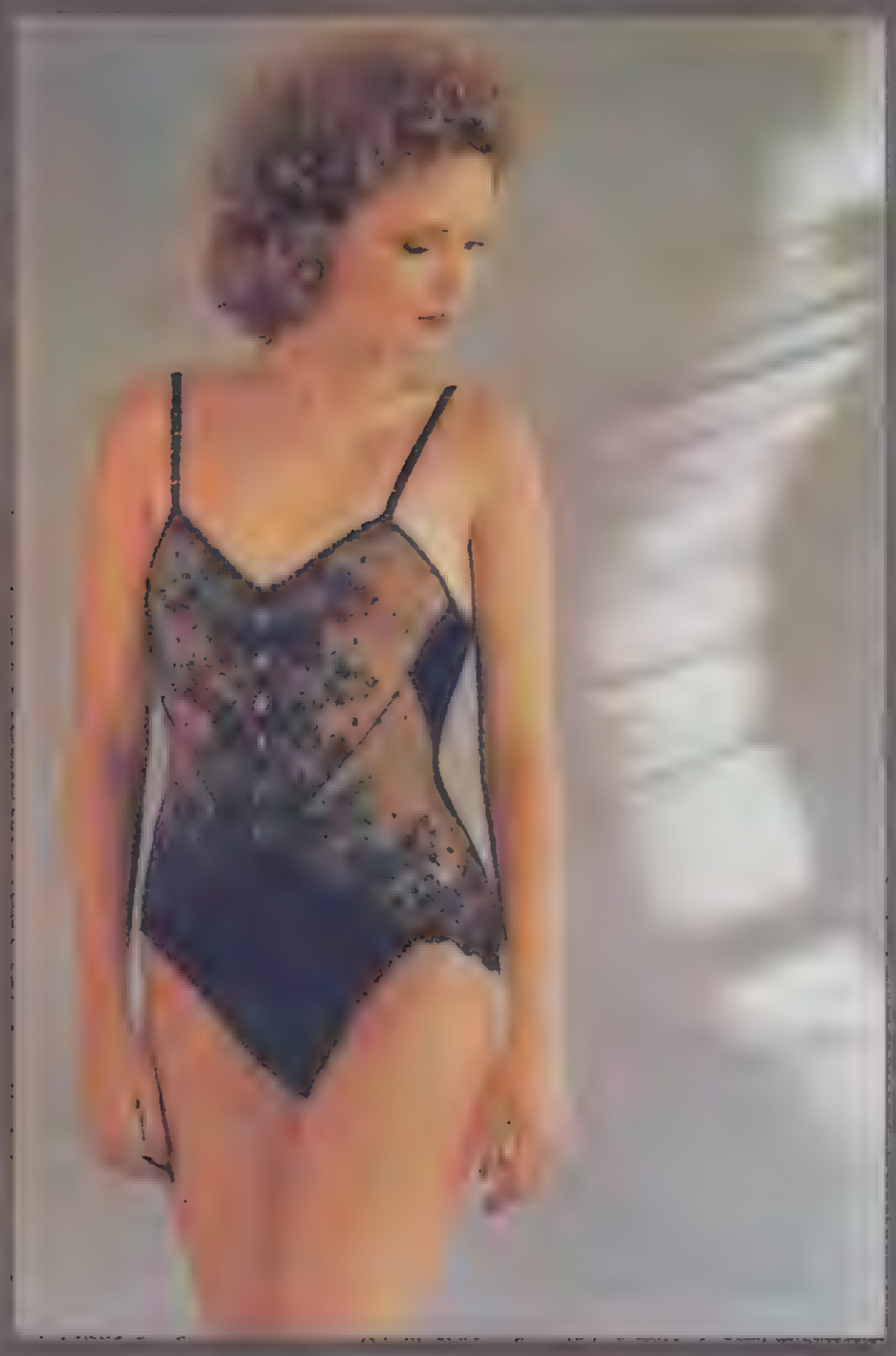

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Regal's interior not only looks rich and luxurious, but it's intelligently designed. So there's plenty of room for five. And, of course, there's plenty of trunk space, too.

So go see the 1983 Regal at your Buick dealer's now. You'll find that a lot of good thinking went inside of the Regal's good looking outside. And remember to show your good thinking by buckling up your seat belt.

Use estimated MPG for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Estimates lower in California. Some Buicks are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your Buick dealer for details.

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BUICK

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Women & Cars

By Lillian Borgeson

Repairs: smart ways to find a reliable shop, get a fair price

Not long ago, anyone with muscle, a hammer, and a good eye could do acceptable repair work on a car body—but no more. Cars today are much more intricately designed and crafted than they used to be; and repairing them demands much more skill, precision, and sophisticated equipment.

Even though practically all major car-body damage results from accidents and practically all repairs are paid for by an insurance company (yours or the other driver's), the crucial decisions about repairs should be made by you. Especially: who will do the work and how? You want to make sure the repair will produce no loss in performance, safety, or looks for your car, now or later.

● **Choosing the shop** When your car is crunched and disabled, it's both costly and inconvenient to have it towed from shop to shop so that you can gather and compare estimates. "What you need is one *thorough* estimate," says Sheila Loftus, publisher of *Hammer and Dolly,* a trade publication for the body-repair industry. But in order to decide which shop is most likely to come up with the knowledgeable analysis you need, you should visit and check out several in your area *before* you have an accident. Here's what to look for and ask about:

1. Does the shop have precision measuring equipment? Today virtually all foreign-made cars and a growing majority of American-made cars are "unitized"—that is, their sheet-metal body parts and their structural parts are all welded together as a single unit in order to create a "crash cage" that gives occupants more protection in a collision. If that protection needs to be restored all the parts have to be precisely measured and realigned according to the manufacturer's exact specifications. There's practically no room for error.

"This means that the shop must have the right kind of pulling, alignment, and measuring equipment," says Donald B. Cameron, president of Tech-Cor, Inc., an Allstate Insurance Company research facility that studies, evaluates, and develops auto-collision-repair methods. "You want 'yes' answers to questions like these: 'Do you have center-line gauges?' 'Do you have tram gauges?' "

2. Does the shop have new-style welding gear? Today's cars are made with a new type of high-strength steel. It's very heat-sensitive and can't be handled with old-style welding equipment. Ask the shop owner, "Do you have MIG welding equipment?" The letters stand for new-style "metal inert gas"; and, when the repair work involves much more than a few minor dings or dents, the answer to the question had better be yes.

3. Walk through the shop and look at a few of the cars in various stages of repair. Pay special attention to the amount of plastic filler (it's usually pink-colored) that's being used in the bent cars. "Everybody uses *some* filler," says Cameron. "But the trick is to use as little as possible, for minor imperfections only. Where there are major irregularities, the metal should be straightened out, not filled."

4. The recent changes in body design represent a quantum leap in technology, and a repair shop needs a high-tech library to deal with it. Ask if the shop has all the latest factory-spec manuals, the Tech-Cor bulletins, Chrysler's bulletins on high-strength steels.

And what's the skill level of the technicians? Do they wear patches that proclaim they've passed various new-technology courses in body repair? Or are there comparable certificates on the office walls? Ask especially whether they have taken the new and excellent auto-body course offered by the Inter-Industry Conference on Auto Collision Repair.

● **Evaluating the estimates** The care with which the shop's technicians analyze the damage and make a repair estimate is a good clue to the care they'll use in making repairs.

"Stand there and watch 'em go through a car," says Loftus. "Keep in mind that damage can travel . . . from right front to left rear, or vice versa. A minor hit can put steering out of alignment, cause other major problems."

The estimator should lift the hood, pull up carpets to look for broken welds, jack up the car to see if there's damage on the underside, and so on. The shop should use the same sophisticated measuring equipment for estimating damage that they'll use in making repairs.

● **Dealing with your insurance company** Insurance companies naturally want to keep car repair costs under control, and sometimes they're heavy-handed about imposing their will on body shops. As one example, there's the current controversy about "clipping"—a common method of body repair in which the crunched half of the body is cut off, thrown away and replaced by an undamaged piece. This costs less than replacing new or used parts at the factory welds, but it also creates new stress concentrators where old and new metal overlap, and new weak points elsewhere. "Some manufacturers believe clipping destroys the protective crash cage," Loftus says, "and because nobody has yet crash-tested its results, they recommend against it." Yet the insurance company that's paying for the job may insist on this less-expensive repair.

If you're dubious about this or any other repair method, don't hesitate to contact the car manufacturer's regional office. Ask for advice and documentation . . . and then be prepared to stand your ground: you *don't* have to accept an inadequate repair approach. Getting the job done right may turn out to be the biggest crunch of all . . . but coping with it successfully (and you can) will make your day. ▽

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Grand opera as a spectator sport

A wacky guide to unraveling the action

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.

What's the proper way to shush a heckler at the opera? . . . How do you keep your mind from wandering during a particularly precipitous aria? These and related questions are answered by Roy Blount, Jr., one of the quirkiest and funniest minds considering such weighty questions today. And just in time: the Metropolitan Opera's annual tour of the East, South, and Midwest began on April 18th, ends in Boston on June 12th. Blount's latest book, a collection of over fifty humorous essays, is "One Fell Soup, or I'm Just A Bug On The Windshield Of Life" (Little, Brown).

I guess everyone who keeps up with high culture knows about this already, but I was staggered a while back when I read in the New York *Daily News* that heckling was a big thing at the Metropolitan Opera. In fact one night when Renata Scotto made her entrance, reported the *News*, "before she could open her mouth, a volley of boos, catcalls, and obscenities were hurled at her. . . . Of all the performing arts, opera seems first in encouraging baseball-stadium heckling."

I didn't even know the *Daily News* covered opera. And I thought the only connection between opera and sports was that the ideal person for the title role in *Otello* would be Franco Harris of the Steelers (who is half black and half Italian), if he could sing. Once I sat in the front row at the Met for a performance of *Die Meistersinger*. No boo-birds that night. What I was struck by was the elegance of my fellow front-row patrons' shushes.

You didn't hear them say anything low-rent like "Shaddap."

"*Ssht!*" they would go, piercingly. One bejeweled woman turned around and hissed to a heavy-set man (who did look like a baseball fan, but not the rowdy type): "*Would you have the goodness not to rattle . . . and . . . wheeze!*"

"Would you have the goodness not to rattle . . . and . . . wheeze!" This—including ellipses—she hissed in one breath. A piece of work, that woman. I looked down the row at her and mouthed "Bravissima" (knowing, as I did, that "Bravissimo" is for a man) and winked, but she of course—quite visibly—made no response. To think that anyone in the same audience as that woman would hurl a catcall amazes me.

Now that a thousand dollars is so diminished a quantity (although anyone planning to make out a check to me for that amount should go ahead), opera is probably the only thing left, besides an occasional piano, that can get away with being "grand." And its devotees make those of baseball, liquor, and any combination of the two seem noncommittal. I knew a man who could not listen to Zinka Milanov without getting a nosebleed.

So how can opera have come to the verge of pop-bottle-throwing? I thought the least refined thing you could do at the opera was to lose concentration: to be among that certain number of opera-goers who think the costumes and drapes are swell, and who recognize a given high or low note as really something, and who look forward sincerely to the "Toreador" song (which occurs in all too few operas) or the appearance onstage of a live animal, but who are seldom able during the less rollicky stretches (all of *Die Meistersinger*, for example) to keep up with what is going on.

I myself, in fact, lost the thread of *Otello* one night years ago when the Met came to the Fox Theatre in Atlanta, where I then lived. The plot was well underway, and James McCracken as the Moor had already begun pitching and sobbing, when I realized I was trying to recapture in my mind's eye a certain piquant single I once saw Maury Wills hit.

Rather than risk musing thus irrelevantly (as I then thought) through a leap from a parapet, a death by tuberculosis, or a shout of "Traditor!"—no instant replay in opera, yet—I kept my mind on the show by resorting to two opera-going techniques that, though I felt they were not very elevated, are damn well more nearly grand than the raspberry.

The first of these is the less musical. It is a matter of taking fully into account the heft of an operatic exclamation and then imagining what a comedown it must be for these singers to have to go home after the last act and argue with loved ones (unless they have married with unusual bravura) or pass the time with agents, tradesfolk, and neighbors.

Surely a person who has just come in from crying "Asta! Asta! Obbliggiormento!" to the heavens, with the full support of top-of-the-line hautboys, timpani, double bassoons, flageolets, and gongs, and while dressed in a golden robe and crown or a full suit of glistening feathers, finds it intolerable to have to go "Ah right, ah *right*!" or "So *you* say," or "Well I don't know, they'll probably nominate Mondale or somebody but. . . ."

What does such a person do, when he or she is at home? Quote from arias? Improvise in High German? Mutter *con agitazione*? Thrash about with a sceptre?

These are, of course, bad esthetic questions, and ought to be turned to only if you cannot keep your head in the opera, itself, by means of the second technique. The second technique has the virtue that it focuses your attention on the action and the music; it just translates them into a recognizable life situation.

Otello, for instance, is waving his arms and hopping and demanding something of Iago, who seems to be putting him off:

Otello: What in the name of God am I doing out here on the stage of the Fox Theatre in this elaborate *bath*-rooobe?

Iago: Oh! Don't worry, it's nothing nothing *noth*-ing.

O: And these unbelievable *shoe*-hoos!

I: They're nice! They're nice!

O: The last thing I remember I was in this little bar and grill on *Cone* Streeeet.

I: Um-hmmmmm, um-hm-hum-hm!

O: Eating an order of chicken . . . chicken . . . chick-ken. . . .

I: Cacciatore!

This procedure is not, it must be borne in mind, an end in itself. But if you stick with it you won't be woolgathering when the Rhine maidens start going over the mountain with a "Yo-ho-to-ho-ho!" or something else on that order happens, something grand by any standard.

Nor will you be yelling "Choke! Choke!" or "Yabumya." ▽

Night and day…the one.

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SWITZERLAND

Mothering—is it a crime?

No thinking person can miss the mother-blaming that saturates our culture

BY MARY KAY BLAKELY

Every Mother's Day, I like to celebrate the occasion by breaking another rule of "correct motherhood." It's a sort of one-mother war against the guilt and advice the experts heap on women. The first time I announced my "outlaw" status in print, my mailbox was loaded with responses from other mothers. And whether the letters were grateful or hostile, they shared one common theme: Women care deeply about motherhood. Between the lines, behind the prayers, I read the universal wish of mothers to love their children well.

I have so much empathy for their struggles, and so much belief in their instincts, I have become a kind of Father Flanagan of Motherhood: "There is no such thing as a bad mother." There are only uninformed ones, intimidated ones, ill-prepared ones. Mostly, there are guilty ones, unable to meet their own high expectations of themselves, worried that they will somehow damage their children.

This guilt, this fearfulness, is not simply genetic in women. It was planted there, through decades of messages to mothers. Once, when I was preparing a lecture called "Mother Loathing" for a graduate psychology seminar, I counted 386 entries in the Psychological Abstracts related to the topic, "Mother." Ninety-five percent of those, it's safe to say, described some form of neuroses the mothers had, or had caused in their children. Mothers ruined their sons' sex lives, and created unhealthy dependencies in their daughters. From *Portnoy's Complaint* to *The Cinderella Complex,* mothers seemed responsible for every nervous tic in the human psyche. No thinking woman could miss the mother-blaming that saturates the culture.

It's the cumulative effect of these messages that drives me to the outer edge this year, impatient with a rule-by-rule amendment to the attitudes that rob mothers of their confidence and devalue their intelligence. I want a whole revolution. I want the guilt lifted by more than a few inches. I want the freedom and fresh air of outlawdom for every mother.

It was through the trial of one guilty mother, that I first became an outlaw many years before I would be a mother myself.

I was part of a research experiment, conducted by the University of Chicago; specifically, by two doctors, who were on the brink of some important discoveries of the effect of certain muscle enzymes on a particular kind of mental illness. My brother had this sickness, and my parents brought him there in the desperate hope that there would be a cure in time to help him. But because there was no cure available yet, and because doctors have a hard time remaining passive during emergencies, we spent the interim months relying on old theories, old treatments, and we searched for the cause of the problem through psychoanalysis. It gave us all something to do.

Before I ever learned the names of the 386 possible disorders the Psychological Abstracts attributes to mothers, I was part of a zealous search for them. The tour guides—the ambitious doctors—took us on a safari through my mother's past, to find the roots of the problem.

This was the most ridiculous hypothesis imaginable.

I was only seventeen during the period of these "hearings," as they seemed to me. I could only comprehend the proceedings with the vague, inarticulate reasoning of an adolescent mind; but, even so, I knew that my mother was not the cause. Even being predisposed to find fault with her—we had just recently arrived at the other end of the long, dark tunnel of mother/daughter conflict, and there were still a few touchy places between us—even with those dark spots clouding my vision, I knew it wasn't her fault.

The doctors probed deeply for signs of "overmothering" or "dominance" or "aggression" or "neglect." It was a luckless search, though, because under thorough examination, my mother proved to be uncommonly competent. One night the doctors were exploring "rejection," however, and they uncovered a lead. My mother remembered one night in 1949, when the patient was three, which still caused her some regrets.

She had seen the pediatrician that afternoon, who applied bindings around the baby's head to flatten the ears a bit. His tiny ears stuck out at what my mother thought was an adorable angle, but the doctor soon convinced her that they wouldn't be so adorable when he was a young man. They would mar his attractiveness, and possibly threaten his sex life.

That afternoon, as the bindings were applied, I imagine that the doctor caught my mother wincing. I've seen that wince many times, when I'd caught my hand in the wringer of the washing machine, or my younger brother had his head stitched in the emergency room. She usually followed the wince with a gesture of sympathy, a pat of comfort. That was her formula for pain. The pediatrician, a disciplined, authoritative man, disapproved of the soft touch approach. He warned her of the dangers of coddling, especially of coddling boy babies. There were plenty of stories, back then, about how many young men's lives were wrecked by homosexuality because their mothers overkissed them. Between his ears and his mother, the doctor believed that my brother had a very narrow chance of leading a normal life.

My mother was awake that whole night, listening to the cries from the other room, and wrestling with her natural urge to scoop my brother up and comfort him. It took a tremendous amount of discipline, but she accepted the punishment of the doctor's advice, and resisted. She could still hear those cries, she told the doctors twenty years later. She winced.

Perhaps that's when he might have felt rejected, my mother offered; how could he have known her longing to come? How could he have known she was struggling to follow orders?

The doctors, on the track of the fresh scent of guilt, probed deeper. Maybe she really did think he was homely, they suggested, maybe she really was unconsciously rejecting him. No, my mother said simply, without further need of explanation. She looked across the room at my brother. Even ravaged by illness, even with something untameable coursing through him, he was clearly, electrically, a beautiful young man. My mother thought anybody could see that.

The doctors brought up one ulterior motive, and then another, until they finally asked the question I'll never forget: "Well, why, then, did you follow the doctor's orders? Why didn't you trust your own instincts?"

The brilliant doctors at the University of Chicago obviously thought the neighborhood baby doctor was an unenlightened soothsayer. Studies now prove, they said with authority, that too little nurturing does far more damage than too much. They supplied my mother with their facts, twenty years after she needed them.

A vow formed in my mind that night, which, through the years, has evolved into this theory: "Don't ever accept an expert's opinion if it violates your own, because the experts can change their minds. Ultimately, you stand alone, and your own instincts are the only safe ground to stand upon. Only your own explanations will be defensible in court someday."

That theory, though it cost my mother dearly for me to learn it, has given me many glorious, guilt-free days with my children, as we've broken one rule and then another. It would still be a few years before Adrienne Rich would write *Of Woman Born,* the book that explained in poetic detail the whole philosophy of outlawdom. That book, together with my own experiences, has granted my survival, so far, as a mother.

Being a survivor among so many casualties has its obligation, Tillie Olsen writes in *Silences.* "For myself, 'survivor' contains its other meaning; one who must bear witness for those who foundered; try to tell how and why it was that they, also worthy of life, did not survive. And pass on ways of surviving; and tell our chancy luck, our special circumstances."

It was my chancy luck to have an extraordinary mother, one who willingly acknowledged mistakes, and changed directions. And it was my special circumstance to have my motherhood begin in a decade when women were starting to share their own truths, discover their intelligence, validate their experiences. A mother could not be a survivor alone.

I don't know which "complexes" my children will develop—there are at least 386 to worry about. And I don't know what books it will be necessary for them to write to relieve themselves, or what confessions I might be asked to make twenty years from now. There will be grievances, I'm sure.

But I do know this. When I am hauled up for trial, I intend to take the doctors and pediatricians and principals and teachers and peer groups along with me . . . not as witnesses, but as co-defendants. I am convinced that no mother should plead "guilty" alone. She is but one stamp on a life, and probably the one that hoped for it, and loved it, the most. ▽

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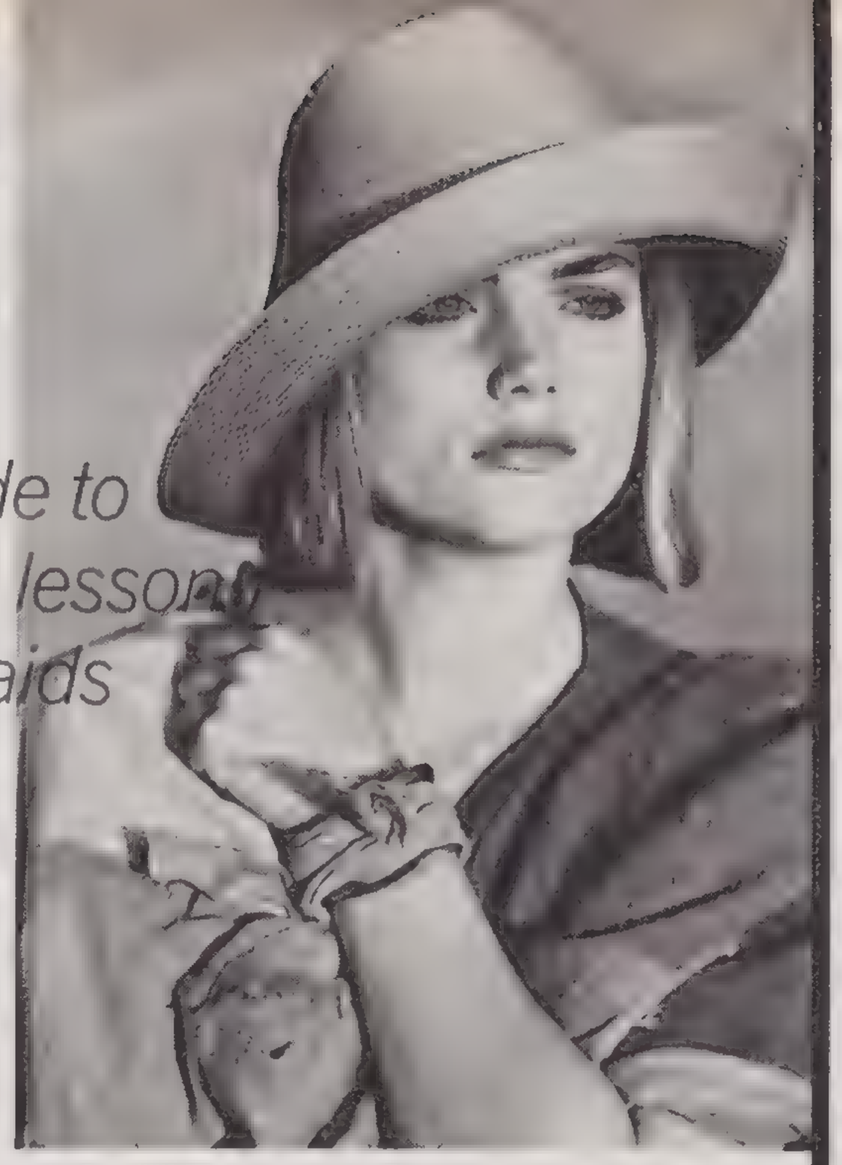
revivers

Traveling woman's guide to hotel salons...makeup lesson from a pro...new skin aids



Good news for women who travel: Some of the best beauty salons can be found in big-city hotels. Here, where to check in for hair, face, nails . . . **West Coast:** The Bill Palmer Salon, The Beverly Hills Hotel; Aida Grey Salon, Beverly Wilshire Hotel . . . **New York:** Salon at The Plaza; Mr. René of the Carlyle Hotel . . . **Palm Beach:** Walter's International Coiffure at the Colony . . . **London:** Leonard's in the Intercontinental (now at the Intercontinental, NYC, also) . . . **Paris:** Salon René-Louis Josse, the Hilton; Carita (around the corner from the Crillon) . . . Other good salons . . . at the Hôtel de Paris in **Monte Carlo,** the Carlton in **Cannes,** the Palace Hotel in **Madrid,** the Excelsior Gallia in **Milan,** the Hotel Hassler in **Rome,** and the Cipriani in **Venice.**

makeup lesson

"Women often feel unhappy with makeup purchases—they buy so much, then don't know how to use it," says makeup expert Pablo Manzoni who, at his new consultation studio (465 Park Avenue, NYC), shows women how to keep routines simple, look their best with minimal makeup. Sometimes clients bring their makeup; he divides it into day/night/throwaway, prepares a list/chart of the products used, critiques customers' efforts at duplicating his work . . . Re foundations: "Different climates require different foundations. Universal: Clinique's, Elizabeth Arden's Believable Color—for normal-to-oily skin, humid climates; Borghese's for drier skin.

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The best facial: geared to individual skin type—like Biosthetics (created in Paris forty years ago and now available in some U.S. salons). A special test measures degree of oiliness, moisture content . . . Most relaxing: the Swiss hand-massage facial—with placenta, elastin, collagen formulations—at the Milopa Salon (Pacific Palisades, CA) . . . For gentle-yet-effective facials—The Chanel philosophy—a private treatment room at Bloomingdale's, NYC (212/705-2871).

Photo top: BRUCE WEBER. Shirt, Basco by Gene Pressman and Lance Karesh. Hair, Sam McKnight; makeup, Linda Cantello. Details, stores, last pages Photographed ED PHISENMEYER

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Table the motion: Washington meals and deals

A voyeur's guide to DC dining: who eats what, and where . . .

BY SANDRA McELWAINE

Sleepy, Southern, Washington once took a perverse pride in its genteel, strictly private entertaining; party-givers were *dames*—at times *grandes dames*—and a card to dine with Perle Mesta, Gwen Cafritz, or Alice Roosevelt Longworth was an invitation to witness power politics on a given night. Then came the bachelor ambassadors, Alejandro Orfila and Ardeshir Zahedi: but Zahedi parties eventually ended with the Shah's regime; Argentinian ambassador Orfila married and assumed a lower nighttime profile.

Under Ronald Reagan's administration, Washington social life again is changing; Californians, it seems, like to eat. Plenty of information is still swapped at large-scale receptions ("a lot faster than the telephone and you can hit three or four in an evening"), at a few Georgetown salons and select embassies; but for real wheeling and dealing, these Republican days, it's DC restaurants.

Where to power-watch? It depends, somewhat, on the mealtime. Although super-lobbyists Tom Boggs, J.D. Williams, and Charls E. Walker all eschew working breakfasts, others admit business-breakfasting is catching on. The Madison Hotel Coffee Shop, across the street from *The Washington Post,* is the place to spot many of the paper's early-risers including executive editor Ben Bradlee—who interviews and catches up with other media pals there before work. Lawyer Edward Bennett Williams starts his day promptly at 7:30 A.M. at The Jefferson Hotel; other breakfasters apt to be choosing between the Jefferson's cranberry and blueberry muffins: Attorney General William French Smith, who lives on the premises; former Attorney General Griffin Bell; actor Charlton Heston, when in town. The dining room at the Hay Adams Hotel—directly across Lafayette Park from the White House—serves up eggs Benedict and French toast daily to any number of recognizable faces; The Watergate and Four Seasons hotels are other DC breakfast celebrity haunts.

Probably the most prestigious breakfast around, though, is one organized by Godfrey Sperling, Washington bureau chief of *The Christian Science Monitor.* For almost seventeen years, Sperling and a select group of reporters have grilled a newsmaker of the day between 8:00 and 9:00 A.M. at the Sheraton Carlton Hotel. It is an on-the-record repast, but with no tape recorders allowed: not allowed, that is, until one morning when House Majority Leader Jim Wright arrived and to the surprise of all present electronically recorded his own remarks.

Power lunching has become big business now that well-heeled Republicans are firmly entrenched; the martini—or white wine—lunch has regained its status, and business is booming in eateries from Georgetown to Capitol Hill. The number-one spot to see and to be seen is Maison Blanche, right around the corner from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Columnist Art Buchwald put this restaurant on the map when he became a noontime regular; whenever he's in town, he—and his everpresent cigar—can be found holding forth at table no. 1 with such chums as Ethel Kennedy, Joe Califano, and George Stevens. Presidential counselors Edwin Meese, Mike Deaver, and James Baker often lunch here, as does Muffie Brandon, White House social secretary.

For endless years, Duke Zeibert played the part of Toots Shor of Washington: pal/host/storyteller to DC sports and media stars. Duke retired, closed his restaurant two years ago; but now after more than his fair share of fishing and playing cards, he's opening up again: a new glassed-in terrace restaurant on Connecticut Avenue, just around the corner from the original Duke Zeibert's. Old pals are certain to come back in numbers: a place to watch, beginning the end of next month.

In the meantime, Mel Krupin—Duke's longtime general manager—has provided the old boys' power-elite hangout: Media stars William Safire, David Brinkley, and Frank Reynolds are among the faithful at Mel's restaurant, as are lawyers Vernon Jordan and Robert Strauss. Mel's has a policy of no reservations at lunch, and many a lowly worker has been sent over early to stake out a table for his or her boss in Mel's main dining room. Those who don't make it must settle for sandwiches in the upstairs lounge *(Continued on page 174)*

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DC DINING

(Continued from page 171)

or next-door coffee shop.

Many a big deal has been maneuvered at The Jockey Club, a dark paneled place, highly reminiscent of New York's 21. Who comes? Royalty—the King and Queen of Spain, for starters; Senators Barry Goldwater and Robert Dole, "kitchen-cabinet" member Justin Dart. Less formal but big on the power circuit is The Palm, the first New York-style restaurant to open its doors in Washington ten years ago. Steaks and lobsters are the specialty; cartoons of politicos, businessmen (this is very much a male operation), and sports types decorate the walls. Sitting beneath their images you might find New York Mayor Ed Koch, Mohammed Ali, Norman Mailer, Chrysler's Lee Iacocca, or Vice President George Bush flanked by Secret Service. Senators John Warner and Lowell Weicker both order Palm filets mignons to cook at home.

The Palm, in turn, has spawned other DC ventures: Joe and Mo's (both were former Palm waiters), Gary's, and Richard's Pier 20 (both Gary's and Richard's have former Palm chefs). "We're all like bees pollinating the same field," says Mo, who counts among his customers NBC's Judy Woodruff, Sam Donaldson and Jim Wooten from ABC, and former Attorney General John Mitchell who dines here with his daughter Marty on many nights. At Gary's you might spy Senator Howard Baker, The Reverend Jerry Falwell, or former Governor John Connally downing crab cakes. Richard's—open a little over one year—has made something of a specialty of mako shark—and other seafood. Seen regularly at Richard's: George McGovern, Martin Agronsky, CBS's Leslie Stahl.

Marilyn Lewis, founder of the Hamburger Hamlet, has been warned not to talk about her illustrious patrons from the nearby State Department: "Be smart for the long haul and keep your mouth shut." She will reveal that Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak, Redskin quarterback Joe Theismann, and comic Danny Thomas have hamburger-ed here.

Power-lunching may require not only discretion but a much sought-after invitation: an invitation, say, to the Metropolitan Club. Washington's Old Guard finds its niche at this exclusive, stuffy male bastion; its hallowed halls offer privacy for Clark Clifford, former Senator William Fulbright, Henry Kissinger, former arms negotiator Gerard Smith. For lunch in the Senate Dining Room, one needs a date with a Senator, spouse, or member of a Senator's senior staff; bean soup is the dish to pick. The pinnacle of noontime power, though, still converges in The White House Mess. Open to staffers from deputy assistants on up to the President, the White House Mess strictly forbids members of the press. Food here is served by Filipino stewards; wines and spirits banished by Carter have been restored.

Out of The Office—but a bit more homespun—are Zbig Brezinski lunches: Several times a month this former Carter advisor invites members of his old National Security Agency staff to brown bag it at his current office at The Georgetown University Center for Strategic and International Studies. Subjects discussed: The Middle East, defense policy; world-ranging topics. Occasionally someone brings a pecan pie *(Continued on page 176)*

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DC DINING

(Continued from page 174)

or cake. Bill Fitzgerald, President of Independence Federal Savings and Loan, has hosted high-power Thursday lunches at his bank for seven years now. Politicians, journalists, and local luminaries meet over a lengthy meal.

Less publicized power brokers head out to ninety-four-year-old Milton Kronheim's warehouse in Northeast Washington. Kronheim, with one of the largest liquor distributorships on the East Coast, has been quietly hosting private lunches for the famous—and not-so—for more than forty years.

Washington, traditionally, is a lunch—not a dinner—town; but at night, there are clear choices of local celebs. The newest of these is The Four Ways restaurant: opened last August, kin to the famous Four Ways in Bermuda and L'Ecu de France in London's West End, The Four Ways has taken over and refurbished an 1890s mansion fireplaces. Rack of lamb, Chesapeake Bay sea specialties, strawberry soufflé come from the talented hands of thirty-one-year-old chef Alain Roussel. In Four Ways' antique-filled dining rooms you might find Ted Kennedy, George McGovern, James Mason.

On Capitol Hill, a small delight called 209½ Pennsylvania Avenue offers some of the best food in Washington to Supreme Court justices, legislators, and media stars. Delicate snapper, figs Alice B. Toklas, and chocolate sour-cream cake with mounds of whipped cream are all standouts; it's a spot to spot Ted Kennedy, Jessica Savitch, Roger Mudd.

Dominique's (known for the off-beat—rattlesnake, buffalo, and kangaroo meat) has catered to Phyllis and Jamie Wyeth, Lane Kirkland, and Paul Volcker; chicken king Frank Perdue opted for its quail. The classiest table here is in "The Star" corner named for the late *Washington Star;* its walls are festooned with Pat Oliphant cartoons.

Other dinnertime "watching" spots? Germaine's in upper Georgetown: very like Pearl's in New York, with Asian cuisine, it was originally backed by Time-Life alumni; it's been a choice of Swedish Ambassador Wilhelm Wachtmeister, Senator John Heinz, Robert Redford, and Mick Jagger. . . . The Foggy Bottom Café, a short walk from the Kennedy Center pulls in—for spicy ribs or shrimp tempura—such theatrical VIPs as Claudette Colbert, Jean Stapleton, and Dorothy Loudon. Governor Pete DuPont and his wife Elise may drive in from Delaware. . . . Nora's, a neighborhood restaurant on Florida Avenue, has been made prominent in large part by two of its original backers—Ben Bradlee and Sally Quinn, who live nearby and eat here regularly. Other frequent diners—Ralph Nader, Barry Goldwater, Olga Hirshorn—come for curries and homemade fettucine.

Beyond that, the place to be found is at a highly chic—small—dinner at the Georgetown mansion of Katharine Graham, the Clayton Fritcheys, or John Sherman Coopers. Democratic bigwigs mix at Pamela and Averell Harriman's; Sunday brunches at Evangeline Bruce's are a feast for artists, publishers, diplomats, and politicians from all over.

Art Buchwald, though, may have found the ultimate status symbol. His notion: Bring back food from a nearby Greek carryout place; "Sit there alone, eat, and enjoy the power." ▽

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Confidence—what separates the women from the girls

The crucial resource—it's yours if you want it

BY PATRICIA O'TOOLE

Confidence may well be the most crucial resource an individual can have. So, it is astonishing to discover that the vast literature of psychology contains so little on the subject. (Despite the close kinship of confidence and self-esteem, the two qualities are not always the same. One has only to remember Tolstoy, who was filled with self-loathing but was supremely confident about his work. Or of countless people reasonably happy with themselves but lacking the oomph—that elusive mixture of energy, optimism, and perseverance—to be true to their dreams.)

Although this absence of learned discussion impoverishes everyone, the biggest losers may be women, since so many of them—no matter how capable—seem to have so little confidence. I think of the friend made uneasy by congratulations on a big promotion. "I can't stand thinking about it," she said. "I feel too visible up here. I'm worried because people might find out I'm not as good as they thought." And the woman unable to believe her business is a success even though it has grown every year since she started it. And the imaginative, energetic woman who wants to change jobs but refuses to toot her own horn because she doesn't want to seem arrogant.

We all have an "urge toward competence"

The modesty reflex, I used to think. Nobody likes a show-off, least of all a female show-off, so the only thing to do is put on a psychological version of the veils that cover Arab women. And, truth to tell, there often is something unsavory about businesswomen who dare to do otherwise. Like the New York stockbroker who tried to convince me her investment theory was unlike any other despite the fact that some variation of it shows up in almost every book on investing. And the Los Angeles self-promoter who drives a Cadillac convertible but somehow never gets around to paying the consultants who do her work.

Forced to choose between these hustlers and the self-effacing, I would cast my lot with the veiled women every time; but I've often wondered why the terri- *(Continued on page 180)*

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CONFIDENCE

(Continued from page 179)

tory between these two extremes has so few female occupants. Isn't it possible to be self-assured without being obnoxious? Where, oh where, is the confidence that comes across almost every time you ask a man to tell you about his work?

The easy way out would be to say that centuries of sexism have left female confidence in tatters, that self-doubt was inescapable once women were consigned to dependency. But no matter how faultless the logic contained in such historical arguments, these are not the sort of truths that set one free. History may explain how we arrived at point A, but it reveals almost nothing of what we need to pry ourselves loose and move to point B.

Eleanor Roosevelt thought that the move from self-doubt to self-confidence happened inch by inch, as a result of "every experience in which you really stop to look fear in the face." So, in a sense, did William Pitt, the eighteenth-century English statesman, who described confidence as "a plant of slow growth."

Nobody likes a show-off . . .

"You can't will yourself to be confident any more than you can will yourself to be an expert on medieval art," says a young singer who learned this lesson the hard way. Disheartened as she was to learn there was no shortcut to confidence, she discovered that the slow blooming of her self-assurance was not without compensations. "You can watch yourself grow. You set goals for yourself, reach them, then set new ones. When I went to my first New York audition, I dared myself to do the Queen of the Night's aria from *The Magic Flute.* My high notes just weren't there, and there was no reason they should have been because that aria had never been one of my best."

The only thing that hurt her more than the snickers in the auditorium was the thought of going back to her hometown in Idaho and having everyone know that she'd failed. "I knew I had to set some program for myself," she says. "It went terribly at first because the goals I had were too cosmic. They were things like, 'Become a great singer.' I got so frustrated I bought a book about computers to see if I could stand that kind of work. It was only by reading how computer languages break things into their simplest parts that I understood what I was doing wrong with my music."

She began working on her range, note by note. She tackled difficult rhythms and tonalities one at a time. With tape recorder and tutor she worked on her pronunciation of German. "When I think of something I want to learn, I put it on a list," she says. "I write the date I begin and the date I can do it well. Then I give myself a gold star, like the ones my first piano teacher gave me. My confidence has grown with my mastery."

The confidence of mastery—a psychic savings account made up of small but regular deposits. Can it really be as simple as that?

For the most part, yes, according to one of the few pieces of psychological literature that

come close to the subject of confidence. In his seminal work on competence, psychologist Robert W. White, Ph.D., of Harvard University, suggested that human beings have an "urge toward competence" that may be as fundamental as their urge to reproduce. He also suggested that becoming competent conferred a sense of confidence, which he described as a "feeling of efficacy."

But as even the most self-assured people will admit, the link between competence and confidence has its limits; for confidence, like happiness, is not an immutable state. The one woman I know who is confidence incarnate, an accomplished saleswoman, confesses that she begins to lose faith in her powers whenever business drops off. "I think it would be abnormal not to have *some* doubts," she says. "But I get through by reminding myself that I've been down this road before and that nothing lasts forever."

Closer to home, I still wince when I remember the first published author I ever met, who told me my work was hopeless. For two years, until I finally sold something I'd written, all that kept me going was the desire to prove him wrong. Having worked both ways, I can report that proceeding with even a little confidence is eminently more sustaining than being driven by fury.

The deep secret about confidence does not lie in some dreary explanation of why women don't have it but that it actually lies within reach. Not without sweat. Not without fear. ("You must do the thing you think you cannot do," Eleanor Roosevelt said.) And definitely not without reverses, since no one can win all the time. But however slowly confidence grows, it is gloriously tough to uproot once it takes hold. ▽

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There's only one way to play it.

Richard Haas's trompe l'oeil mural on a bridge-side wall: echoes of an urban icon

ENRICO FERORELLI/WHEELER PICTURES

The bridge that built New York

Celebrating 100 . . . the Brooklyn Bridge spurred the city's bravado, sparked its poets and artists

BY PAUL GOLDBERGER

I did not see the Brooklyn Bridge when it was new, and neither did anyone else now around, for the day that it opened was a hundred years ago this month. But it is hard not to believe that it looked as perfectly right, as firmly entrenched in its place beside the shores of Manhattan then as it does now. Indeed, what is hard is imagining that there could be such a thing as New York without the Brooklyn Bridge. For this bridge has always been more than a way of getting from one place to another, more than a way of crossing a river. It was the triumphant symbol of the city in the nineteenth century, the structure that confirmed New York's role as the most ambitious city in the Western world. What a daring thing even to conceive of slinging a road across the East River! To a city of tight, twisting little streets and densely packed brownstones, the coming of the bridge was an achievement of awesome magnitude. Not only was its roadway, which leaps 1,595 feet between the bridge's two towers, 135 feet above the water, the longest and highest span anywhere in the world; these towers, 278 feet high, were themselves the tallest structures in the city. The Brooklyn Bridge was not only the greatest bridge—it was also, in a sense, the first skyscraper.

"All modern New York, heroic New York, started with Brooklyn Bridge," Lord Clark, the art historian, has written, and it is so. It was the Brooklyn Bridge, far more than any building, that made New York seem like a city of immense power and energy. James Marston Fitch, the architectural historian, observed that "the nineteenth century saw three great developments in structural theory: the enclosure of great areas in the Crystal Palace, the spanning of great voids in the Brooklyn Bridge, and the reaching of great heights in the Eiffel Tower." The Brooklyn Bridge is the only one of these achievements that was American, and it is significant in that it was the making of a great, open road. For the Brooklyn Bridge symbolized not only the joining together of two sides of a river, but the increasing American desire to be mobile, to be able to move freely and without obstacles across the landscape.

We are accustomed now to still longer spans and still higher towers, but the bridge remains as powerful a part of the cityscape as ever. A full century has only enhanced its role as lower Manhattan's greatest icon—and as one of the world's most beloved structures. It possesses a quality only a handful of man-made works have ever achieved—the ability to seem fresh all the time, every day, no matter how many times we look at it. The great architect Louis Kahn spoke of the making of a work of art not so much as the fulfilling of a need but as the making of a new need, and he liked to say that the world never needed Beethoven's Fifth Symphony until he wrote it—but that now, we could not conceive of living without it. So it is, too, with the Brooklyn Bridge.

The Brooklyn Bridge is the ideal monument. It is grand, it is noble, it serves an important public purpose. It is beautiful. It represented a brilliant advance in technology, yet never, either when it was new or now that it is a century old, has it seemed distant and out of touch with what the man on the street can understand. We are dazzled by the achievements of the space shuttle, but most of us do not have any real sense of how any of them are made to happen. The Brooklyn Bridge was a consummate work of engineering, but it is not so hard to fathom. It looks as though it was built piece by piece, and it was.

The story of its building is one of the great dramas of the nineteenth century. The bridge was designed in 1867 by John A. Roebling, an engineer who had made a name for himself constructing a bridge at Niagara Falls and a more impressive one over the Ohio River at Cincinnati. To build a span across the East River and tie together the then sister cities of New York and Brooklyn was dreamed of constantly in the mid-nineteenth century, as American technology grew rapidly; but it was Roebling who came up with the first viable design. It was to take sixteen years to build, and while some of this time was spent in developing engineering systems to get the bridge built, much of it was devoted to political haggling over the bridge's cost to the public purse. It was more difficult and expensive to build the bridge than anyone had ever dreamed—and the corruption of New York's politics made it no easier.

John Roebling himself was the first of many who gave his life for the bridge—he died of tetanus a year before construction began because of an injury sustained while working on the bridge's plans. His son, Washington A. Roebling, took over, but not long into construction he, too, was hurt. Washington Roebling was one of the bridge's first victims of the dreaded "bends," or caisson disease, the crippling caused by moving rapidly into the open air from the high-pressure caissons, the underwater structures used to build the foundations of the towers. He was never to walk again, and he supervised construction from the window of his house in Brooklyn Heights, as his wife, Emily Roebling, carried his instructions to the workmen at the bridge's site. When the bridge was finally opened to the public on May 24, 1883, President Chester A. Arthur presided—and afterward, he went to the Roebling residence to pay his respects.

The bridge that opened that day—with a toll for pedestrians, long since abandoned, of one cent—is essentially the bridge we see today. In fact, in one way it is now more as it was originally, since in the early 1970's the New York City Department of Transportation abandoned the battleship-grey paint with which it had been covering the wire cables and gave the cables a new coat of beige and light brown, a close match to colors painted when the bridge was new. The colors blend handsomely with the rich brown granite of the towers, and they bring lightness and energy to the bridge without making it seem frivolous.

The towers themselves caused some contro-

(Continued on page 186)

Joseph Stella's "The Bridge": "steely orchestra of modern constructions"

THE NEWARK MUSEUM

Paul Goldberger *is architecture critic for The New York Times.*

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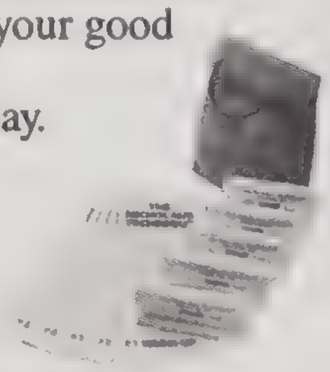

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BROOKLYN BRIDGE

(Continued from page 184)

versy in architectural circles when the bridge was new. They are strong and solid objects of stone, their openings pointed Gothic arches, and to some critics—most notably Montgomery Schuyler, the nineteenth century's most eminent architecture critic—the arches gave the bridge an air that was hesitant, cautious, a bit too openly romantic. Schuyler complained that the towers should have been simple piers that would "assert themselves starkly and unmistakably as the bones of the structure." As the bridge was, Schuyler felt that romantic form had been substituted for pure expression of function, and the result prevented the bridge from being a great work of architecture.

Today we are inclined to see it a bit differently. The bridge was built at the very beginning of the age of modernism, and it is not surprising that modernist critics could see its inconsistencies as a problem. But now, the romantic side of the bridge, the strong, solid form of the towers and their Gothic arches, seems exactly right. For the towers in their present form do express their function, if one sees it as more than simply the holding up of the cables which, in turn, hold up the roadway. For the towers also serve as gateways between two cities, of symbolizing the passage from New York to Brooklyn. And there is nothing wrong with a building working in both a romantically expressionist way and a purely functional one. In fact, the Brooklyn Bridge's ability to do both of these things at once seems, today, only to enhance its appeal.

But in the end, it is the bridge as pure object that continues to entrance us—as it did Hart Crane, whose greatest poem was inspired by it, or Joseph Stella, whose series of expressionist paintings based on it were his greatest achievement. The balance between the gentle web of the cables and the strong form of the towers is as perfect as could be imagined; the intricacy of the cables seems to belie the toughness of their task; but together with the towers and the gentle, upward curve of the roadways, there is an extraordinary harmony. The bridge holds its own in the cityscape now, even with such immensities as the World Trade Center nearby, as surely as it did when it was a commanding presence on the skyline in 1883.

To walk across the Brooklyn Bridge is among the greatest experiences New York has ever offered. Lewis Mumford recalls in his autobiography how he felt the whole city in his hand as he stood on the bridge, looking back toward the growing skyline of Manhattan, and so it is now—you feel as if the city is as powerful as ever but somehow, from here, comprehensible, measurable, in a way that it is not from within. The view is even better than from a skyscraper top, for here you look across, not down, and you can feel the movement of the people and the traffic and, of course, the river itself. New York is a river city, and that is forgotten almost everywhere else, but from the bridge the sense of the river comes into its own, and you feel the strength of the water surging beneath. You feel, too, a sense of the city as a totality. The bridge puts the city in perspective, it gives everything its proper order—perhaps this is its greatest achievement of all, the ability, like that of any great work of art, to give us the sense of how the pieces of the world fit together. ▽

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Wines

Love at first sip: the fine Italian hand —plus French finds

By Martin Gersh

Angelo Gaja's Barbarescos are not only among the world's supremely great red table wines; beyond that, they are products whose symbolic and commercial significance can scarcely be exaggerated. Made in the town and surrounding zone of Barbaresco in Italy's Piedmont region—which is bounded on the north by the tiny region of Valle d'Aosta and Switzerland and on the west by France—Barbaresco is produced from the Nebbiolo grape and is one of the four wines that have received the Italian government's rare DOCG (Denominazione di Origine Controllata e Garantita) classification, the ultimate official guarantee of quality.

In coming to know well the eleven Gaja Barbarescos from various vineyards and vintages that I have thus far experienced, I have consistently been impressed by their startling similarity to fine French red Burgundies made from the classic Pinot Noir grape. Burgundies and Barbarescos are brilliant, glamorous, magical wines that dazzle one's senses—and, in fact, are easy to love from the first sip onward! In that respect, they differ fundamentally from numerous red Bordeaux and Piedmont's Barolos—wines that really take getting used to, and that initially may seem too challenging, strange, unrewarding, and even impenetrable until repeated drinkings over an extended period of time have accustomed one's palate to accept and respond to the singular glories they offer. To complete my comparison between Barbarescos and Burgundies—it is most regrettable but nevertheless true that only a small number of French red Burgundies made since the middle-to-late 1960s any longer possess the stature revealed, year after year, by Angelo Gaja's wonderful Barbarescos.

The painstaking care bestowed upon every possible aspect of the production of these wines is dramatically illustrated by the remarkable length and attractiveness of the corks employed for the three 1979 single-vineyard examples described below. Longer than the longest Bordeaux corks I have ever known, they are sixty-three millimeters in length—slightly more than two and one-half inches! The producer's justifiable pride in his superb wines is exemplified by the distinctive bottle that houses his Barbarescos—an imposing physical entity of deep amber color and traditional Burgundy shape that bears the emblem GAJA 1859 molded in relief on its surface, and is given further dignity by substantial weight and unusual height.

As for the commercial significance of this achievement: among Italy's red table wines, during the last ten or twelve years only Gaja's Barbarescos and perhaps three Brunello di Montalcinos from Tuscany—produced by Biondi-Santi, Fattoria dei Barbi, and Costanti—have been able to establish prices for themselves comparable to those of the most famous and highly regarded red Bordeaux and Burgundies. By virtue of his success in making and marketing Barbaresco, Angelo Gaja has actively helped to bring about long-overdue international recognition for Piedmont's other fine Barbarescos and Barolos, whose prices are only now beginning to reflect their extraordinary excellence.

BARBARESCO 1979, COSTA RUSSI (GAJA) Civilized and very polished, this is a cohesive, satiny-textured red wine of high taste tonality and small-to-moderate body, superlative in all ways. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 13-15 years. Aeration: 4½-5 hours. $35-$40. (Note: Always recork wines after aeration and between all pourings to prevent fading.)*

BARBARESCO 1979, SORI' SAN LORENZO (GAJA) Dynamic, extremely youthful, this huge Barbaresco possesses a flavor hinting of red currants, with an alluring sweet finish—an awesome wine of the highest rank! *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 13-15 years. Aeration: 4½-5 hours. $35-$40.*

BARBARESCO 1979, SORI' TILDIN (GAJA) Very tightly knit, elegant, and small-bodied, displaying distinct almondy nuances in its fruitiness—a bewitching wine in the style of the great red Burgundy La Tâche. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 11-13 years. Aeration: 2½-3 hours. $35-$40.*

BARBARESCO 1978 (GAJA) A young, finely concentrated but still notably tannic wine of great quality, with discreet fruitiness, high tonality, and important size. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 12-15 years. Aeration: 4-4½ hours. $16-$19.*

BARBARESCO 1978, SORI' TILDIN (GAJA) Suave, showing admirable integration in all its components, with moderate-to-large body and a luxurious prune-like taste—a truly magnificent red wine. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 12-15 years. Aeration: 3½-4 hours. $35-$40.*

BARBARESCO 1978, SORI' SAN LORENZO (GAJA) Sumptuous, with velvety texture and intense cherry-like fruitiness, this young colossus is an absolutely tremendous creation. However—a word of caution! Unless you are prepared to undertake the quite extensive aeration process recommended here, the astounding beauties inherent in this wine will simply not show up in the glass at the present time. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 15 years—at the very least! Aeration: 5½-6 hours. $35-$40.*

BARBARESCO 1961 (GAJA) Just as Johann Sebastian Bach's *The Art of the Fugue* is the ultimate expression of instrumental contrapuntal music, Gaja's 1961 Barbaresco represents the richest and most complete development that a great wine is capable of in a splendid vintage year. Of high tonality and ample body, it reveals impressive vitality and almost unbelievable fruitiness for a wine of its age—along with a penetrating sweet finish reminiscent of France's best-made classic red Burgundies. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 15-20 minutes. $60-$65.*

RECOMMENDATIONS

FRANCE

MÂCON VILLAGES 1979, LES CHAZELLES (C.C.V.) From southern Burgundy, this white wine is a solid, respectably fruity basic Chardonnay with small-to-moderate size and high tonality. *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next year. Aeration: refrigerate for 2¼ hours, then aerate 10-15 minutes. $5.50-$6.*

MEURSAULT-GENEVRIÈRES 1979 (JADOT) Lilting and graceful, rather small-bodied, exhibiting a pleasant citrus-like taste element—a delightful, first-rate white Burgundy. *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2½ hours, then aerate 20-30 minutes. $23-$25.*

CHÂTEAUNEUF-DU-PAPE 1979 (DOMAINE DE MONT-REDON) Until I drank this marvelous Rhône Valley red wine, I would have expressed skepticism had I been told that the Syrah grape, for all its many fine qualities, could produce a wine of such exceptional delicacy. Fascinating, with lovely *fraise des bois* fruitiness, this Châteauneuf-du-Pape can stand proudly alongside any distinguished Pinot Noir from a fine vintage year. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 7-8 years. Aeration: 2-2¼ hours. $13-$14.*

CORTON-CHARLEMAGNE 1978 (JADOT) A most beautiful and remarkably classy Chardonnay of generous size—very flowery, with a beguiling tinge of lemon in its flavor. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 3 hours, then aerate 45 minutes-1 hour. $45-$50.*

LE MONTRACHET 1978 (JADOT) This renowned white Burgundy is marked by great discretion and perfect balance, plus oily texture and a long-enduring second taste—a rare jewel! *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2¼ hours, then aerate 35-45 minutes. $60-$65.*

CORTON-CHARLEMAGNE 1976 (JADOT) A large-scaled white wine of exemplary finesse and noble grandeur, Louis Jadot's Corton-Charlemagne 1976 displays high tonality and an enchanting sweet finish. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 1-2 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2½ hours, then aerate 15-30 minutes. $50-$55.*

CHAMBERTIN-CLOS DE BÈZE 1971 (CLAIR DAÜ) Vibrant and utterly captivating, moderately big-bodied, with peach-plum fruitiness—a majestic, impeccably structured red Burgundy. *Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: 45 minutes-1 hour. $65-$75.*

SPECIAL EFFECTS

DEIDESHEIMER PARADIESGARTEN RIESLING KABINETT 1979 (BASSERMANN-JORDAN) Understated, mildly sweet, this excellent white wine of moderate-to-large body from Germany's Rheinpfalz region is diverting and delicious—and, in my view, could most suitably be enjoyed with a fine pâté or a charming dessert. *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2¼ hours, then aerate 10-15 minutes. $7-$8.*

CHÂTEAU SUDUIRAUT 1979 Quite sweet, spirited, resinous, of good size, with honeyed fruitiness mingling bitter-almond and apricot taste elements—a fabulous Sauternes! *Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 12-15 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2 hours; no aeration required. $17-$19.* ▽

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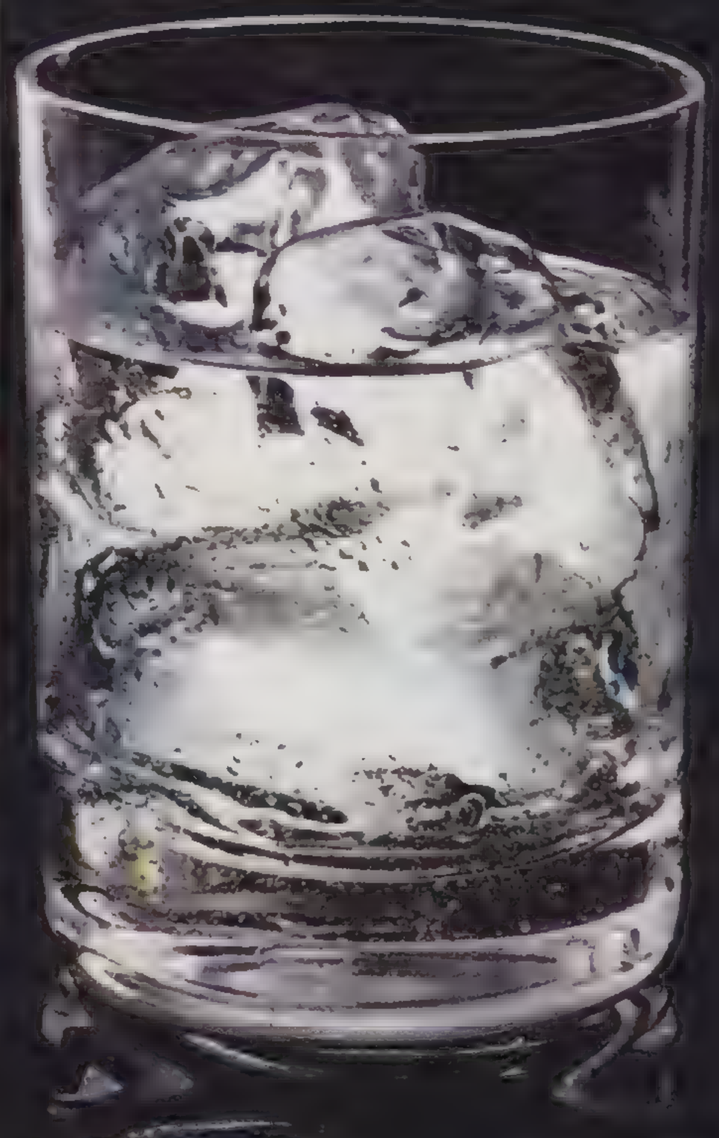

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These new UDS Computer Telephones will not be sold at this price by the company in any store. To obtain one at this price, apply in writing to the company address no later than Midnight, July 31, 1983.

Each phone carries a full one-year money-back guarantee, and the company will replace it, free of charge, if it ever fails to function. There is a limit of two (2) phones per address at this price, but requests which are mailed early enough (before July 25) are permitted to order up to 5 phones.

To apply for a new UDS Computer Telephone, mail *this original printed notice* together with your name and address and $10 for each phone desired. Add $2 shipping and handling for each phone you are requesting. Mail to: **Carter & Van Peel, UDS Computer Telephone Offer, Dept. 939-10, Box 1728, Hicksville, New York 11802.**

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ENTERTAINING

Cheers!

You're invited: the new cocktail party...table flowers go to new heights ...party-pretty asparagus

By Sandi Britton

JADE ALBERT

LOOK UP

Newest alternative to low, see-over arrangements of table flowers—long, thin-stemmed flowers in tall, narrow see-through containers. Even more exalted: a great splurge of flowers held well above sight line, like the lilies, *above,* in this magnificent silver flower and candle holder borrowed from the Helmsley Palace Hotel, NYC, by *Phyllis Cerf Wagner* for her design in D. Porthault's recent table-setting show. Another Wagner touch: individual carafes for two wines at each place.

KAREN RADKAI

A very appealing way to present that most glorious of spring vegetables, asparagus: the way Washington/New York caterer Nadine Kalachnikoff does, piled up on a wicker platter embellished with a great flourish of crisp-looking white flowers (a miniature garden). Makes a very pretty centerpiece for a buffet table.

New cocktail-party ingredients: bite-sized but "real" food; an assortment of "real" drinks based on rum, whiskey, gin, vodka; and the prettiest bar paraphernalia and glasses that you can find.

Party news: There's a new kind of cocktail hour now—one that makes sense for the busy lives we lead. It happens between five and eight on weekday evenings, or between four and seven on Sunday afternoons, and is one of the pleasantest and least complicated ways of getting friends together informally.

The food is new, too. It's designed to stand in for dinner for those guests who may be going on to the theater, say, but also works as "nibbles" for those going on to a full meal.

The other surprise: real drinks are back. The days of serving a nondescript white wine as the mainstay of the evening seem to be over.

A beautiful example of this new breed of cocktail party, *below,* with wonderful things to eat devised by NYC food consultant Barbara Kafka. Clockwise from center: *hummus* (Middle Eastern "paste" based on chickpeas); *tapenade* made with roasted sweet red peppers instead of with olives; pumpernickel rounds spread with prosciutto butter (a vivid and creamy blend of the two); green olives spiced with strips of orange and lemon zest, cumin and coriander seeds; deviled eggs topped with American golden caviar; broiled chicken morsels first marinated in curry-rum sauce, alternated on miniature skewers with fresh pineapple; mini-pizzas dotted with goat cheese, tiny black olives, minced peppers.

In honor of this kind of party, Mrs. Kafka invented two colorful summery "frappes" to be whirled in the blender: one based on cantaloupe, rum, lemon juice; the other made with cucumbers, vodka, lime juice. Next to them in the photo, two cocktail-party classics enjoying a comeback: a Manhattan and a Martini.

For copies of Barbara Kafka's cocktail-party recipes, send your request and a 40¢-stamped business-sized self-addressed envelope to: Vogue Information, Vogue, 350 Madison Ave. NYC 10017

Shopping note: All glasses in the photo (except those with the "frappes") are from Steuben, as are the dishes and bowls; ice bucket from Cartier; seltzer bottle from Hammacher Schlemmer; table covering is Wamsutta's new "Phoenix" pattern sheet.

SUSAN WOOD

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Allow 4-6 weeks for processing and delivery.
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LIVING GAZETTE

New horizons indoors: put a blue sky in your bathroom...architects who design fabrics, tableware...small gadgets can make a big difference...Andrée Putman's challenge

By Barbara Plumb

"The Spreckels Mansion," in San Francisco, built in 1887 for Richard Spreckels, nephew of Claus, who founded a sugar empire, has been transformed by designer Jeffrey Ross, architect Jonathan Shannon into a bed and breakfast inn. "The intention was to make the rooms elegant but as homelike as possible," Shannon says. "Most have working fireplaces; the stained glass and chandeliers are original." Left: The "Garden Room."

Ceiling and walls that look like sky give a "soothing outdoor feeling" to a bathroom painted by Gary Finkel. Scenic designers with a theater background, Finkel and Clyde Wachsberger, of Tromploy, Inc., in NYC, produce trompe l'oeil architectural details (like the classic column above), false-marble floors, illusionistic ceilings, screens, or furniture. Prices start at $1000."

Elegant *For two new casement fabrics for Sunar, in satin-weave cotton with a "light-catching" sheen, architect Michael Graves designed an eight-inch border in a scroll motif that falls at windowsill height, makes a transition between the window and wall. "The solid dense colors below the border and lighter airy colors above suggest ground and sky," Michael says.*

PORTRAITS *English actress-turned-painter Carole Hopkin creates watercolors of houses, gardens, interiors. She exhibited at Liberty of London; and now, settled in America, Carole has painted houses of American artists, writers, poets. Below: Carole's portrait of the Longfellow house in Massachusetts. She will paint your house with or without people; prices start at $600. By appointment: (212) 737-3950.*

Smartly designed with pivotal five-inch detachable speakers that can be placed anywhere in a room, Sony's bright red and black AM/FM portable stereo cassette system, "Transound CFS-700" *(above)* senses tape type and adjusts automatically. A Record Mute edits out stop-and-start sounds between passages, and an Automatic Music Sensor scans the tape in forward or reverse for the next selection. It operates on batteries, a car cigarette lighter, or an AC cord. High-impact plastic. Thirteen pounds, eleven ounces, 7½ x 6⅞ x 21¾ inches; $319.95.

(Gazette continued on page 196)

Top left photo by RUSSELL ABRAHAM, *top right*, JADE ALBERT

How to add good taste without adding calories.

ONEIDA

The silver cube. Our silversmiths' mark of excellence. Made in America.
Shown: Sheraton salad fork in stainless and place plate in silverplate. Complete selections at fine stores.

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GAZETTE

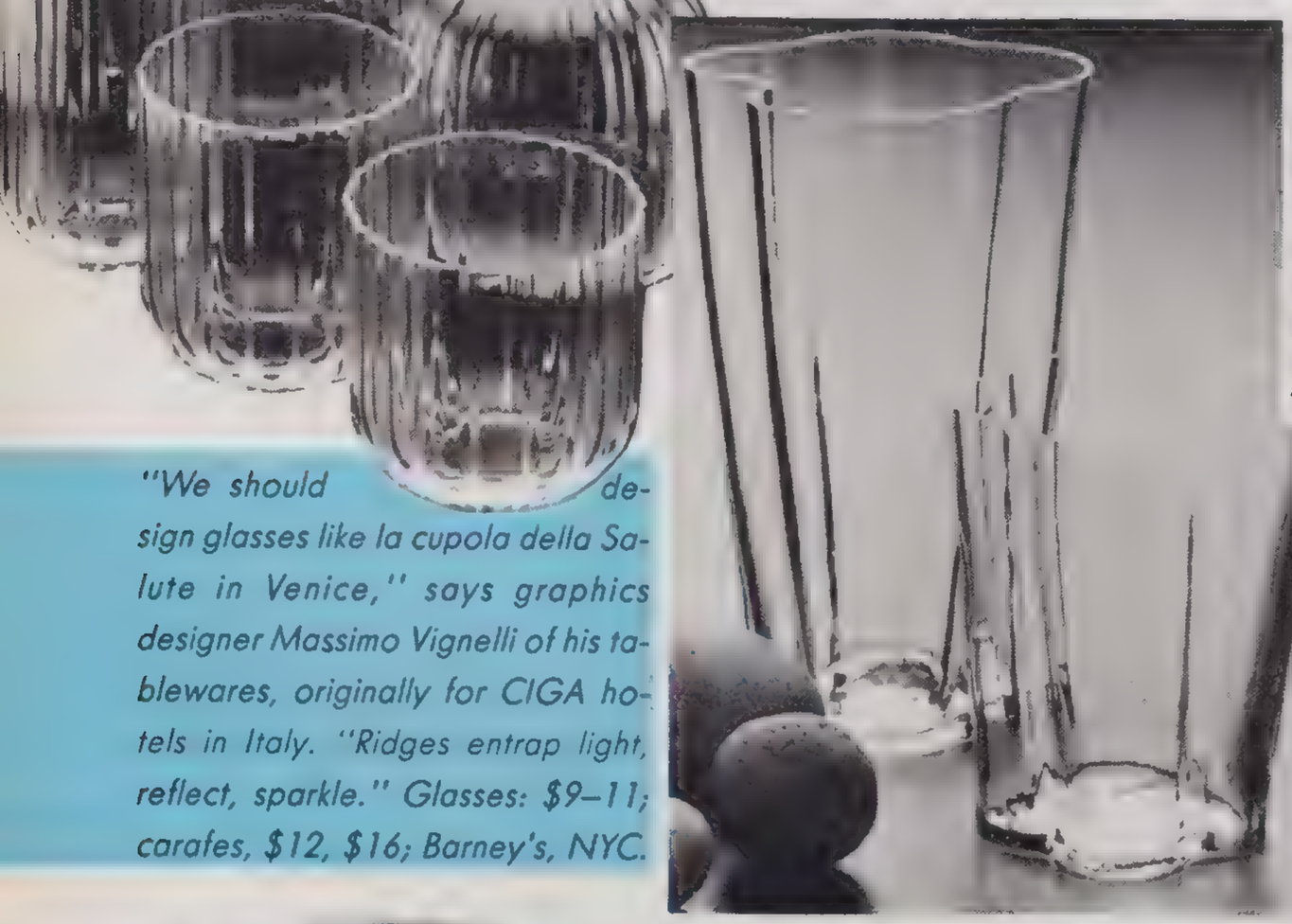
Merging art/function: architects, interior designers add high style to small objects for your tables

This versatile, classic glass casserole dish in a stainless-steel tray with handles (above) is the creation of architect Ettore Sottsass, Jr., recently heralded in this country for his outrageous neo-modernist furniture for the Memphis collection. Manufactured by Alessi in Italy, the tray has the esthetic advantage of not overpowering the casserole in either size or thickness. The oval dish measures 16×9½ inches; $35, available at The Museum of Modern Art, New York City.

Robert Wilhite, California sculptor/furniture designer, turned to silverware in order to "merge art and function." "The geometric elements on the handles act as balancing agents," Robert says. "The knife blade was angled to best cut lamb chops." Each piece is signed; $15,000 for eight five-piece place settings, over ten pounds of silver; through Asher Faure, 612 North Almont Drive, Los Angeles, CA 90069.

DOUG HOPKINS

Interior designers Robert Patino and Vincent Wolf wanted to create "something like their own table settings, which reflect their travels and are conversation topics." Solution? Sand-blasted clear crystal dinner plates, each with a different design, signed, numbered. $100 each. At Henri Bendel, New York City.



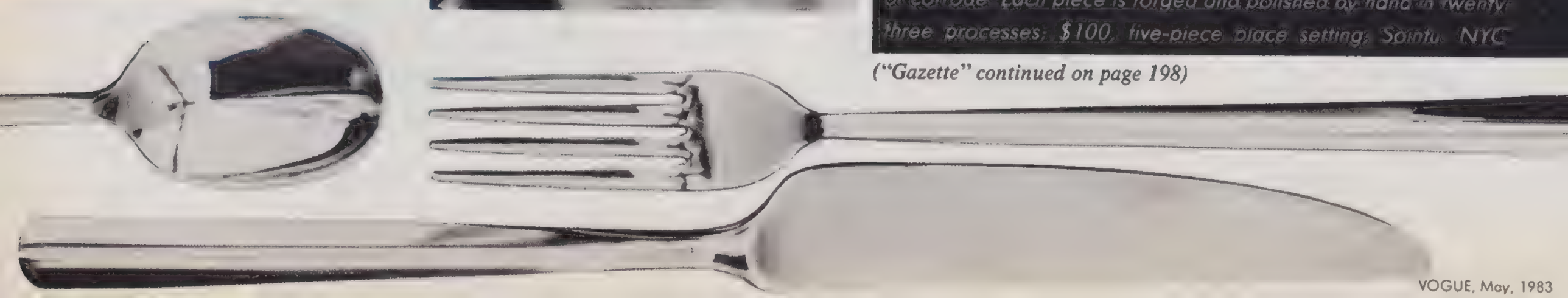
"We should design glasses like la cupola della Salute in Venice," says graphics designer Massimo Vignelli of his tablewares, originally for CIGA hotels in Italy. "Ridges entrap light, reflect, sparkle." Glasses: $9–11; carafes, $12, $16; Barney's, NYC.

FOUND TREASURE

In 1936, Finnish architect Alvar Aalto, a master of twentieth-century design, created in a limited quantity two crystal vases, named "Eskimo Trousers," for the 1937 Paris exhibition; then, mysteriously, his drawings disappeared. Last year, they were discovered in an old filing cabinet; now the vases are being produced again by Iittala glassworks in Finland. The undulations of the vases *(left)* suggest movement and reflect light in intriguing patterns. Fourteen inches high: $250; 8 3/4 inches, $180. Bloomingdale's.

In designing silverware for Supreme Cutlery, interior and furniture designer Ward Bennett wanted it to be a working tool like a chopstick. First he studied doctors' and dentists' tools, testing their weight, balance. Ward made his early models out of jewelers' wax; next he cast in brass that could be molded because it is soft. The final result (below), called Trylon, consists of five pieces with triangular shaped handles that are very comfortable to hold, manipulate, are made of surgical steel that won't rust, pit or corrode. Each piece is forged and polished by hand in twenty-three processes; $100, five-piece place setting; Saintu, NYC.

("Gazette" continued on page 198)



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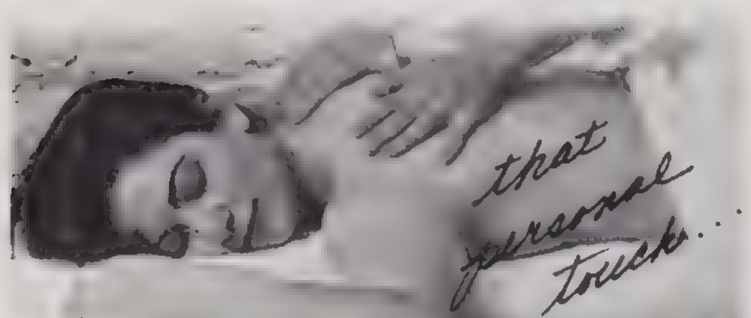
K. Peterson, Glen Ridge, NJ



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GAZETTE

In Paris—old meets new: how one of Europe's top interior designers found light, luxury, and privacy in a factory loft apartment

"MODERN" HISTORY?

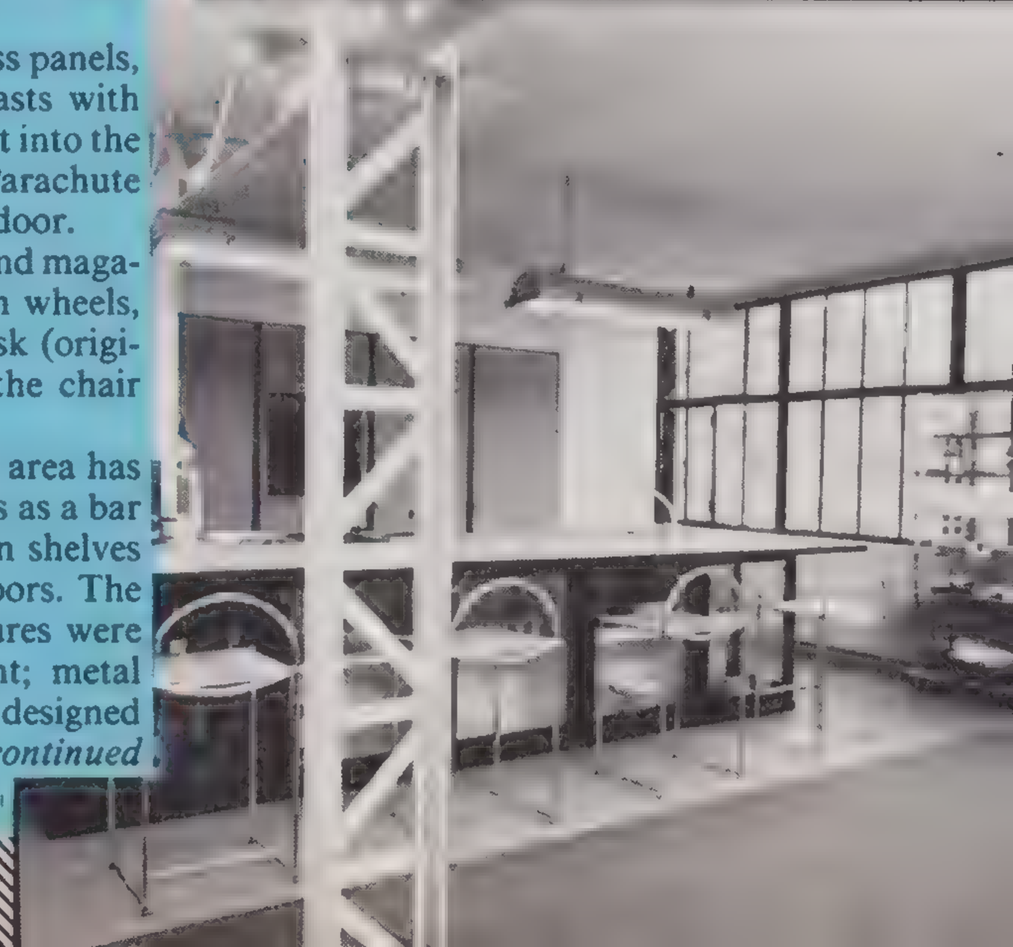
Could anything be more surprising than a 1980s loft in the venerable and historic quarter of the Bastille in Paris? Designer Andrée Putman gives a timeless grace to this luminous window-lined interior by organizing light in relation to the space and furnishings and by combining refurbished decorative elements from the original factory space with modern design classics. Her client, Stan Levy, art director and creative consultant for Ungaro, Ted Lapidus, and Lancôme, wanted to combine the openness of the public living areas with two private bedrooms.

Andrée installed a fireplace in the dividing wall between the living area and studio *(above)* and tapped the daylight from the wall of windows to flood the adjacent area with daylight and to illuminate the bathroom *(above, right)*, using a clerestory and glass doors. (The toilet is in a separate enclosed area.) Erector set-style steel columns and beams original to the factory were painted white to become decorative elements. The lamp, designed by Mariano Fortuny in 1909, is now almost a logo for Andrée Putman interiors, so fond is she of using it; it is produced by her firm, Ecart International, as is the armchair, designed by Eileen Gray in 1927.

In the bathroom (seen through glass panels, *above, top*) a structural beam contrasts with the delicate strip of blue mosaic tile set into the floor to suggest the border of a rug. Parachute material drapes the sofa outside the door.

Right, above: as storage for books and magazines, Andrée chose bakers' racks on wheels, painted black and grey. Both the desk (originally made as a dining table) and the chair were designed by J.J.P. Oud.

Right: the versatile kitchen/eating area has a tile-covered counter that also serves as a bar and a table space; there is storage on shelves underneath with wire-mesh/glass doors. The original factory ceiling lighting fixtures were refurbished with grey metallic paint; metal frame chairs with plastic seats were designed by Gian Domenico Belotti. *(Gazette continued on page 200)*



GUIDO BINI

THE JEANS THAT WON THE WEST ARE STILL MAKING HISTORY.

For over a century, the only way a woman could get authentic 501™ Blue Jeans was to buy a pair made for men.

But now, for the first time since 1850, we've started making those same rugged shrink-to-fit jeans for women.

Same metal buttons on the fly.

LEVI'S® SHRINK-TO-FIT BUTTON FLY 501™ BLUE JEANS ARE FINALLY MADE TO FIT WOMEN!

Same copper rivets on the front pockets and red Levi's "tab" on the back pocket. Nothing has changed but the fit. To fit you perfectly.

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What separates 501's™ from the jeans you're accustomed to wearing is our exclusive "XXX" all cotton denim. In the store, you'll find that the jeans feel stiff, look dark, and are much bigger than the size indicated.

But trust what we tell you: after just three washings, the length, waist, hips - everything - shrinks permanently to fit like no jeans you've ever worn. A few more washings, and the fabric "breaks in" to become softer, lighter in color, and extraordinarily comfortable.

THE OLDER THEY GET THE BETTER THEY LOOK

In many parts of the world, a washed-down and broken-in pair of 501™ jeans are more desirable than a brand new pair. Because, despite their after washing softness, a good old pair of 501's™ is still as tough as nails. (Rumor has it that old 501's™ never really die. They just sort of "fade away.")

Try a pair for yourself. After you've worn the very first blue jeans ever made, you may find every thing else running a distant second.

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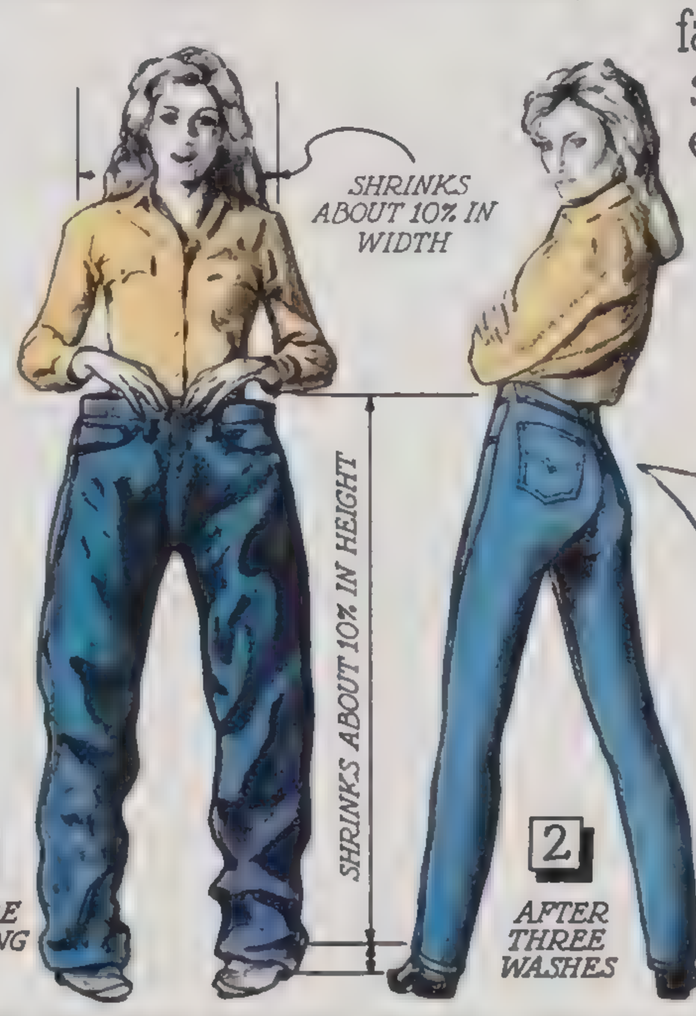
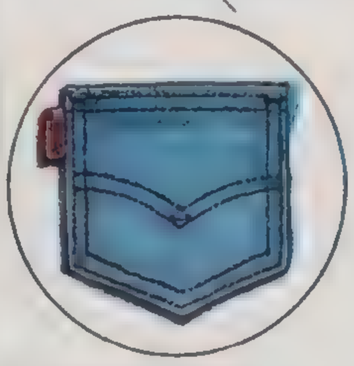
FOR STORES CARRYING 501's CALL (800) 858-4444. IN TEXAS, HAWAII AND ALASKA CALL COLLECT (817) 666-3804.





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L I V I N G

GAZETTE

For home or office—four new easy-to-handle electronic devices combine high technology, smart styling

Portable workplace **Type notes almost silently at the library or on an airplane: the new Brother EP-20 electronic typewriter runs on batteries or electricity, weighs only five pounds, and can fit into a briefcase. The sixteen-character visual display allows you to see what you have typed and correct it before it is committed to paper. It also has a calculator and a keyboard with eighty-eight characters including foreign language or other special symbols. With its dot matrix, the type looks like a computer printout but is clear and easy to read. $225. Macy's, New York City.**

More sophisticated as a burglar foil than a simple on/off timer, Anova Control Center (above) remote controls on/off and dimming of up to sixteen lights or appliances at different times, days. Set the air conditioner to go on just before you arrive home, the coffee pot to perk before wake-up. Works on AC; $189, Bloomingdale's.

HOME PHONE *Handsome and versatile, the Modulo-Phone (above)—latest creation of twenty-seven-year-old Oliviere De Barrin (Parisian inventor of a detector for counterfeit money)—is available in eight colors, has non-protruding buttons, redial button, and a bracket for wall use. About 8½" by 2½". $49.00. Phone Boutique, New York City.*

Shower Shaver is the unique razor designed especially for the shower. It has a non-slip handle. A pivoting head. Push-button cleaning.

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FREE Wall Holder

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BEHIND EVERY SHOWER SHAVER IS A BEAUTIFUL PAIR OF LEGS.

Catch a passing thought . . .

For ideas in the middle of the night or interviews in taxicabs . . . the new "Ultra-Mini" minicassette recorder from Norelco (above). Only five ounces, it has approximately the dimensions of a checkbook so fits easily into a purse. A multi-function slide switch allows you to control the tape recorder with one hand, jot notes with the other. In playback, to review or edit, an audible scan lets you hear the conversation as you fast-forward the tape. Recorder has a handsome brushed metal-finish. $295.

BETH BAPTISTE

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TWO CLASSICS.
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Food

Down-home American treats for summer's gregarious weekends

By Lee Bailey

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To help you get ready for summer weekends and the guests they bring, we present a weekend's worth of menus (which, in fact, can be spread out over a number of weekends)—from an easy-to-cook welcoming Friday dinner, to a send-off lunch on Sunday that's a snap to put together. They all come from Lee Bailey's beautiful book, "Country Weekends," to be published in June by Clarkson N. Potter, Inc. Starred recipes follow the menus. For Amy Gross's comments on Bailey's inspired kind of all-American food, and photographs from the book,* *see pages 290–293.*

FRIDAY NIGHT DINNER

This pasta dinner is easy to expand and organize for a large group. Both pasta sauces can be made a day in advance. The pasta itself is cooked just before serving, and your main course is ready.

MENU *(for twelve)*

Pasta with two sauces*
Fried eggplant sticks*
Mushroom and walnut salad
Iced coffee brandy*
Tea cakes

PASTA WITH TWO SAUCES

To assemble this dish cook 2 pounds of Fusilli pasta (shaped like little coils) until tender but not mushy. Drain and mix with the brown sauce. Serve the tomato sauce on the side. This way the tomato sauce, which has a light, fresh flavor, won't be absorbed by the more pungent brown sauce. A bit of freshly chopped parsley may be sprinkled over the top of the dressed pasta. Generously sauce each portion.

Tomato Sauce *(twelve servings)*

The flavor that this sauce should have is one of lightness with a strong tomatoey freshness. It cooks very briefly to preserve this quality.

4 tablespoons olive oil
1 very large red Bermuda onion, sliced medium thin
3 pounds ripe plum tomatoes, skinned and seeded
6 large cloves of garlic, peeled, finely chopped
Salt to taste

Place olive oil in large skillet and sauté onion till wilted but not brown. Add skinned and seeded tomatoes, garlic, and salt. Simmer gently for 30 minutes till flavor develops and some water evaporates. Do not overcook.

Note: This tasty sauce freezes very well, so if you find yourself swamped with the usual season's-end abundance of tomatoes you might make a few containers to use in the winter.

Brown Sauce (*twelve servings*)

One of many versions of the classic Bolognese sauce. It can be served as suggested here or over rice or other kinds of baked pasta dish.

1 ounce of dried mushrooms, preferably porcini
¼ cup olive oil
1 medium sized onion, finely chopped
1 carrot, finely chopped
1 stalk of celery, finely chopped
5 or 6 sprigs of parsley, finely chopped
1 small strip of lemon peel, chopped
1 large clove of garlic, peeled, finely chopped
½ pound ground chuck beef
½ cup dry red wine
1 pound can Italian plum tomatoes without basil or paste
1 tablespoon tomato paste
Salt and pepper to taste
2 cups of hot chicken broth

Cover mushrooms with lukewarm water and set aside for 30 minutes. Place olive oil in large skillet and sauté vegetables (except tomatoes) and lemon peel till golden brown (about 20 minutes). Add ground chuck and sauté for an additional 15 minutes. Add wine and cook till it evaporates, about 20 minutes. Add tomatoes and tomato paste, mixing thoroughly and add salt and pepper to taste. Simmer very, very slowly for 25 minutes.

Drain soaked mushrooms. (Soaking liquid can be kept in the refrigerator and used later in soups.) Add mushrooms to sauce and continue to simmer very slowly for another 1½ hours, adding hot chicken broth as more liquid is needed. If you do not have enough liquid to complete the cooking time, you may add mushroom water. The finished sauce should not be too liquid but of medium density. You can set it aside at this point, and when it is reheated be careful not to scorch.

FRIED EGGPLANT STICKS

about three dozen sticks

Here eggplant has a crunchy texture and does double duty as both vegetable and bread.

2 large eggplants, peeled and cut into finger-size sticks
2 eggs
½ cup milk
Cornmeal as necessary
Safflower oil for deep-frying

Sprinkle cut eggplants generously with salt and let stand for an hour. When ready to use, drain and pat dry with absorbent towels.

Beat eggs and milk in bowl large enough to hold a number of sticks at one time. Pour a quantity of yellow cornmeal onto sheet of waxed paper.

Put about 1 inch of oil in large pan and start it heating. When oil is very hot, dip eggplant in egg-milk mixture and then roll in cornmeal to coat. You might have 6 or 7 of the sticks ready to go at one time. Fry in hot oil till golden brown. (Since these sticks are comparatively thin, be very careful not to burn them.)

ICED-COFFEE BRANDY

twelve servings

Spiced and spiked iced coffee served in this manner was a favorite of a friend of mine, Margaret Williams, from New Orleans. When accompanied by tea cakes, it becomes dessert, coffee, and after-dinner liqueur all in one—perfect for a party.

6 cups very strong black coffee
Peel of one small orange, cut into ½" wide strips
3 generous cinnamon sticks
18 whole cloves
3 teaspoons sugar
1½ cups good brandy
Crushed ice

Pour hot coffee into large heat-proof pitcher. Add orange peel, cinnamon sticks, cloves, and sugar. Taste and add more sugar if you like. Stir in brandy, more if it is to your taste, but this is a very potent drink. Cool and refrigerate covered till ready to use. Serve in Pilsner glasses over crushed ice.

SATURDAY LUNCH

The centerpiece of this lunch is the tomato soufflé. The tomato base for it can be prepared in advance, but first make the veal loaf. This is not difficult but should be done early enough in the day to cook and cool.

MENU (*for six*)

Tomato soufflé*
Mild goat cheese with olive oil, juniper berries, rosemary, and chives
Veal and red pepper loaf*
Boston lettuce salad with sherry vinegar dressing
French bread and sweet butter
Black olives in oil and herbs
Gratte paille cheese or any triple crème
Black plums
Iced tea
Wine

TOMATO SOUFFLÉ

six servings

I especially like this recipe because it is so simple to prepare. The most important thing to understand here is that the success of this soufflé depends on the flavor of the tomato base. The soufflé can be no better than the base, so make sure it is seasoned to your liking before using it. Add more seasoning if necessary and a bit more tomato paste if the tomato essence is not pronounced enough. The tomato base can be prepared in advance.

Always serve the soufflé as soon as you can get people to the table.

3 pounds ripe tomatoes
4 tablespoons unsalted butter
1 tablespoon tomato paste
3 tablespoons of flour
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons Parmesan cheese
5 egg whites
½ teaspoon cream of tartar

Prepare a 12-cup (3-quart) soufflé dish by buttering it and dusting it lightly inside with flour.

Core and chop tomatoes. Heat 1 tablespoon butter in large skillet and add tomatoes. Cook over low heat for approximately 30 minutes to reduce their water content. Be careful not to let scorch. Strain and remove seeds and skins. You should have about 2 cups of smooth pulp. Add tomato paste and mix. Set aside.

In top of double boiler, melt remaining butter, add flour, *(Continued on page 212)*

From COUNTRY WEEKENDS by Lee Bailey to be published in June, 1983 by Clarkson N. Potter, Inc. Photographic compilation copyright © 1983 by Lee Bailey Photographs copyright © 1983 by Joshua Greene

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A fanaticism that demands each piece be made separately, one at a time. Although this is a more costly way to make anything today, it allows us scrupulous control over every detail.

Belting leathers are selected from only first-grade skins with no imperfections. Custom fabrics are all enduringly soil and stain repellent. Linings are stitched—not glued as with most luggage. Seams are double, even triple stitched. And layered handles, entirely handmade, are strong enough to support more weight than you want to carry.

These unwavering standards are not only apparent in our construction, but also in the design of our Cougaroo collection of soft, lightweight carry-on and hang-up bags. Each piece has unique, extra-large compartmentalized sections. So they're easier to pack. Easier to keep things from getting creased. And the adjustable, removable shoulder straps make them easier to carry.

The larger Cougaroo framed suitcases have something you'll appreciate when trudging through the airport: inconspiciously placed, but very helpful wheels. And something you'll feel secure with wherever you are: a digital combination lock.

Your investment in Ventura is protected by an unusually long warranty: two years.

However, with Ventura's uncompromising styling and quality, you can feel confident that you will not be back in the store looking for new luggage for many years. If ever.

Shown: The Zipaway Carry-On, $180. Other pieces in our Cougaroo Collection priced from $50 to $400. At better stores everywhere.

Send for our free "How to Pack" booklet.

VENTURA®

Ventura Travelware, Inc., L.I.C., N.Y. 11101

CORDURA

Voilà Ce Soir. Just one of the sensuous styles in a collection of lacy teddies, garter belts, bras and matching bikinis in a seductive choice of colors. Ce Soir is waiting to tempt you at fine department stores everywhere.

Ce Soir™ by flexnit®

flexnit® puts fantasy under all else

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PARIS

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PHOTOGRAPHED NEAR THE KONA SURF ON THE KONA COAST, ISLAND OF HAWAII

The classic Greek heroine Aphrodite has long been a favorite subject of artists wishing to depict feminine perfection. Here, the subtle technique of French sculptor Jean Goujin emphasizes the timeless beauty of the Goddess of Love.

Aging Beautifully

Whether sculpted of stone or formed of living tissue, every facial contour is eventually altered by the effects of age. As you age, nature's support structure—collagen—begins to change, and wrinkles appear. Now, research has provided ZYDERM Collagen, a product which is injected into the skin to help minimize facial imperfections from within. This highly purified form of collagen is a non-surgical, doctor's office treatment for smoothing certain aging lines—including frown and smile lines—and other depressions of the skin, such as scars caused by acne or injury. Over time, maintenance treatments will continue to counter the signs of aging. ☐ More than 30,000 people have been treated with injectable collagen by over 3,000 doctors. In order to determine if you are a suitable candidate for the ZYDERM Collagen Program, and to get complete treatment information, consult with a specially trained physician. To locate a dermatologist, plastic surgeon, or head and neck specialist in your area, or to request an informative patient brochure, call toll-free (800) 227-8933, or in Hawaii, Alaska, or California call collect (415) 856-0200.

A New Kind of Program For Aging Skin That Only A Doctor Can Provide.

ZYDERM®
COLLAGEN

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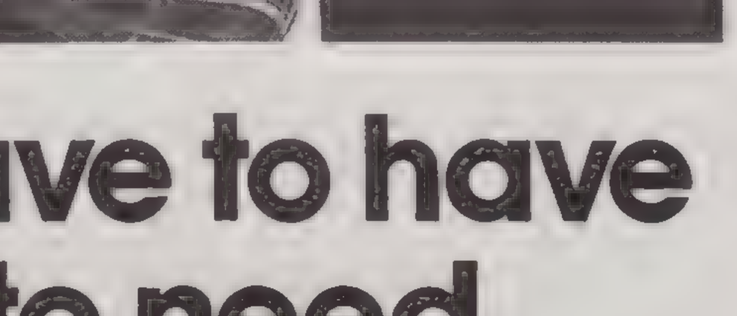
You don't have to have oily skin to need Oil-Free Moisturizer.

FACT: All skin types can suffer from acne cosmetica.

When you're in your teens, excess oil and hormonal changes are the major causes of blemishes. As you mature, acne cosmetica or adult acne, caused by heavy oils, creams and makeups that are not correct for your skin type can be a major cause of facial skin problems. Look in the mirror. It doesn't matter whether your skin is dry, normal or oily. If you have clogged pores or bumps under the skin on your chin or cheek, you may have adult acne.

FACT: Drying out your skin doesn't necessarily prevent breakout.

Using strong astringents and other "drying" agents may only irritate your skin, not eliminate the problem. Re-evaluate your skin care routine. Your moisturizer could be the cause of your adult acne. If it is heavy in oils, it may be clogging your pores and causing blemishes.



Normal Pore *Oil Clogged Pore*

FACT: All skins need moisture.

To keep your skin healthy, glowing and feeling soft and smooth, you need moisture. This helps prevent the skin from premature aging and wrinkling. A moisture balance is essential for all skin types, but not all skin types need extra oil.

FACT: The difference between oil and moisture.

Allercreme Oil-Free Moisturizer *Regular Moisturizer*

Look at the blotter example above. One moisturizer is rich in heavy oils that may block pores and prevent the skin from breathing. The other moisturizer, Allercreme Oil-Free Moisturizer, gently coats the skin with a protective layer, which helps to retain moisture, allowing the skin to breathe freely and absorb moisture naturally.

FACT: Allercreme Hypo-Allergenic Oil-Free Moisturizer adds essential moisture without unwanted oil.

To help your skin maintain its natural moisture balance, without adding excess oils, Allercreme Oil-Free Moisturizer provides a layer of protection. It's hypo-allergenic, 100% fragrance free, non-comedogenic, non-irritating and non-sensitizing. So, regardless of your skin type, if your skin has whiteheads or bumps you should be using Allercreme Oil-Free Moisturizer.

Allercreme has a full line of hypo-allergenic skin care products and cosmetics. You may want to consult your dermatologist to determine which Allercreme products are right for you.

ALLERCREME™
HYPO-ALLERGENIC

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"COUNTRY WEEKENDS"

(Continued from page 204)

mixing well. Cook for about 4 minutes stirring all the while. Add milk and continue to stir (or whisk) to eliminate any lumps. Add tomato mixture and blend well. Add cheese and stir till it melts. Allow to cool for about 30 minutes.

Beat egg whites till stiff. Sprinkle cream of tartar over top and beat till incorporated. Place ¼ of beaten egg whites onto tomato mixture. Fold in. Pour this a little at a time over remaining egg whites and fold in with rolling motion till two elements are combined. There may still be a few lumps of egg white but do not overmix.

Pour into prepared soufflé dish and place in the center of preheated 350° oven for 30 minutes or till risen and lightly browned on top.

VEAL AND RED PEPPER LOAF

six servings

The flavor of this dish improves if allowed to sit a few hours after it is cooked. Before serving I press a big sprig of sage flat on the top.

2 medium sweet red peppers
1 tablespoon safflower oil
1 cup finely chopped onion
1 small clove garlic, minced
1 cup finely chopped celery
½ pound thinly sliced mushrooms
1½ pounds veal, coarsely ground
½ cup chopped parsley
1 cup fresh soft bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper or to taste
Few grinds of nutmeg
1 egg, lightly beaten

Place whole peppers in a pan under broiler. Turn till completely blackened, then place in brown paper bag and fold top shut. Set aside. Heat oil and add onion, garlic, and celery, sautéing till wilted. Do not burn. Add mushrooms and cook till their water has mostly evaporated. Add veal, mix and turn off heat. Peel and seed peppers, discarding tops. Cut into small cubes. Mix in with veal. Add and mix in parsley and bread crumbs. Add salt, pepper, nutmeg, and egg.

Pour and scrape into a 4"x5" loaf pan. Smooth top. Set pan into larger baking dish and surround with boiling water about an inch up side of pan. Bake for 1¼ hours. Remove from oven and allow to cool in pan for 30 minutes. Run knife around edge to loosen and invert onto serving platter. Be careful, as there will be liquid in pan. The loaf may be left like this till serving time.

SATURDAY DINNER

The chicken and dumpling pie with its double crust is interesting and sounds complicated, but it isn't really. You just have to understand what you are doing. I have purposely made the balance of the meal as simple as possible so that you can devote all of your attention to the pie the first time. Next time will be a breeze.

MENU *(for six)*

Double-crust chicken and dumpling pie*
Steamed lima beans with brown butter
Wilted red onion and pickled beet salad
Peaches dressed with lemon,
salt, and pepper
Peppermint ice milk*
Shortbread
Wine
Coffee

DOUBLE-CRUSTED CHICKEN AND DUMPLING PIE

six servings

In this pie, dumplings and double-top crusts are all made from the same dough, which makes the texture of the dish more interesting. For those of you who are accustomed to small square or round dumplings, these are different; they are made in long strips.

Dumplings and crust
5 cups flour
9 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
½ pound (2 sticks) chilled unsalted butter, cut into 16 pieces
2 cups buttermilk
Filling
6 cups hot chicken stock
3½ to 4 pounds chicken breasts and thighs, skinned, breast halves cut in two
Salt and pepper
1½ cups finely chopped celery
½ cup finely chopped red onion

Sift all dry ingredients for dumplings and crust into large bowl. Cut in butter with two knives or pastry blender. Butter pieces should be size of large peas when you finish cutting in. Stir in buttermilk and make ball of dough. Turn it onto floured surface *(Continued on page 214)*

A lady's oxford shirt should be as well-made as a man's. At Lands' End they are, in all the classic styles.

The women who shop with Lands' End expect us to carry the classic oxfords. Buttondowns, largely. In basic variations. In durable fabrics that offer comfort at a comfortable price that constitutes shrewd value.

In more whimsical moments, these women know that shirts with tufts and ruffles await them in those little shops where seldom a word is heard above the disco. And that's as it should be. Frills are not for us.

Our original buttondown is still our most popular.

Our Lands' End catalog captures it in full color—a traditional oxford for women in a 60% cotton/40% polyester "reverse blend." Obviously a career-oriented shirt, since it offers comfort without the laundry care. And its man-tailored features assure the working woman generous fit along with nice appearance. At $18 (two for $34) it is the kind of value you expect of Lands' End. And frankly, the kind of value we expect of ourselves.

We should add that for 1983, this model is also available in 100% cotton. Same sensible tailoring, same sensible price.

Colors, collars and pinpoints.

We do offer our women a wide spectrum of colors in many of our shirts. From helio, through maize, and blue, and white to pink in the model described above. Our round collar oxfords at $18 come in blue, red, maize and green stripes, and blue, pink, helio, maize and white solids. (Should you prefer, the solids are also available with crisp, fresh, white collars. Very smart!)

And, of course, our pinpoint oxfords are the ultimate luxury. Of 100% cotton, yet a consummate value at $29.50.

Shirts are only the beautiful beginning.

The Lands' End tradition goes far beyond shirts. It affects everything we offer men, women, and families. First, *quality*; then *price*; and always, always *service*.

Our guarantee is in force on everything we sell. Unconditionally.

Whatever happens. Whenever.

That's why we're able to state it in just two simple words:

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#503 Contour		•$8
#504 Eyeliner w/Metal Cap		•$10
#505 Lipliner w/Metal Cap		•$10
#506 Fluff		•$4.50
#507 Shadow		•$4.50
#508 Brow		•$5
Complete Set w/Free Stand		•$60
	Tax	
	Frt.	
	Total	

"COUNTRY WEEKENDS"

(Continued from page 212)

and knead for just a few minutes. Divide it into two equal parts. One ball will be used to line either a 5-quart capacity deep baking dish or a roasting pan and make dumplings. The other portion is for the double crust. Dust each with a little flour and cover with tea towel.

To assemble, put chicken stock onto heat and divide one ball of dough in half. Roll out ½ of one ball of dough to about ¼ inch. With a pastry wheel, cut a long strip or two to fit around inside of dish, leaving bottom unlined. You may want to press dough along top rim of the dish to hold it in place. Neatness is not important here as this is temporary. Set aside any leftover rolled-out dough. Using ½ of the chicken pieces, make a single layer in the bottom of the dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and half of celery and onion.

To make dumplings, roll out other half of first ball of dough to ¼-inch thickness. Together with leftover rolled out dough, cut strips one inch wide. Using half of them, lay lengthwise across chicken parts already in pan. Gently place remainder of chicken on top of strips of dough and sprinkle with salt and pepper and vegetables as before. Cover with remaining strips of dough also as before.

To make top crusts, divide second ball of dough into two parts. Roll out one part to size of top of pan. If you like, cut out a paper pattern the size of top of pan before you start, to use as a guide. Lay dough, which will be rather thin and elastic, over chicken and dumplings, covering entire top. If you are apprehensive about picking up this large sheet of dough, you may cut it into 2 or 4 pieces and reassemble on pie. The crust will be slightly below top edge of pan to allow for it to float up when liquid is added. To join top to sides, push side strips so that they fall over onto top crust. They will melt together slightly while cooking.

Make hole in center of top crust and pour in 6 cups of boiling stock. A funnel helps. This is when top crust will float up. Bake for 25 minutes in preheated 450° oven. By then, it will be golden brown. About 5 minutes before time is up, melt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine and have it ready with a pastry brush.

To make final crust, roll out remaining piece of dough to size of top of pan. Take pie from oven and using half the butter (or margarine), paint cooked crust. Place uncooked second crust over top of first, making sure it covers completely. Trim off any dough which may be hanging over. Carefully paint this last crust with the remaining shortening. Return to oven, turn down to 250°, and cook 65 minutes more. The total cooking time is 1½ hours.

To serve, cut a piece of top (and side) crust and place on plate first, then spoon out chicken and dumplings over it. This is a juicy pie, so plan to have your salad on a separate plate.

Note: I discovered once while making this, that the dough can be made the day before, divided into 2 parts and refrigerated tightly wrapped in plastic wrap. If you do this, take it out of the refrigerator 30 minutes or so before you intend to use it. Because of baking time, pie should be in the oven when guests arrive. If you want to eat at 9:30 it should be in by 7:30.

PEPPERMINT ICE MILK

one and one-half pints

To make ice milk, use basic ice-cream recipe below but substitute 1 cup skim or low-fat milk for regular milk and 1 cup whole milk for the half-and-half. Add 6 crushed peppermint canes before freezing.

6 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon flour
1 pinch salt
1 cup milk
1 egg, beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup half-and-half
6 crushed peppermint canes

Mix sugar, flour, and salt in top of double boiler. Stir in milk. Cook over boiling water for 5 minutes, stirring all the while. Cover and cook for 10 minutes more. Turn off heat. Spoon a little of hot milk mixture into beaten egg and then return all to double boiler. This time, cook over hot, not boiling water, stirring constantly, for about 5 minutes, or till mixture begins to coat spoon. Strain and chill.

Add vanilla, half-and-half, and crushed peppermint candy. Put into an automatic ice-cream freezer.

SUNDAY LUNCH

When preparing this lunch, the first thing to start is the shrimp because it must marinate. The dish can be made a day before, the vegetables can be cooked when you are in the mood.

MENU *(for six)*

Marinated shrimp and fresh corn*
Steamed okra with tomato vinaigrette
Boiled new potatoes
Thin-sliced dark bread and sweet butter
Green olives
Layered Mascarpone and Gorgonzola cheese
Fresh figs
Wine
Iced tea

MARINATED SHRIMP AND FRESH CORN

six servings

36 medium to large shrimp
Shrimp and crab boil (prepacked, mixed seasoning)
1½ cups fresh corn kernels

Marinade
1 large egg yolk
¾ cup olive oil
¾ cup peanut oil
¾ cup red wine vinegar
3 tablespoons Dijon mustard
3 tablespoons chopped chives
3 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 tablespoon chopped shallots

Devein and peel shrimp. Cover with water in saucepan and put in several tablespoons of shrimp and crab boil. Bring to boil. They will turn pink in just a few minutes. Turn off and allow to cool in water.

Cut enough corn from cob to make 1½ cups. Steam kernels for 2 minutes. Set aside.

Whisk together egg yolk, oils, vinegar, and mustard. Add chives, parsley, and shallots.

Drain shrimp and place in serving bowl. Pour marinade over it. Refrigerate for at least 2 hours, turning several times. Refrigerate corn separately and add to mixture when you are ready to serve. ▽

HOW TO HAVE YOUTHFUL SKIN

Advice from CLARINS on the effects of aging!

Over 30 years of practical skin care experience in CLARINS Beauty Institutes in Europe have proven you can have youthful skin if you confidently trust CLARINS' advice to combat the effects of aging.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW

Youthful skin renews itself rapidly and keeps its radiance. The skin is smooth and firm. With age, these properties are altered by the progressive slow down of the skin's biological rhythm. The rate of cell renewal declines and deterioration of the fundamental fibers occurs. Signs of dehydration become visible as the skin's ability to retain its moisture content is weakened. Expression lines begin to appear and the skin's freshness fades. Next, wrinkles and signs of aging become noticeable.

WHAT YOU SHOULD AVOID

1) Exposure to the sun's rays without protection. 2) Subjecting your skin to extreme hot/cold temperature variations, 3) Excessive irregular rhythm of daily activities and lack of sleep, 4) Crash diets and rapid weight loss/gain, 5) Creams which are too heavy (which stifle the skin's breathing ability).

WHAT YOU SHOULD DO

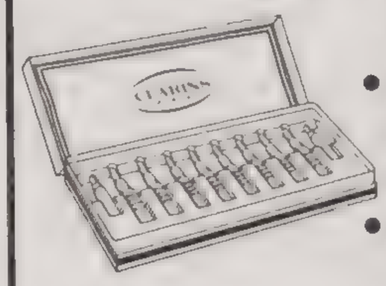
When lines or wrinkles become visible or a good night's sleep is no longer enough to guarantee a radiant complexion, CLARINS recommends you compensate for the skin's biological slow down by pampering your skin with CLARINS revitalizing Cell Extracts treatments. These beauty products focus on stimulating the skin's metabolism and act to speed up the natural rate of cell renewal. CLARINS also recommends you remember the importance of daily exercise and a balanced diet.

Visit the CLARINS Skin Care Specialist today for a personal beauty consultation or write for our reference guide: CLARINS, VO3E, 540 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

CLARINS REVITALIZING BEAUTY TREATMENTS

CLARINS Cell Extract moisturizing treatments were developed and perfected specifically to combat signs of aging. In the 1960's, CLARINS pioneered the success of these revitalizing embryonic cell extracts in skin care products. The combined action of cell and natural plant extracts have been proven to help stimulate the rate of cell renewal and promote a softer, smoother, more glowing complexion. The result...skin is kept firmer, more supple and youthful looking.

Dermatologically tested to meet the highest standards of research and development, CLARINS Cell Extract products provide serious and effective nourishment to the skin—opposing the formation of wrinkles and aging.

	ACTIONS	KEY INGREDIENTS
MOISTURIZING BASE WITH CELL EXTRACTS	• Protective moisturizing day cream provides the ideal makeup base. • Helps to stimulate cell renewal and maintain the skin's moisture balance. • Light formulation softens and smooths skin texture while promoting skin's breathing.	• Cell Extracts (helps to accelerate cell renewal and promotes skin's breathing) • Wheatgerm Oil, Avocado Oil (nourishing) • Cucumber, Beeswax (moisturizing) • Camomile (softening)
MOISTURIZING NIGHT CREAM WITH CELL EXTRACTS	• Nourishing treatment helps to stimulate cell renewal with rich formulation of cell extracts. • Helps to improve overall appearance of skin texture and clarity. • Softens and smooths the epidermis while protecting the skin's moisture balance.	• Cell Extracts (helps to accelerate cell renewal and promotes skin's breathing) • Hops Extracts (helps slow down aging process) • Hazelnut Oil, Avocado Oil (nourishing) • Beeswax, Vitamins A, B5 (moisturizing, protecting)
CELL EXTRACTS BEAUTY TREATMENT 	For intensive care to combat the effects of aging, CLARINS recommends a program of Cell Extracts Beauty Treatment ampoules. Skin must first be prepared for this treatment by two weeks use of Moisturizing Cell Extract creams. • Intensive 32 day treatment program helps to improve skin texture and appearance. • Helps to retard the aging process by stimulating natural cell renewal.	• Cell Extracts (helps to accelerate cell renewal and promotes the skin's breathing) • Copra Oil (revitalizing, moisturizing)

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CLARINS PARIS

THE SPECIALIST IN SKIN BEAUTY CARE.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Travel Now

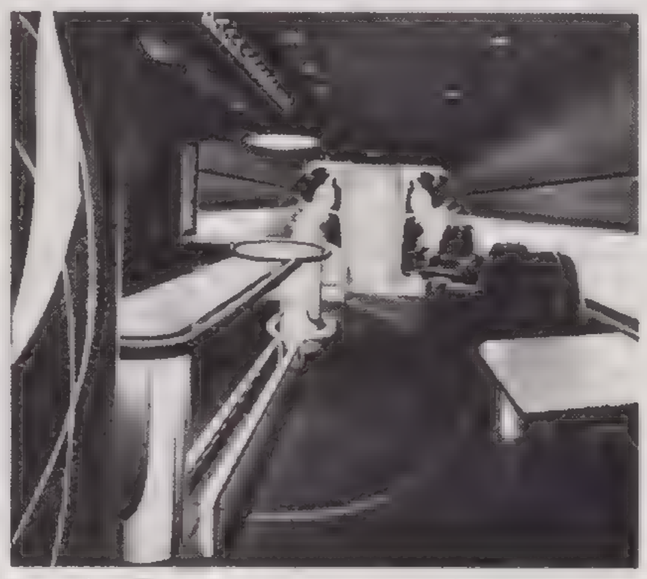
Disneyland, Japan...New York-L.A. a new way...good cooking on Crete

By Richard Alleman

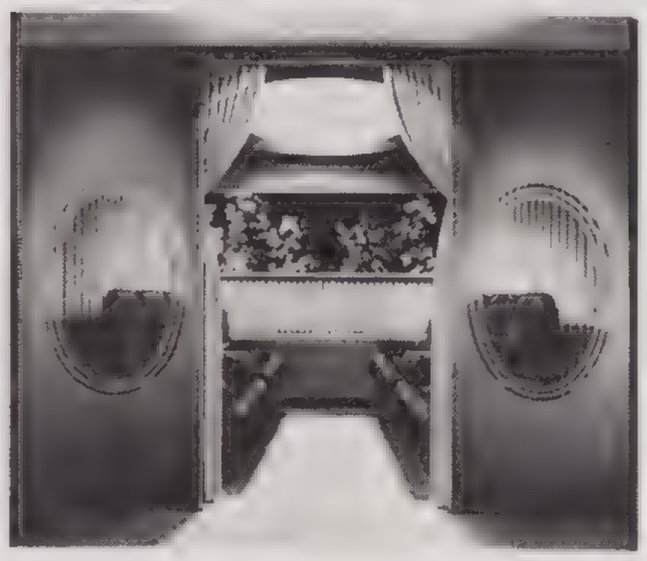
New York City's grandest span—The Brooklyn Bridge, pictured above in 1894—turns one hundred years old May 24. Among the many festivities planned to honor this great American superstructure on that day: a morning parade across the Bridge . . . an afternoon harbor festival . . . and, in the evening, the première of NYC's first "Son et Lumière" (sound and light) spectacular. Titled "The Eighth Wonder" (The Brooklyn Bridge was considered a wonder of the world when it opened in 1883), this twenty-minute production—starring the Bridge—re-creates its fascinating history through narration, music, stupendous sound and lighting effects. "The Eighth Wonder" can be viewed nightly through October 10 from the Fulton Ferry Landing in Brooklyn, Peck Slip in Manhattan. Admission: $2; for times, call (212) 643-2046.

FUTURE FLYING!

Beginning next month, FirstAir—a luxurious new air service—schedules daily flights between New York and L.A./San Francisco aboard special Boeing 727 jets designed to carry just twenty passengers. Among the amenities of this ultra-First Class operation: private conference rooms (which convert to bedrooms), secretarial service, air-to-earth telephones, video stock-market monitors, hairdresser—plus an Art Deco-decorated restaurant with menus created by Los Angeles cuisine-star Wolfgang Puck. On the ground, no hassles: plane-side check-in areas will enable FirstAir flyers to board flights directly from their limos—or helicopters. One-way trans-con fare: $1500. See travel agent or page 228.



Inside FirstAir: Deco bar-lounge, top; bed/conference room, below



CHARLESTON INN-NEWS

Ready for this year's "Spoleto Festival U.S.A." (May 20-June 5), three new small hotels in the historic heart of Charleston, SC. Newest: The Planters Inn, *above*, has forty-five guest rooms lavishly decorated by Ann Milligan Gray—plus a restaurant emphasizing fresh produce, local fish. Nearby: The Lodge Alley Inn—seventy-two rooms and suites with fireplaces, Oriental carpets, period reproductions . . . and The Meeting Street Inn—fifty-five rooms, formal eighteenth-century gardens where guests breakfast. Details: page 228.

Crete—legendary locale of Zorba the Greek—has a new cooking school specializing in the cuisine secrets of this ancient Mediterranean island. Through October 16, Kandra Kitchen Crete offers week-long packages that provide seaside hotel rooms, meals, sight-seeing, four half-day cooking classes (in English), round-trip flights between Athens and Crete. Cost—$1485, double occupancy—does not cover air fare to Athens. Call: (415) 285-6482.

ROYAL RAILING

To experience the wild and rugged beauty of Western Scotland in a luxurious new way, "The Highland Belle" is a deluxe two-car train made up of a 1920s day carriage—and a sleeping car once used by Britain's Royal Family. Accommodating four persons, one-week "Highland Belle" charters travel the Scottish Highlands, Inverness, Glasgow, Edinburgh. Cost for four—$9850—includes meals, wines, excursions via mini-bus. Call: (617) 491-0446 . . . or see page 228.

mickey-san in japan!

SPANNING TWO-HUNDRED ACRES OUTSIDE TOKYO, JAPAN'S GRAND-NEW DISNEYLAND IS THE FIRST DISNEY THEME PARK OUTSIDE THE U.S., THE LARGEST EVER BUILT. TWENTY MINUTES BY BUS FROM DOWNTOWN TOKYO, THIS WEST-MEETS-EAST EXTRAVAGANZA HAS SIGNS, MENUS, EVEN SOME COMMENTARIES IN ENGLISH . . . PLUS AN ADVANCE-RESERVATIONS SYSTEM TO CONTROL CROWDS. U.S. TRAVELERS MAY RESERVE AHEAD THROUGH JAPAN AIR LINES.

"After only a couple of hours in Bermuda, we felt more relaxed than we'd been in months."

Nancy Coleman and Phyllis Klein talk about their first visit to Bermuda.

"It's totally beautiful...the beaches, the flowers, the people."

"We were invited to the yacht club for the finish of the big race to Bermuda."

Couldn't you use a little Bermuda right now?

Bermuda

See your Travel Agent or write Bermuda, Dept. 0731, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011 or Suite 1010, 44 School St., Boston, Mass. 02108 or 300 North State St., Chicago, Ill. 60610 or Suite 2008, 235 Peachtree St., N.E., Atlanta Ga. 30303.

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Our impeccable World Class™ service and style, on the Royal Viking Star and Royal Viking Sea of Norwegian registry and spirit, confirm us as experts in the art of world wide cruising.

China/Orient We've added even more 14-day schedules for fall '83 — spring '84, sailing from Hong Kong or Kobe. See the highlights of Mainland China — Hsingang (Beijing), Dalian, Shanghai; Nagasaki, Japan; and Pusan, Korea. Prices include all shore excursions.

Bali/East Indies Two exciting 14-day round-trip voyages from Singapore through Malaysia, the Philippines and Indonesia, featuring two days in Bali (fall '83). Also available are special Thanksgiving, and Oceania Christmas/New Year holiday cruises.

Tahiti/Hawaii 25-day round-trip cruises from California this fall and winter with segments as short as nine days. Includes a special Christmas/New Year cruise.

South Pacific Reserve now for early 1984. 14-day cruises from Papeete, Tahiti, or Sydney, Australia, featuring such exotic ports as Bora Bora, Pago Pago, Fiji, Noumea, New Caledonia, Opua (Bay of Islands), Auckland and Moorea.

For further information, see a travel agent. Or write Royal Viking Line for your free, full-color brochure: One Embarcadero Center, Department PA, San Francisco, CA 94111. ROYAL VIKING LINE

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Hamilton, Bermuda: boats, bikes, blue skies

Revisiting Bermuda: the pleasure keeps getting better

News from the island that's practically perfect—and intends to stay that way!

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

Bermuda is a phenomenon. It is an island that resists change . . . an island that looks the same and yet always looks better! What is even more remarkable is Bermuda's proximity to our East Coast, the ease of getting there. Nonstop flights. No frustrating plane changes. Leaving New York at ten o'clock in the morning—a civilized take-off hour for the not-quite two-hour flight—I arrived in Bermuda early enough to enjoy a long sunny afternoon. An unexpected dividend.

Skinny, zigzagged Bermuda is made-to-order for holidays. Cultivated like a garden and protected by coral reefs from the zesty Atlantic Ocean, the island has glorious stretches of blush-pink sandy beaches, Maine-rugged cliffs, and dozens of little coves for "parking" sailboats securely.

As instinctively as a homing pigeon, upon landing on Bermuda, I headed for Newstead, a pleasant cottage complex where I had stayed often. I liked its strategic location—practically in the center of the island. Across the harbor from Newstead, the capital/harbor City of Hamilton is a six-minute boat ride away on an African Queen-style ferryboat. The ferryboat station, Hodsons, was down a steep dirt path literally next door to Newstead. Whenever I took the ferry, I purposely arrived ahead of schedule just for the joy of sitting on the benches of the white doll-sized station.

Concentrated within a few blocks of the City of Hamilton are shops, offices, government buildings, banks, and restaurants. Traffic on Front Street is a mix of cars (which only island residents may drive or own), taxis, streams of mopeds. When cruise ships tie up at the bonbon-pink docks in the middle of town, visitors jam the broad sidewalks, stand three-deep in the shops.

Along the action-packed waterfront, two enormous Indian laurel trees shade dozens of shiny parked mopeds. Walking around, dismounted moped riders hold their crash helmets akimbo . . . exactly as court attendants hold their plumed hats in Renaissance paintings and as the Royal guards carry their furry bearskins.

Poking around town, I discovered that Trimingham's department store—the pumpkin-colored Bermudian institution on Front Street—has added a small garden-like upstairs tearoom. From 9:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M., shoppers and non-shoppers can pop in for tea served in flowered china cups—as well as for salads, steaming bowls of soup, cakes.

I was fascinated to learn that some of the shops and offices in Hamilton are in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century buildings built by house-proud privateers. The office of British Airways used to be a coffee shop where, in the 1700s, privateers gathered and plotted.

Today, people meet and entertain elegantly at the upstairs Penthouse, a navy-and-gold-tented restaurant with banquettes, fine food, and attentive service. To the creamy fish chowder, the waiter adds black rum and a hot Bermudian sherry/pepper sauce. A nice clubby touch: with after-dinner liqueurs served in Waterford crystal goblets, the captain passes around a gold-tooled humidor with an impressive assortment of cigars—Upmann, Romeo y Julieta, Monte Cristo, and thin black cigars with holders especially for women. (Reservations necessary; closed on Sundays.)

Bermuda's first Italian restaurant, Little Venice, continues to thrive—serving luscious pastas, veal, wine. *(Continued on page 220)*

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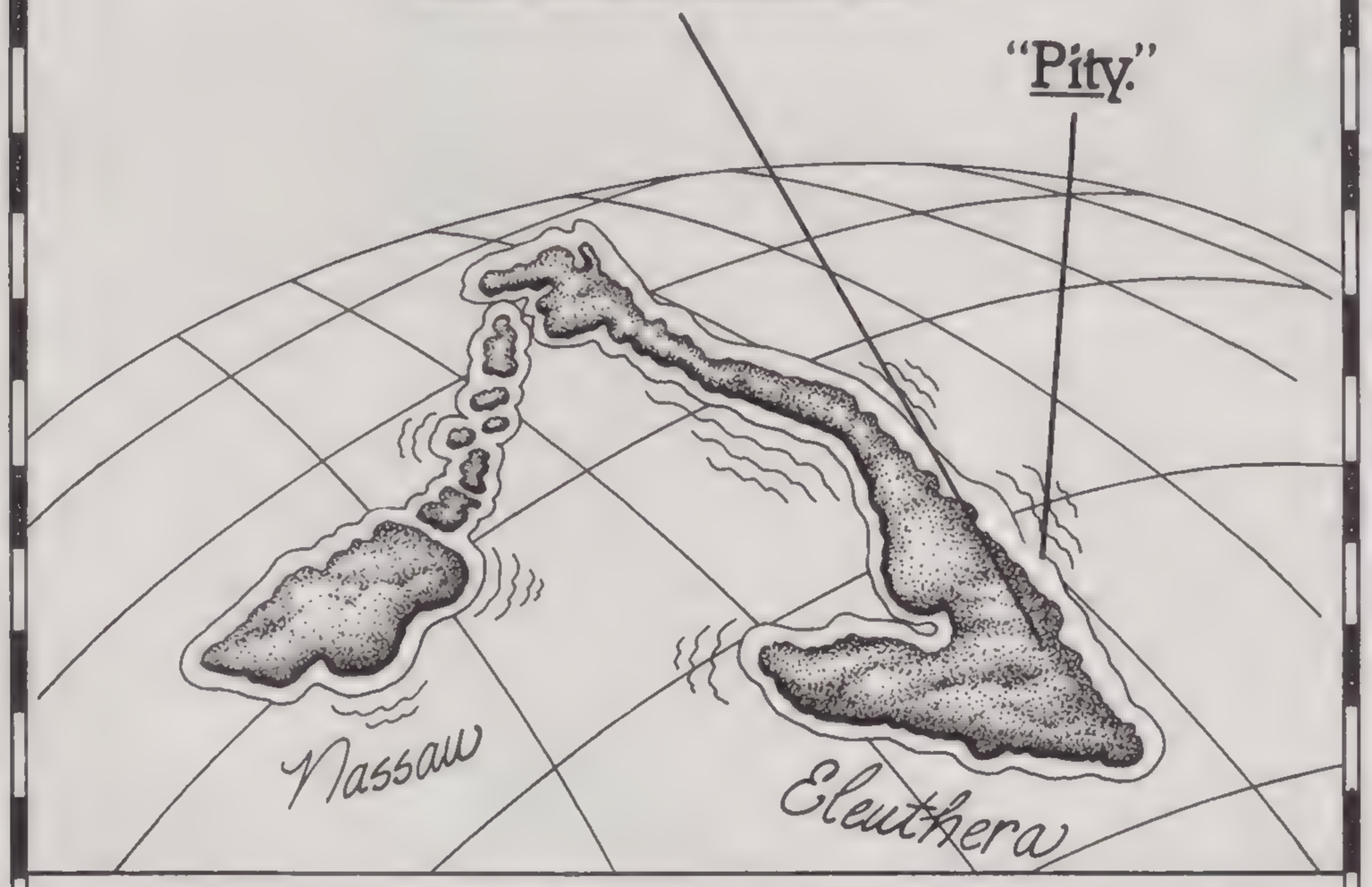

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BERMUDA

(Continued from page 219)

Upstairs from Little Venice, The Club is startlingly modern, a totally different scene. With chrome and mirrored walls, brass ceiling, The Club has the plushness of a big-city restaurant. The Club runs on a different timetable, serving full meals only at lunchtime, drinks and hot nibbles between four-thirty and eight in the evening, and turning disco after ten at night.

After a total overhaul, the old Armoury on Reid Street (parallel to Front Street) has been transformed into three completely different, but equally attractive, eating places. My knowledgeable and competent driver/guide Teddy Brangman, who accompanies me on my Bermuda forays, remembers training in the Armoury. The second-floor Atrium restaurant, pleasantly spacious with far-apart tables, rattan chairs, French chef and international menu, gets top billing. The hall across from the dining room—where, according to Teddy, rifles were once stored—will soon become the restaurant's salad bar!

At street level in the old Armoury, the Grape Vine is Bermuda's first wine bar—and an instant hit. In addition to its wall of wines, the Grape Vine—open seven days a week—serves breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner, and terrific espresso.

Way in the back of the Armoury's ground floor, The Cloister is a neat spot for light snacks—soups, salads, sandwiches. When I whipped in, a solid Bermudian policewoman was lunching there. After five in the afternoon, The Cloister, like so many Bermuda places, changes pace and turns into a piano bar with hors d'oeuvres on the house.

Among the crop of new city restaurants, Once Upon a Table is a little gem tucked behind office buildings. Once Upon a Table is in a maroon Victorian house with ecru ruffled

Harbor landmark: Hamilton's bright-pink Princess hotel, opened in 1885

curtains pulled across broad windows. It has three chefs (English, German, Malaysian), twenty tables for four, each with a pink rose and bentwood chairs. Food is good, also reasonable: broiled yellowtail with vegetables—$10.25. Open for lunch, tea, dinner, weekdays; tea and dinner on Saturday and Sunday; reservations necessary.

The good news at Waterloo House is that there is no news. A five-minute walk from town, Waterloo has the coziness of a house-turned-hotel: higgledy-piggledy corridors lead to thirty-five pleasant rooms and suites on different levels, as well as to the shaded courtyard and quiet patio. *(Continued on page 222)*

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It's Better In The Bahamas

BERMUDA

(Continued from page 220)

Sailboats in Hamilton Harbour pass so close to the hotel that yacht people with a good boarding-house reach could help themselves to the treats on Waterloo's patio cocktail tables!

The Princess hotel in Hamilton is a Bermuda institution. This sprawling, prominently pink resort on the edge of town is the first thing you notice in Hamilton Harbour. With over four hundred and fifty rooms, two terrific pools, harborside patios, ballroom, cedar paneling, coral stone columns, plus shops and restaurants, The Princess has been going at full tilt since its 1885 opening—and should be around for another hundred years after a recent $10 million renovation.

Bermuda—actually only twenty miles long and two miles across at its widest point—seems much bigger to me. The twenty-mile-an-hour speed limit is what does it. One afternoon, while we drove on paved roads, a woman jogger in a lavender suit used shortcuts and kept turning up on the road ahead of us!

What did move with lightening speed across the night sky were UFOs. Twenty persons—including the head of the local National Aeronautics and Space Administration tracking station—reported seeing UFOs at two different times on the same Sunday evening. I was furious to have missed these mysterious phenomena and contented myself by reading about them in *The Royal Gazette*—the island's first-class newspaper. Amazing, too, were the Gazette's columns and columns of employment "want ads."

Unlike many holiday islands, Bermuda has no concentration of resorts, inns, and guesthouses in any one area. Instead, they pop up all over the island, each one seemingly a private world to itself. Being a now-and-then Bermuda visitor, I am often impressed by little changes and additions that island residents take for granted. On this visit, I instantly noticed—and was charmed by—the names of many island side streets now that they are identified with proper street signs: Overplus Lane, Wreck Road, Parsonage Lane, Hook & Ladder Lane.

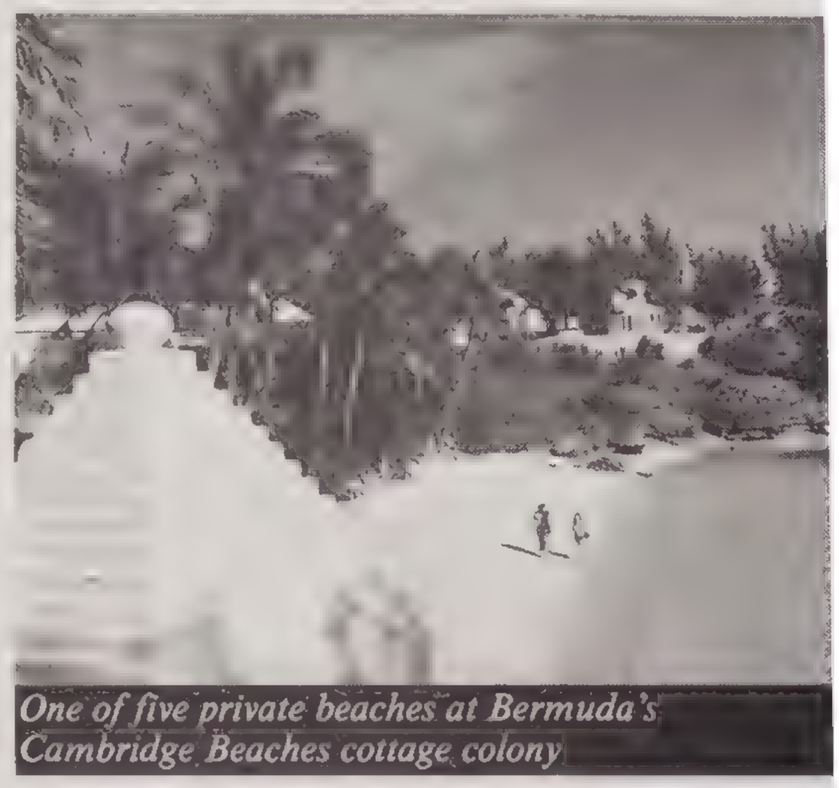
On the northeast end of the island near the airport and the seventeenth-century town of St. George's, the pink Loews Bermuda Beach resort rises over massive historic forts and fortresses. The hotel has a totally new look with handsome cedar-paneled lobby, large redecorated guest rooms, and new tenth-floor restaurants overlooking Fort St. Catherine buffeted by Atlantic waves. The heated pool within the ramparts of Fort Victoria is sensational. Amusing: guests in bikinis sunning on lounges against ancient stone fortress walls.

Leaving Loews and heading west, after crossing The Causeway, I came upon a new attraction—The Ice Cream Parlour. This newly built snack-stop looks like an ice-white buttery—those pyramid-shaped huts seen all over Bermuda that islanders once used for storing victuals.

On the narrow land span between the north and south coasts, the romantic Tom Moore's Tavern has closed. The shuttered restaurant in a seventeenth-century house overlooking a mangrove-covered inlet was ghostly still. Hopefully, the Bermuda National Trust—which is doing a superb job of preservation and restoration all over the island—will come up with the money to buy the historic Tavern.

All along South Shore Road, glorious beaches and coves seem to come in series. Here, I stopped at practically all the "lay-bys" (strategic look-out areas for pulling off the road) to take in the ravishing views.

Whenever I go to Bermuda, I am always impressed by its zealous innkeepers, dynamos when it comes to maintenance, painting, refurbishing, and just plain elbow-grease polishing. When innkeepers do make additions to their properties—new cottages, enlarged public spaces—these fit so well into the existing scheme of things they go unnoticed by newcomers. Past visitors do catch on, however. This season, regulars at the luxurious Pink Beach Club & Cottages—spread along its own eighteen-hundred foot strand of perfect beach—will find a large new cottage named



One of five private beaches at Bermuda's Cambridge Beaches cottage colony

Windsong—containing six charming suites.

On my last visit to Bermuda, I lunched in the simple dining room of the Bermuda College for student hoteliers. Now, the College's newly built Stonington Beach Hotel is one vast classroom where students learn firsthand all the intricate facets of running a real hotel—from bed-making and room service to reservations, accounting, and the art of cooking and serving in the hotel's handsome dining room.

All of Stonington's sixty-four balconied guest rooms are practically on the beach. Arranged like a standard hotel, Stonington has a pool, tennis, afternoon tea-on-the-house; its fine food is often supervised by visiting master chefs from the U.S. and Europe. At this training-hotel, the students I ran into were ear-to-ear smiles and panting to please.

Five minutes inland from Stonington, Fourways Inn, an established gourmet restaurant in a charming eighteenth-century house, remains a glorious treat. In the candlelit dining room hung with plants: soft piano played by Saviour, Olympic-speed service by waiters in navy blazers, marvelous cuisine.

On this trip, I also went to Fourways for Sunday brunch—a stupendous meal: juicy side of beef, Yorkshire pudding, English lamb, deep-fried fish, peas and rice, all sorts of salads; the dessert table included a towering Mont Blanc. Beyond a series of stone-arched doorways, the just-built green-tented terrace for outdoor dining seemed to have been there always. Reservations; open for dinner, for Thursday and Sunday brunch.

Fourways also served as my primer on Bermuda's classical style of architecture. The kitchen of the 1740 house—now transformed into a cozy bar—had the traditional fireplace, tray ceiling, and warm red-cedar rafters. By examining the exterior of the old central part of the inn, I learned how to tell the age of Bermudian houses: the more rounded the typical "stepped" roofs and the more rounded the corners of chimneys, the older the structure is. As I drove around the island, these simple architectural clues helped me to observe houses as Sherlock Holmes might have.

On the South Shore Road, two landmarks hard to miss are the Gibbs Hill Lighthouse and the Y-shaped Southampton Princess Hotel. Spread over one hundred acres, the Southampton Princess offers its guests everything they might dream of: indoor pool, excellent beach club on a private cove, eleven tennis courts, a golf course, large rooms with sea views, bars and restaurants—from coffee shop to the *haute cuisine* in the Newport Room. Named for the famous biennial Newport-Bermuda race, the Newport Room looks like the dining room of a great luxury yacht that has dozens of chefs in the "galley."

Easter lilies in early bloom edged the driveway of the Lantana Colony Club as I approached it in January. Happily, Lantana remains unchanged. Swans swim regally in the pool outside the main clubhouse, the croquet field is billiard-table smooth, and cottages stand in lush flower-bordered lawns.

Lantana guests lunch under almond trees at the waterfront La Plage restaurant facing the Great Sound with its green tufts of islands. In the Clubhouse, the favorite garden dining room is the Solarium with sliding glass walls opening to blue sea views and a skylight roof hung with baskets of plants. Good news for the many guests who return year after year: the Solarium has just been enlarged.

After Somerset Parish, Bermuda becomes thread-thin and then stops. Entering the neat and enchanting village of Somerset, I stopped to look at Cedar Hill, a classic eighteenth-century mansion built on a rise. Shuttered in shiny black, the pumpkin-colored great house has a graceful "welcoming arms" central staircase. Time has softened the edges of Cedar Hill's long white stepped roof with a traditional chimney at either end. A dollhouse-small buttery stands off by itself.

In Somerset village, the smell of freshly baked bread led me to Dean's Bakery, a newcomer to the area. Here, at this land's end, the luxurious cottage colony Cambridge Beaches straddles a spit of land that is all beach. Some of Cambridge's beaches are long and pink, others are coves. Here, naturally, scuba, snorkeling, water skiing, plus a dock for boat people and fishermen are the great attractions. Walking along the palm-fringed beaches bordering the cottages, I watched a heron skim across the water looking for fish. New this season at Cambridge Beaches: a cluster of eight cottages—with large bedrooms, dressing rooms, terraces—that blends perfectly with the low-keyed elegance of the resort. And low-keyed elegance is what the civilized holiday island of Bermuda is all about. ▽

BERMUDA-BOUND

In mid-May, pristine-white cruise ships with pools, gyms, and sun decks begin weekly sailings from New York City to Bermuda. Ships dock in the pink passenger terminal on Hamilton's Front Street; passengers use the ship as their hotel. Both Home Lines' one-year-old *Atlantic* and Holland America's *Veendam* leave New York on Saturday afternoon, dock in Hamilton on Monday morning, sail away on Thursday afternoon, arrive back in New York on Saturday morning.

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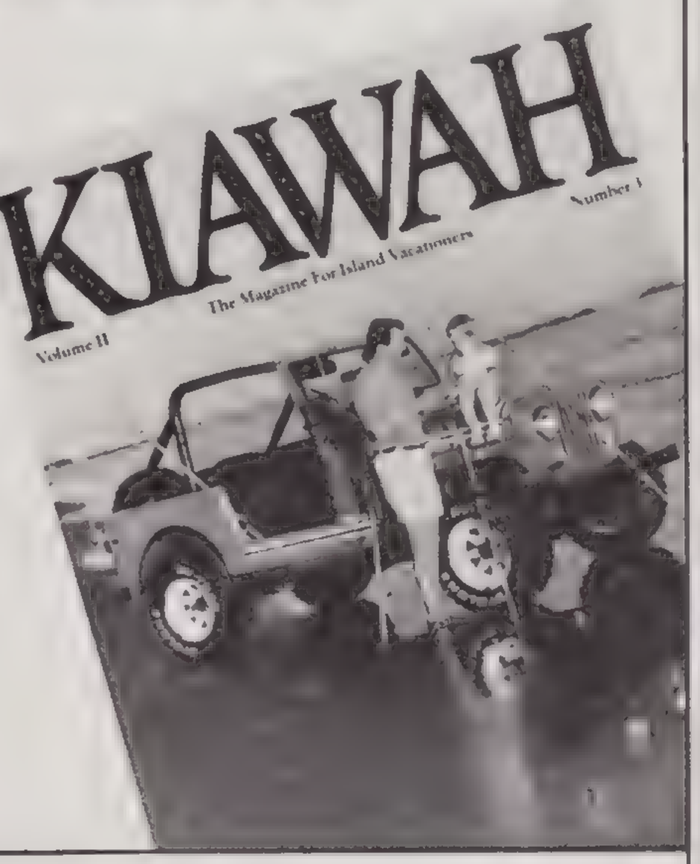

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Harbour Island: a touch of New England . . . in the Bahamas

Off Eleuthera: a tropic pocket of pastel houses, picket fences, small-town charms

BY JOAN ALLEMAN

Discovering Harbour Island is a little like finding a very special restaurant around the corner from your house—you want to share your enthusiasm but you also fear that if you do so, the restaurant might become popular and change.

And so it is with mild trepidation that I report on the delights of a recent first-time visit to this small (two square miles) Bahamian island just a few minutes from Eleuthera.

Approaching Harbour Island by water taxi from North Eleuthera, my first impression was of a tiny New England whaling village that had somehow been doused in creamy pastels. On the wharf overlooking the harbor there was a bright-pink customhouse. Edging the narrow streets were cottages with latticed porches and picket fences, but they were painted lush green or eye-popping yellow. Even the churches, and there were a surprising number for such a small place, were more often than not purple, blue, pink, or green.

The accommodations on Harbour Island are primarily a score of small inns (they are often called clubs) with five to fifty rooms. Most of them are on the gentle cliff that overlooks the expanse of pale-pink deserted beach that stretches along the Atlantic Ocean. A protective reef off the coast insures safe swimming, interesting snorkeling, and challenging diving. Most clubs have a swimming pool. A few have a tennis court as well. The oldest and poshest, Pink Sands, has three tennis courts.

I was booked in at Runaway Hill Club, a charming old inn that was recently taken over by a young American couple, Roger and Carol Becht. Runaway has only eight rooms, each of them attractively and uniquely decorated. Like most visitors, I opted for the Modified American Plan (breakfast and dinner included) and though I generally resent being tied to a schedule when I travel, on this trip I found it blissful not to have to worry about when and where to have dinner, not even to have to make a decision about what I was going to eat. Admittedly, my fondness for local specialties, such as conch, Bahamian lobster, pumpkin soup, grouper made MAP easy to live with.

I spent ten days on Harbour Island and each day I felt myself physically and mentally unwind just a little bit more. It occurred to me midway during this vacation that one of the things that makes an island holiday wonderful is that not only does it break your established routine, it also can very quickly lull you into its own rhythms and rituals.

For example, most mornings I breakfasted on French toast made from delicious homemade bread. Then I took off to town in the golf cart I had rented (golf carts and Jeeps are the best bets for dodging the impressive potholes).

I had brought a small watercolor set with me and Harbour Island offered all kinds of inspiration for an amateur dabbler such as I—brightly colored cottages, dockside stalls where straw baskets and hats were sold, the harbor and fishing fleet, and even a local fixture named Fantasy John who happily posed on a folding chair perched precariously on top of a post in front of his house.

Lunch gave me a chance to sample the cuisine of various Harbour Island clubs. Both Pink Sands and the Romora Bay Club feature buffet lunches. Romora, which is on the bay side of the island, has a particularly lush outdoor setting for eating and drinking. Guests in both places stay in attractive cottages. At Pink Sands many of them have fine ocean views.

After lunch, there was more than enough time for a swim, a walk, or a jog on the beach.

There was almost no temptation to shop since the only purchases possible were the silk-screened cotton skirts, shirts, and dresses made by Androsia Bahamas and sold in Harbour Island at Briland Water Sports.

Whatever the activity for the late afternoon, at five-thirty it stops for the sunset. This is the hour that a surprising number of the island's fifteen hundred inhabitants and their tourist guests assemble harborside to sip rum and watch the sun disappear below the horizon. Pink Sands operates a bar and lounge in town with a wide porch strategically positioned for observing the changing sky.

Twice while I was on the island I went fishing. Both times "Bonefish Joe" provided the boat and the expertise. The first day we saw no bonefish, though my indefatigable guide kept up an amusing and unbroken patter about how they had certainly just been there—"I see their marks. They been feeding. We'll be seeing their fins any minute." At the end of the day, he resorted to incantations and poems in the style of Muhammad Ali. But to no avail.

On the second fishing expedition we had more luck. This time, we could scarcely get a line down before something—mostly small yellow jacks—took hold. And finally, late in the day, my friend landed a twenty-pound grouper with a light collapsible tackle. When we returned to the local dock where half the population of Harbour Island had gathered to buy or sell the day's catch of fish, lobster, and conch, Joe was obviously as proud of us as we were of ourselves.

Another interesting excursion that provided a day's entertainment was a boat trip to the nearby island of Spanish Wells. Like Harbour Island's, the population of Spanish Wells is descended from British Loyalists who fled the mainland before the American Revolution. But unlike Harbour Island's predominantly black population (descendents of the slaves who accompanied the island's founding fathers), the natives on Spanish Wells are overwhelmingly white, blond, and blue-eyed. Because of their highly profitable commercial fishing industry, they are reputed to have the largest per-capita income in the Bahamas.

Spanish Wells has not encouraged tourism—there are only a few restaurants and hotels—but it's fun for a day's look-see to stroll

Runaway Hill Club pool—set above dunes, pink beach, and bright-blue Atlantic

the tidy streets and admire the well-kept cottages and gardens . . . and to watch women making quilts, just as they did one hundred years ago.

On an island as small as Harbour Island, it is not surprising that after a day or two you recognize the faces and know the names of a number of your fellow tourists, as well as some of the native Harbour *(Continued on page 226)*

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BAHAMAS

(Continued from page 225)

Islanders. Alki, for example, was the young man who took us in his boat to Spanish Wells. He turned up later as the bartender at Runaway Hill Club. He told us that his father was a farmer on Eleuthera, the island that grows most of the produce consumed throughout the Bahamas. Alki also told me that all of his ten brothers, except for a few that were living in the United States, were fishermen. He also had five sisters who were married and lived on Harbour Island. "Many people here are my kin," he said, a statement that could hardly be questioned by anyone with even a rudimentary knowledge of mathematics.

On my last day on Harbour Island, I had an encounter that brought home to me what a delightfully small world this little Bahamian community is. As I was leaving the breakfast room at Runaway Hill Club, one of the young innkeepers announced that the Episcopalian priest had stopped by to see me. Since I had never met the man, I was baffled. He explained immediately that he would like me to do a watercolor of his church to be auctioned the next day at the annual bazaar. I readily agreed, but before I started I wanted to make doubly sure I had the right church.

> ***Harbour Island: "even churches are painted blue, purple, pink"***

"What color is it?" I asked. "Alas, I'm afraid it's a depressing battleship grey, but paint it pink, that's what we plan to do as soon as we raise the money."

That's Harbour Island: committed to a rosy glow. It's why I want everybody to know how wonderful it is . . . and yet not tell a soul. ▽

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To reach Harbour Island, Bahamasair—the National Airline of The Bahamas—links the U.S. and North Eleuthera with a flight out of Miami every day except Tuesday. The flight takes off from Miami at 1:45 P.M.—allowing easy connecting for travelers arriving in Miami from other cities. From the North Eleuthera airport, it's a ten-minute cab ride to the dock for the fifteen-minute water-taxi hop over to Harbour Island.

Bahamasair also flies to North Eleuthera from Nassau—leaving every day (except Tuesday) at 10:30 A.M. and arriving on North Eleuthera at 11:05; there's also Nassau-North Eleuthera service via Bahamasair on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons.

Bahamasair—with flights from Nassau to some twenty destinations in the Bahamian Family Islands—flies from Miami to Nassau five times a day, from Ft. Lauderdale to Nassau once a day, from Atlanta to Nassau six times a week. The newest U.S.-Bahamas connection on Bahamasair: between Tampa and Nassau . . . four times a week. For more information, see page 228.

Hotel with a history: Florence's Villa San Michele

In the glorious Tuscan hills, a lavish update of a classic inn

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

Up a steep winding road ten minutes away from the majestic center of Florence, Fiesole is a small hillside community of villas and green gardens. Fiesole is tranquil and cool—far from the hordes of shoppers, busloads of tourists, and jangling traffic noises. Down below, presented as if on a silver platter, stand the fabulous monuments of Florence.

At Fiesole, the news this season comes from the Villa San Michele, a hotel in a fifteenth-century monastery whose noble façade is attributed to Michelangelo. Without diminishing the beauty of this Italian national monument, a plethora of new comforts has recently been added to the hotel.

Heavy six-inch-long iron keys still unlock the massive wooden doors opening into white-washed guestrooms with thick wooden shutters—but now there are Simmons mattresses on the black wrought-iron beds, telephones on the bedside tables, Jacuzzis in the contemporary bathrooms, and air conditioning.

Nestled in green hills, the Villa San Michele—with façade by Michelangelo

The polished Cinquecento furniture—armoires, desks, and chairs in the rooms, solid carved chests along the stone corridors—appears dwarfed under the high ceilings. The former dining room of the original Franciscan monastery—with its *(Continued on page 228)*

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- and other colourful brochures.

ITALY

(Continued from page 227)

classic Florentine fireplace well over seven feet high—is today a cozy living room with coffee tables, great sofas, and deep armchairs.

In the two peaceful courtyards, birds break the quiet as they twitter in and out of ivy-draped stone archways. The nine-acre grounds are part garden, geometrically precise, and part parkland. Paths under olive groves and black-green cypresses lead to two small stone chapels. (The Villa San Michele runs a special shuttle service to the center of Florence several times a day for its houseguests.)

The star place to be at Villa San Michele is on its long voluted loggia overlooking the city of Florence. Here, in warm weather, are the bar and outdoor restaurant with tables arranged like those in a Wagon Lits dining car. But instead of riding on wheels, the loggia seems to float between city and sky. At all hours, the views of the Arno Valley and of Florence's great Cathedral dome and slim campanile are stupendous. At twilight, as a lavender haze envelops the city of Florence, lighted villas on the opposite hillside shine like constellations. ▽

Down below, presented as if on a silver platter, stand the fabulous monuments of Florence

Good news for spring 1984: a heated pool and snack bar for the upper garden; a new underground car park.

For more information, see *below.*

FIESOLE FACTS

Villa San Michele is now under the same ownership and management as Cipriani, the creamy Venice resort on Giudecca Isle—a five-minute boat ride from the Piazza San Marco. The thirty-five-room San Michele with its new modern comforts—air conditioning and heating—will now remain open until November.

Room rates: about $110 to $160 for a single room, $160 to $220 for two people sharing a double, $300 and $500 for the hotel's two suites. Rates include buffet breakfast Italian style—fruit juice, cereal, cheese, etc.—as well as taxes and service charges.

FLORENCE IN FLOWER!

One of the earliest of Fiesole's hillside villas was built for the Medicis. Its terraced gardens set the style for what we call "Italian Gardens." During May and June, the peak garden season, a number of private Florentine villas share their glorious gardens with the public. Special "Gardens of Florentine Villas" excursions run Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays from 2:30 to 5:30 P.M. The Villa San Michele concierge will arrange.

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VOGUE'S

View

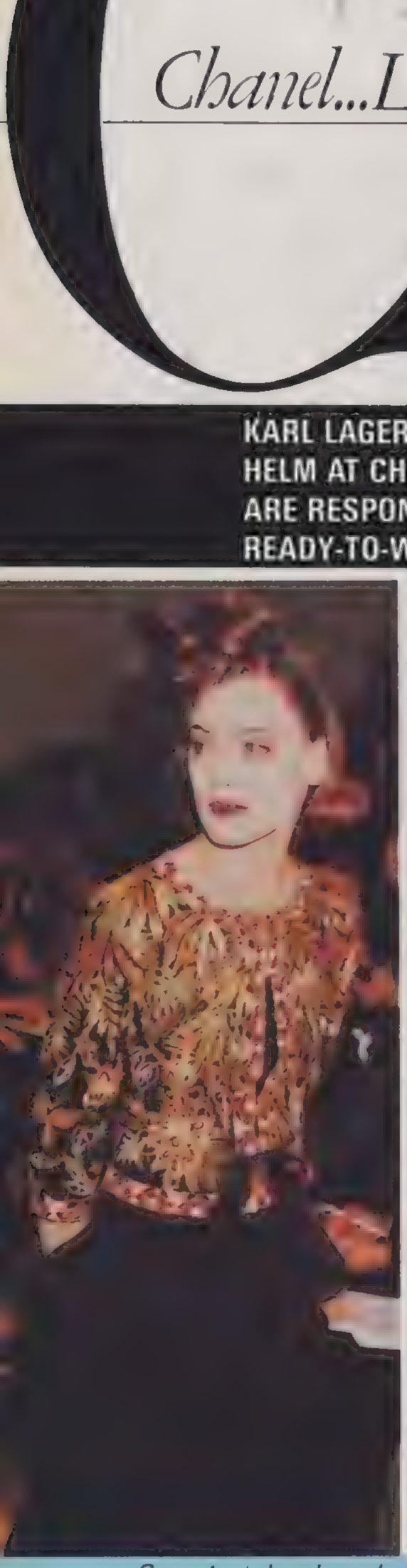
Park panache...two women's lives dictate their style...news: mesh

Edited by Mary Russell

Chanel...Life after Coco...

"Can't we let Mlle Chanel rest in peace?" asks Karl Lagerfeld. "We are not trying to resurrect her clothes line for line in either the couture or the ready-to-wear. We [Karl and his carefully selected "équipe" plus able hands from the Chanel atelier] want to adhere to a certain tradition and change little by little. Coco Chanel was modern in her day," he says. "We want to 'modernize' the Chanel image. We want Chanel to come from the house of Chanel, not from copiers and those who render homage to her."

KARL LAGERFELD HAS TAKEN THE DESIGN HELM AT CHANEL. HE AND HIS "ÉQUIPE" ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE COUTURE AND READY-TO-WEAR COLLECTIONS.



Karl spent several years thoroughly researching Chanel, her life and works, before designing the couture collection. "I like the freedom of moving from my other design projects into couture. What is important is to keep learning."

People are still talking about Chanel. The under twenty-fives on both sides of the Atlantic love her look; the "old guard" have always loved it, especially men!

("View" continued page 232)

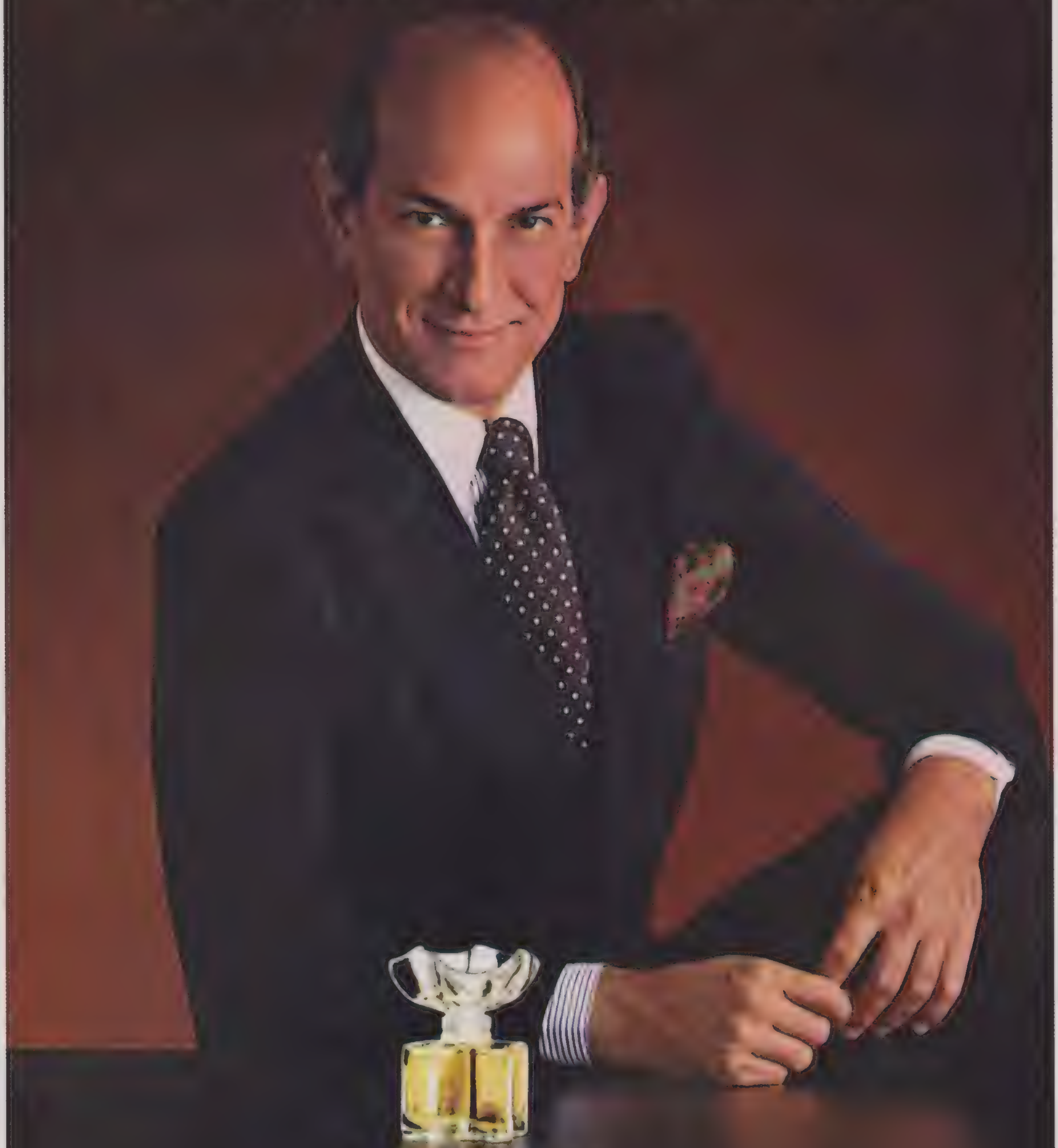
Karl with Catherine D'Alessio, president of Chanel, Inc., backstage at Karl's first Chanel haute couture collection. "We are living up to Mlle Chanel's precepts of evolution," she says.

Far right: Sketch of fall 1983 ready-to-wear suit. Right: pink tweed suit from the couture. Far right, below: update on Coco's navy "sailor-pants" suit from the couture.

Spectacular beaded P.M. jacket over black, above. White silk "easy" long "shirt" bound in gold, right. Karl's interpretation of C.C.'s black organdy ruffled evening dress "modernized" with simple black cardigan and "jewels," middle. White evening pyjama, far right. All from the couture.

Photos: CLAUS OHM, MICHEL BECHET, ALEX STROUKOFF Sketch HERVÉ LÉGER

OSCAR DE LA RENTA KNOWS WHAT MAKES A WOMAN BEAUTIFUL.



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VOGUE'S

View

country in the city

AMERICA'S PARKS—GREEN OASES AMID CROWDED CITY-SCAPES—INSPIRING A NEW URBAN STYLE . . .

Plunked smack in the middle of most metropolitan areas are America's parks—those big, wide-open, green spaces where city dwellers can, albeit temporarily, abandon high-pressured cares, slip into a totally different frame of mind . . . and with it, a turnabout way of dressing. Here's the place where slick city suiting gives way to another kind of style: sporty, layered T-shirts, oversized sweat-tops, knee-baring stripes. In New York City, even the park attendants are fashion conscious—decked out in spanking-new uniforms designed by Basco. . . . In many ways, city parks have given impetus to a new urban life style—offering a five-minute-away after-hours/lunchtime/weekend escape. Their yard-long lists of activities nourish the soul as well as build the body: from biking and boating, to concerts and croquet, from running, riding and relaxing, to just plain walking your dog—or your baby. The best thing about it all—it's absolutely free! *("View" continued on page 234)*

Seen on the scene in New York's Central Park, consummate urban animals showing off innate country-in-the-city style. Eye-catching the graceful players—and spectators—at the U.S. National Croquet Championships—a charming sight in their de rigueur 20's-inspired whites, the upscale update of well-worn denims.

Photos: MARILI FORASTIERI

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VOGUE'S

View

A HAPPY BALANCE

JANE ERICKSON RUNS A RESTAURANT/MARKET. IT'S LIKE RUNNING A CIRCUS, SO SHE DRESSES, LIVES IN SIMPLE, MINIMAL STYLE . . . IT WORKS

"Clothes that transcend time are essential for me," says Jane Erickson, owner-operator of the Charmer's Market in Santa Monica, California. "I often start at 11:30 in the morning, work through dinner, then go to a movie or dancing. And sometimes from dancing to the produce market." Her solution: Dressing based on a perfectly-cut blazer over pants or a skirt and a beautiful blouse, usually striped or patterned—often from the men's department. Her only real accessories—shoes or boots, a belt. Her built-in accessories—brilliant red short-cropped hair; very white skin; and lips always dazzled with red lipstick. Her only jewelry—a watch and her great-grandmother's small ring. The overall effect: sleek, uncomplicated, and very very attractive. She lives in the same kind of minimalism: in a former art gallery—huge, furnished with Oriental spareness. It's all in direct contrast with her working environment. The Charmer's Market is pure theater. It's in a big old bank building Jane gutted, redesigned. Around the walls—produce, cheeses, pastries, exotic foods. Displayed like art in a museum. In the center—the restaurant area—tented in terra-cotta silk. It's a pulsing amalgam of sound, action, lights, color . . . the "in" place for Hollywood names. And all created and orchestrated by Jane who keeps on top of everything. Where does she get the energy? Partly from a forty-minute daily exercise regimen combining yoga, ballet, T'ai Chi. "It helps me cope, keep a clear head." *("View" continued on page 236)*

Jane, right, in a Basile tweed jacket and wrap skirt. Below, in a navy blue jacket by Giorgio Armani over a made-to-order black dress.

Above: Exercising means a T-shirt, sweat pants. Below: A go-with-everything Cerruti men's velvet blazer over a man's shirt, workout pants.

Easy care: Jane washes her hair every day, has a monthly cut by Larry of Hot Cuts, Venice, California.

Photos: PAMELA BARKENTIN, MARY RUSSELL

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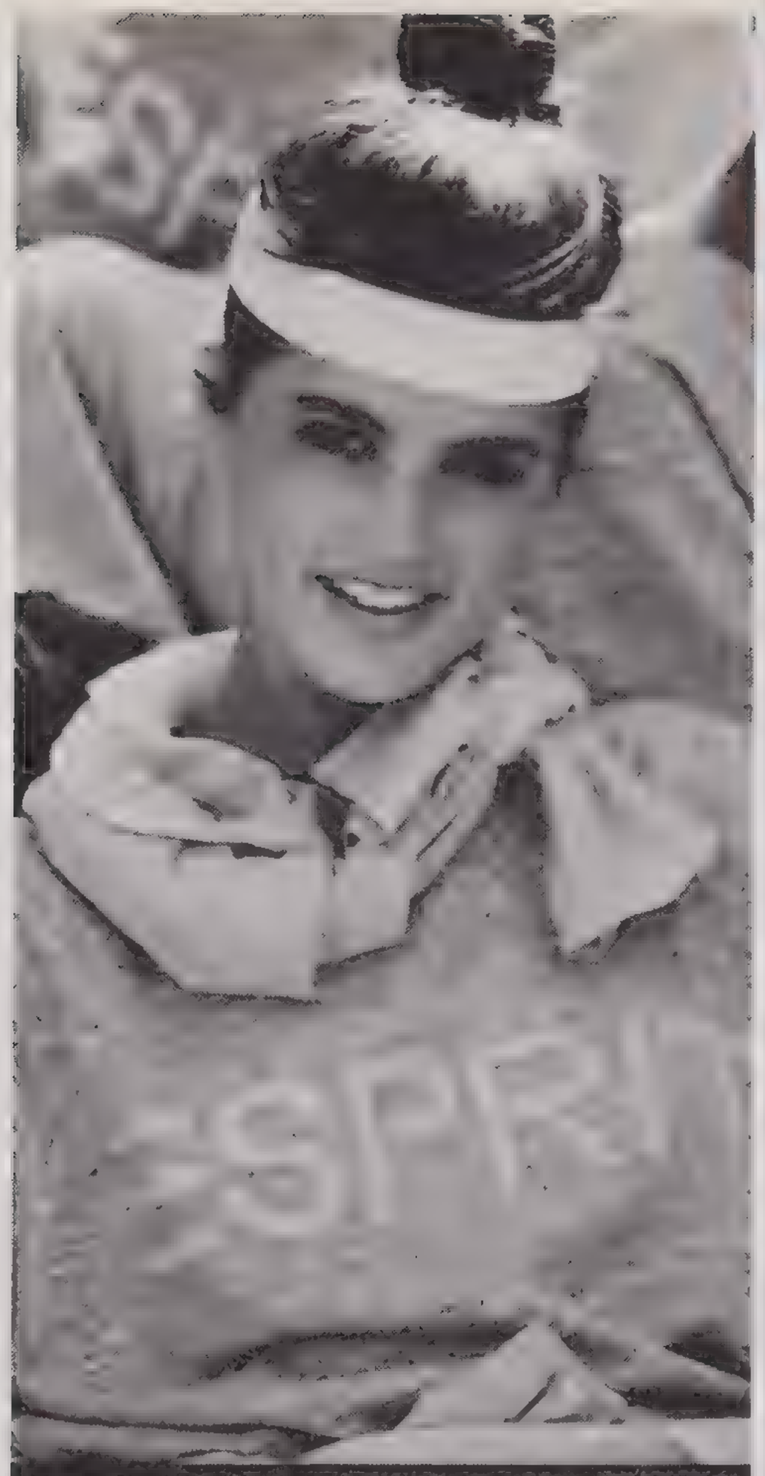

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VOGUE'S

View

Mesh works...

FROM LUXURIOUS, DELICATE TULLE TO RUGGED, TOUGH CHAIN MAIL—MESH—OPEN-WORK DESIGN AND/OR FABRIC—IS THE NEW WAY TO REVEAL THE BODY...

Throughout the years, designers have fashioned more than one way to reveal the body. This season's avalanche of mesh/open-work clothing and accessories may just be the latest. Whether it's carefully "macraméd" wide string squares, perforated triangles in leather, high-tech metal grids or cut-out dots (in accessories), intricately linked bits of chain mail, good old-fashioned fishnet, or the most delicately spun webs of "couture" mesh—Yves Saint Laurent and Karl Lagerfeld's silk tulle or point d'esprit confections—mesh is everywhere, as an interesting effect that's especially nice in hot weather.

The first famous mesh T-shirt was probably a Norwegian "Fishnet Top" that's been featured in the L.L. Bean Catalog for the past eighteen years. Then came the visual impact of industrial high-tech grids and matrices seen in interior design and street construction around us every day. That inspiration tickled the minds of menswear designers in Milan and Paris, and eventually migrated into the ready-to-wear collections of designers like Castelbajac, Montana, and Gaultier. And now, suddenly, mesh and its derivatives are finding their way into many collections—used with imagination and wit. *("View" continued on page 238)*

From left to right: High-tech mesh earrings, cuffs by Tess Designs, Chris Brightman, Bill Schiffer; "on-the-job" mesh—in a white briefcase by Renato Cipullo; the sleekest, narrowest mesh—Mary Jane Marcasiano's black cotton knit mesh dress/tunic with a black tank and pants.

From left to right: Gianni Versace's chain-mail halter dress; Azzedine Alaïa's sheer white linen mesh dress; Issey Miyake's delicate tulle "booties," and his grey and cream striped linen suit with grey leather mesh top.

Photos, counterclockwise from center: BETH BAPTISTE, AMANDA SPOSITO, LOTHAR SCHMID, MARY RUSSELL. Sketch: TONY VIRAMONTES

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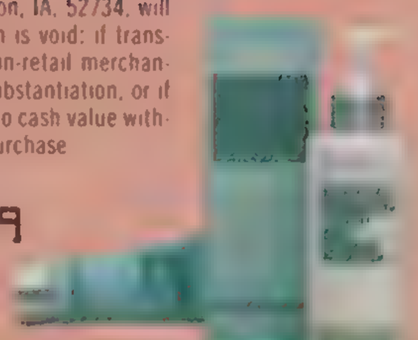

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Val Cook: working with style

She admits to having "a sense of what clothes are all about." And it shows—in the way she dresses . . . and in the way she works . . .

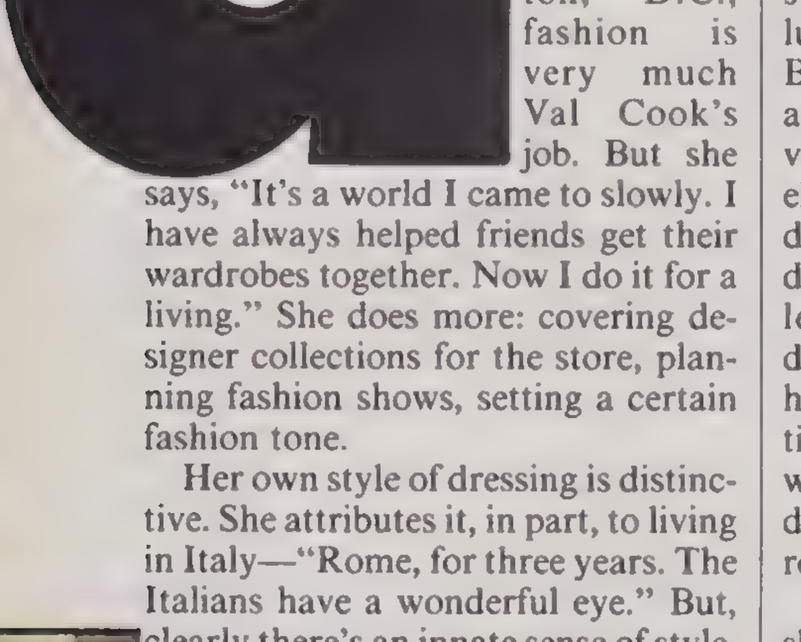
As Vice President and Fashion Director for Saks-Jandel in Washington, D.C., fashion is very much Val Cook's job. But she says, "It's a world I came to slowly. I have always helped friends get their wardrobes together. Now I do it for a living." She does more: covering designer collections for the store, planning fashion shows, setting a certain fashion tone.

Her own style of dressing is distinctive. She attributes it, in part, to living in Italy—"Rome, for three years. The Italians have a wonderful eye." But, clearly there's an innate sense of style, which she defines as a "sense of what's right for you and the occasion—whether it's jogging or dinner at the White House." And just as clearly there's the ability to carry off anything she wears in an unmistakable way: Val Cook is 5'10", with striking blond good looks. "I am lucky to be able to wear most things." But what she buys/dresses mainly in are separates: "I make more of an investment in blouses than in anything else." Her separates-and-suit way of dressing for day gives way to "drop-dead evening looks"—often from Valentino. "I'm a firm believer in dressing up at night. We [she and her husband, Philip] go to several black-tie dinners a week." The designers she wears most—day and night—Oscar de la Renta, Calvin Klein, Saint Laurent, Valentino, Ungaro.

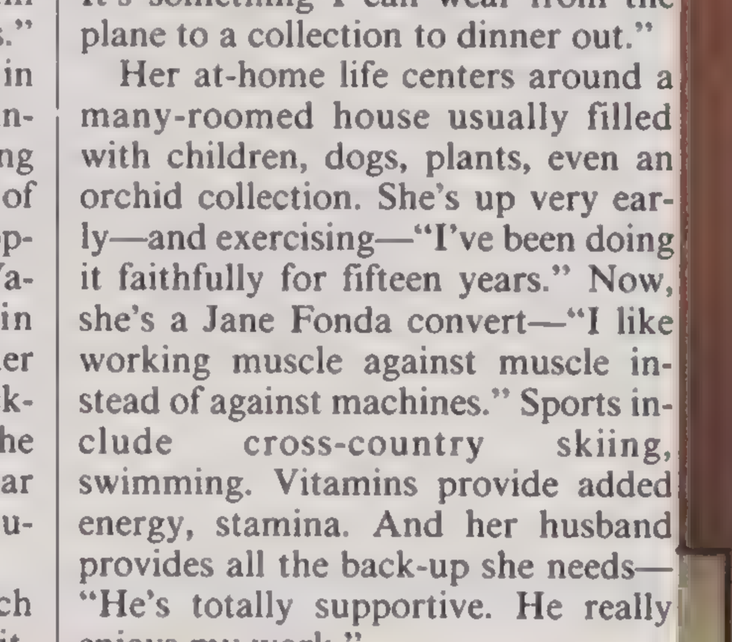
Part of her job—traveling—which she has down to a science. "One suitcase, one color—a Burgundy trip, or a navy, or brown." The clothes that travel are clothes that work many ways. A good example, a new navy Saint Laurent suit—"it has a jacket, matching top, pants, and a skirt, and I have several blouses that go with it. It's something I can wear from the plane to a collection to dinner out."

Her at-home life centers around a many-roomed house usually filled with children, dogs, plants, even an orchid collection. She's up very early—and exercising—"I've been doing it faithfully for fifteen years." Now, she's a Jane Fonda convert—"I like working muscle against muscle instead of against machines." Sports include cross-country skiing, swimming. Vitamins provide added energy, stamina. And her husband provides all the back-up she needs—"He's totally supportive. He really enjoys my work."

("View" continued on page 240)



The relaxed side of Val Cook's dressing . . . above left, in a turtleneck sweater and jeans, with her dog Happy. And, above right, an old favorite—a pink suede shirt from Calvin Klein.



A day in the life . . . for lunch out, right, at Washington's Jockey Club, Val Cook in an Ungaro coat and dress. . . . Above, with her husband Philip—she's dressed "black-tie" in a Valentino. . . . And, above right, one of her key travel looks: a new Saint Laurent suit-of-many pieces.

On the go (from left): driving to work; cross-country skiing with her daughter, Amanda; and exercising with Jane Fonda.

Photos: DIANE WALKER

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GOLD'S FINEST HOURS

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VOGUE'S

View

PEOPLE IN **FASHION** ARE TALKING ABOUT **WHAT'S COMING...**

Summer finds: to change a look...at-home, with more style... made-to-order, made in the USA...designers on: big clothes, men's clothes, color

Summer finds: For the most part, they're accessory pieces, single items that change a look. Often, this year, they're simply small pleasures—like Echo's striped cotton-rayon scarves. Long enough (sixty-six inches) to belt, you can tie them as mufflers at your neck. They've the same sort of crisp/clean pattern as a dish towel, cost—about $12. . . . Bradley/Dupuis's soft natural-color straw hat has the flat top of an Amish hat, a black ribbon band, great charm off-hours with a bathing suit. . . . Jacques Cohen's canvas summer espadrilles are classics; their new "City Walkers" this summer take the espadrille idea further. Rubber-soled like an espadrille, some are leather, some are suede, some winged-tips. In white, brights, and "naturals," the shoes come in easygoing styles, give a look that's a bit more polished than canvas. . . . Le Comptoir-Bijoux Bijoux's grey or taupe-colored linen-rope chokers tie at the neck, come with three "silver" center rings. With a black dress, against tanned skin, they've enormous style: summer look-makers.

W

arm-ups appeal? Partly it's comfort; partly price . . . but it seems, as a fashion entity, their influence is non-ending. Look at Anne Klein II (Anne Klein's new venture in clothes at a somewhat lower price): For fall, some of their pulled-together looks (a top, say, a skirt and long jacket—city-level clothes) come totally in sweatshirt fabric. . . . Going to and from jobs, at some time now, almost every model in New York is wearing them: the narrowest-leg pants, in "sweat" fabric or cotton knit, topped by a belted oversized shirt or man's sweater. These pants have an appealing, leotard-like feel and fit (they're pants for some of the best legs around). Favorites are black and come from Zoran, Norma Kamali, Basco, or Agnès B. What goes on then: short boots, sandals . . . or cotton socks and the best white sneakers. . . . That idea—taking one exercise-dressing piece and putting it with another bottom or top, with decorative shoes—is the secret behind some of the newest—and best-looking—at-home dressing. It's a way of getting an off-hours look more dressed than "sweats": you might put second-skin white pants with a big cashmere sweater and heels—or ballooning knit pants with a tiny "skivvy" top in jersey. The key? Usually, using only one warm-up piece . . . and playing off big and small scale. One piece stays close to the body.

Other beats: In these days of duplicated fashion, when one designer's style may show up in hundreds of stores, there's a growing desire among some women, it seems, for clothes that are a bit more personal. Fashion result—on the West Coast, at least: More "private-client" designers, more clothes-makers who (often as a sideline) will do things that are, in some way, individualized. Who's doing it? Among others: Luis Estévez, James Reva (Linda Evans, Susan Blakely, Jane Fonda are clients), Orencio, Michael Novarese, Fe Zandi, Ruben Panis, Victoria Shields—all in L.A.; in San Francisco, John Radaelli and Gibson Palermo. Depending on the designer, clothes may be fully made-to-order, come in limited editions, or simply be adapted (in style, fabric, or fit) from existing models. Clearly, there's a made-to-order need: From women who need a large number of evening clothes and can't find them in stores, from public people who want privacy when they shop, from women with hard-to-fit bodies. Then, too, there's that age-old wish: very simply, for "something different."

"Pants with an appealing leotard-like feel and fit, pants for some of the best legs around"

Clothes quotes: Says Comme des Garçons designer Rei Kawakubo, "I think it is crude to reveal only what is different from a man." The question? To explain why her women's clothes are so oversized and voluminous. . . . "At today's prices, no woman can afford to buy 'typed' and hyped stuff," Alexander Julian says; and that's why, in designing his first women's collection for this fall, he claims, one of his first concerns was the clothes' quality. (To note: Like Alexander Julian, another top name in menswear—Jeffrey Banks—is also planning women's clothes. Banks will begin fall '84.) Julian's special stamp, in the world of men's clothes, always has been a remarkable mix of colors and texture. "People have said I've probably been a women's-wear designer doing menswear all along," he says. "But I'm glad I did it this way. Making menswear exciting, believe me, is a real challenge." . . . After last winter, you'd think, nothing more could possibly be made of black. Not true. In Paris collections, in Tokyo, on Seventh Avenue, men's and women's wear designers are putting together black clothes in different fabrics for a total look. The variety of fabric textures, weights, and degree of sheen, makes each piece take on a different black tint. "Variations of black," says Giorgio Sant'Angelo, "may be the new way to color."

What's new? A new line of pantyhose—Sheer Pleasure by Carl Davis—made, specifically, for black women. These stockings haven't just been recolored for black skin; they've been reshaped to some extent—longer legged, roomier in the rear, narrower than most stockings at the ankle. . . . Collections of clothes sometimes come with humor and charm; labels rarely do . . . except, perhaps, this new one from Tokyo. The clothes are tagged "Obscure Desire of the Bourgeoisie." Originally (you must understand) the designers worked under the label "Milk" and their line is "London-inspired." "Obscure," in fact, may well be the right word.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King size:
4 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1981.

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HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF THE NEWS-AND NEW DELIGHTS-THIS SUMMER...

A LOOK AT THE SEASON'S STRONG POINTS

Summer brings a different way of looking at things. It's a season with its own distinct pleasures and its own distinct way of dressing; actually, two distinct ways of dressing—one having to do with the leisure side of hot weather, and the other having a more city/working orientation. This issue is a guide to the best of both sides of summer—and to the delights that give the season its special appeal.

No question: the strongest point this summer is white. If you aren't already convinced that white is the "color" of the season, you will be now. There isn't a category of dressing, there isn't a fabric or texture or shape that doesn't "happen" in white. However you spend summer, wherever you spend it, whatever you're looking for in the way of new clothes, nine times out of ten you'll be looking for something white—everything from the most glorious big-evening evening jacket in white lace to the most casual oversized T-shirt in white cotton to the most perfect maillot in shiny white. White moves from the city to the country to the beach and back to the city. And it's this particular aspect of dressing in white—in a city and/or working situation—that's the biggest change, biggest news . . . whether in a narrow white linen suit or one in white cotton ottoman . . . in an updated safari dress of white linen . . . in a blouson-top two-piece dress of white cotton sheeting.

Another point about color this summer—there are beautiful new pale shades that give fresh appeal to sun and leisure dressing. Even the most classic summer pieces—a little cotton rugby shirt and pull-on shorts . . . the leggiest run-around-in polo-shirt dress . . . easy cotton drawstring pants and a slide-y little top—take on a new charm in almost-invisible stripes or in tint-of-color blues, pinks, mauves. It's color that is irresistible, addictive. And—on this same casual side of summer—there are occasional flashes of bright color: a T-shirt dress in red, a neon-pink maillot, a sapphire-blue exercise/play suit—all, equally inviting.

A recurring theme—with interesting variations—safari dressing. It starts with the more classic shapes—a safari-pocketed linen dress . . . a safari jacket in rugged cotton duck . . . a safari top that belts over a narrow button-front skirt. And it goes on to a new, inventive working out of the theme—in a whole new range of coloring that goes beyond khaki—wonderful browns, coppers, bronzes. Color that appears in new "jungle inspired" pieces—a small-fitting leotard print tank top with shorts, or an oversized *sauvage* cotton top with leggy culottes—all in earthy shades.

In summer, there's the possibility of finding new versions of well-loved classics—the kinds of classic pieces that make casual dressing in summer such a pleasure. This summer, you can find new pants: cool, easy drawstring pants—ankle-cropped, very relaxed . . . and you can find new slightly oversized paper-bag-waist pants or new linen pants with a high, wide waistband . . . along with still being able to find perfectly tailored white trousers and classic white shorts. . . . You can find new sweaters—a new long, narrow-lined sweater—absolutely spare, simple in white linen—that moves from city days to country evenings depending on its accompaniment . . . a waist-cropped sweater that shows a peek of bare skin . . . a double-breasted cotton sweater with the presence of a good jacket. And you'll find casual jackets with a different character: nothing complicated or serious, but looser, boxier jackets that invite a certain bareness underneath. The best way—always—to have any of these new pieces—with something matching for a total look. But each of these pieces moves the way any accessory does.

T-shirt dressing is a way of life in summer. There are terrific new options: oversized T-shirt tops, often buttoned or snapped on the shoulder or with low, clean bateau necklines . . . there are T-shirts that reflect the Japanese influence in intriguing textures of cotton with intriguing "holes" . . . there are new T-shirts of thin, thin handkerchief linen; sometimes embroidered, sometimes with a matching tank top or a heavier-weight jacket . . . and there are very small, very body-conscious T-shirt tank tops.

And then there is a whole category of T-shirt dressing that moves past "just tops"—dressing that's become a hot-weather uniform for many women. Now, straight, simple, square-cut T-shape dresses or T-shirt separates—loose, sliding tops over narrow skirts, narrow pants . . . there are long-sleeve snap-front T-shirt cardigans that act as "suit" jackets over matching skirts—all of these, easy to live in, to travel in. And the ultimate—the T-shirt as "a little black dress"—in black cotton with black lace insets.

Accessories have a strong, distinctive character this summer. There are interesting new summer "mufflers" of cotton mesh in neutral or bright colors to fill in a neckline. And—doing the same thing in a different way—necklaces of linen yarn held by a silver clasp or centered by one rough-hewn stone. There are accessories that pick up on the new safari dressing—in the same burnished range of color, with the same *sauvage* feeling—spiky cuffs and bracelets, wide belts, big bold saucer-shaped earclips—all in brown metals or colored glass beads, agate, unusual texture mixes.

In an atmosphere that's generally freer, more relaxed, summer brings with it the opportunity to experiment a little more . . . to try something a little different. This summer, that could very well be a different makeup—in unbelievable-for-makeup colors: khaki, lime green, blue, yellow, fuchsia. Colors that are then blended and layered to give a believable—but unique—effect. . . . Something else that's very different this summer: sunglasses. The new choices—bold, futuristic shapes in black, in black and white—they have the kind of style that takes a look that much further. . . . Something else that lends itself to change in summer—fragrance. With differences in light and temperature and place, there's a different demand on fragrance to be lighter, cooler, fresher—a demand that's easily met in a number of new scents and in new ways to use fragrance.

It wouldn't be summer—in a fashion sense—without a look ahead to fall. This month, the signals of a new season: signals that make you think a little differently about the clothes you're wearing now . . . and signals that tell you what to watch for fall. What to watch first—a new shape that begins with wide, rounded shoulders, and narrows in from there; a shape hinted at in some of summer's dresses and jackets. . . . Another signal: a definite menswear influence . . . in attitude, in fabric, in tailoring (and, in fact, some of summer's most charming looks are directly borrowed from a man). . . . Something else to watch—and again, it's something that's already started—new attention and new design effort in the back—bare slit backs, cut-out backs, cross-strap backs, buttoned backs—and they're only a beginning. The above are suggestions of things to come. Summer is here and now. To enjoy it right now: the clothes, the pleasures that start on the next page . . .

A salute to white, *right*, Oscar de la Renta's perfectly tailored city suit in cotton ottoman. With a ravishing blouse—black-dotted royal-blue silk chiffon, cut like a halter, softly bowed. About $790. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Martha, Palm Beach & Bal Harbour; Swansons on the Plaza; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; Sakowitz. Corum Medicus watch. *Beauty Note:* With this season's unexpected bareness—Oscar de la Renta's Activée Body Care System. . . . The perfect maillot in white, *opposite*—silky, shiny, beautifully shaped. Sunwear Classics by Dón La Vigna; Antron/Lycra. About $40. Jerrie Shop, Cedarhurst NY; Loooies, Margate NJ; Cameo Stores, Philadelphia; Sonesta Fashions, Key Biscayne FL; Connie Fails, Little Rock AR; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. These pages: hair, Sam McKnight; makeup, George Newell. Details, more stores, last pages.

Lothar Schmid

it's WHITE...alright

NO CONTEST:
THE COLOR OF THE SEASON IS—WHITE.
WHITE IN EVERY TEXTURE, EVERY WAY, FOR EVERY KIND OF DAY, EVERY KIND OF EVENING.
WHITE FROM THE CITY TO THE BEACH AND BACK TO THE CITY.
ON THESE EIGHT PAGES, THE DIVERSITY OF WHITE—PURE, CLEAN SOPHISTICATED . . .
NOT-TO-BE-MISSED!

it's white... alright!

Lothar Schmid

News at the top—prophetic shapes, interesting textures—in white. The nonstop appeal of a white sweater in summer, *opposite*. Now, clean, pared-down, body-touching—in white linen, with a bared neckline, from Calvin Klein (about $160). And his key narrow skirt in white linen (about $138). Lord & Taylor; B. Forman; Hudson's; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin; Nordstrom, Portland OR. . . . The newest way of looking at fashion—from the back! A total—striking—effect, *left*, in the charm of a classic white beret and "small" head, in the strength of a broadened shoulder, in the unexpected slit of bareness—OMO Norma Kamali's white rayon jersey dolman-sleeve top. Top, about $200. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC; Neiman-Marcus, Beverly Hills. Details, more stores, last pages.

. . . A new interpretation—a whole new scale—to white linen, *left*—oversized, easy, very relaxed. From Betsy Gonzalez, a soft, strong-shouldered jacket, just a little bit "too" big; loose-fitting paper-bag waist trousers in a lighter weight of linen; and a thin handkerchief linen T-shirt—a modern approach to summer casual. Jacket, about $290; pants, about $190; T-shirt, about $85. Lord & Taylor; Two Fifty Rio, Key Biscayne FL. . . . Nothing is more welcome, more wanted than the kind of attractive, easygoing dress you just pull on and forget! The perfect example, *right,* Kasper for Joan Leslie's white linen shirtdress with big "safari" pockets. About $152. Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Lillie-Rubin South & West; Balliet's; I. Magnin; The Denver, Denver. Fashion details, last pages.

it's white... alright!

it's white... alright!

A new beat to day dressing is white. It starts, *left,* with a different kind of summer dress—sophisticated enough for the city, cool enough for any hot-weather place, shaped along new lines. From Shamask, in white cotton sheeting, with his signature double lapels, soft elasticized waist. About $415. Saks Fifth Avenue; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Balliet's; Sakowitz; Neiman-Marcus; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. . . . A different kind of suit dressing, *right,* from Calvin Klein that turns on a white cotton sweater/jacket—belted, double-breasted very small—one of his standout new shapes (about $160). Here, one way to wear it—over his narrow white linen skirt (about $138). Macy's, Herald Square; John Wanamaker; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's; Marshall Field's; Dayton's. . . . *Beauty Note:* An attractive option with white—tawny, spicy makeup color. Here, Maybelline's Soft Spice blush; Cinnamon eye shadow; Burnt Bronze lips. Details, stores, last pages.

Lothar Schmid

More of a good thing: white—the "color" of the summer. Here, in a range of looks—for day to night, city to beach—and a range of prices, some so good they qualify as top finds of the season.

1. Giorgio Sant'Angelo for Marjer Enterprises' little at-home/evening look: an architecturally-seamed top, $80, and easy pull-on pants, $80. Both, of cotton/linen.

2. A knockout: an oversized cotton knit T-dress to slip on the moment you wake, wear to the beach—everywhere! From Gene Pressman and Lance Karesh for Basco, $58.

3. Another anywhere, anytime standout: Geoffrey Beene's great "glazed" raincoat. Of fibranne/polyurethane, for Gallant, $290.

4. A maillot that's nothing more than a little tube—sleek, strapless, effective. Of cotton/Dacron/Lycra, $62. By David Haag of Costick & Luce Associates.

5. Great sports elements: a bomber jacket with the look of a layered vest, $68; little cuffed shorts, $29; and a tank top, $28. All of cotton. From Schrader Active Sport by Carol Patterson.

6. John Anthony's more sophisticated take on a T-dress: wide-necked, wide-sleeved, slit up the sides, linen: $290.

7. From Calvin Klein: his signature pieces—perfect linen pleated trousers, $160, and cotton sweater cropped to reveal a bit of skin, $90. All prices approximate. Details, stores, last pages.

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Hair: Thom Priano for Garren, New York. Kerry Warn; makeup, Linda Cantello, Rumiko, Lydia Snyder.

Jeffrey Pederson

it's white... alright!

5

7

it's white...alright!

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2

Hair, Thom Priano
for Garren, New York,
Kerry Warn; makeup,
Linda Cantello,
Lydia Snyder

Jeffrey Pederson

3

4

White: its range—in mood, in purpose, in price—and its appeal continue

1. Pure white, pure leather, pure luxury! Alicia Herrera's special-effect jacket, $405, T-shirt, $245, and pleated pants, $345. For North Beach Leather.

2. The other side of white: the best active basics—a cotton knit polo top, $25; cotton twill safari shorts, $30. Both, Jones New York Sport.

3. White at its softest, prettiest: Issey Miyake's cotton-and-linen gauze oversized top, $320, to wear as a dress, or here, as a tunic over matching pull-on pants, $164. For Plantation.

4. A hot number: Bobbie To's terrific cotton jacket—big, square, releasing into a deep inverted pleat in back, $150.

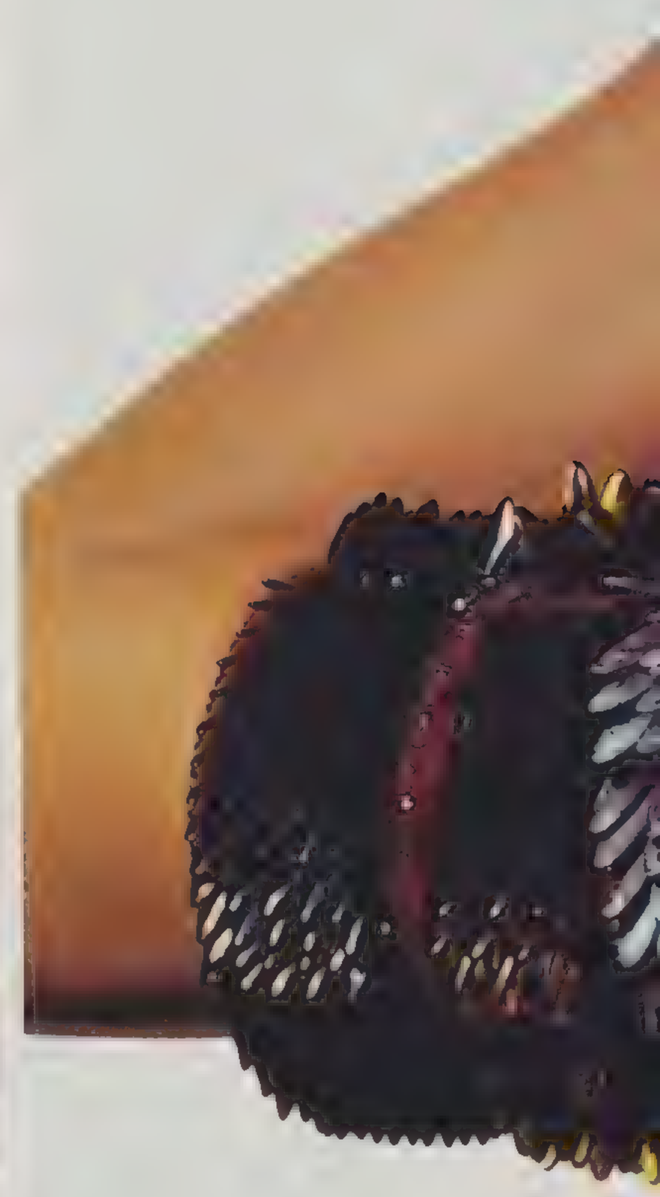
5. The top everyone wants: Angelo Tarlazzi's soft, sophisticated, snap-shouldered cotton lisle T-top, $110, to wear with anything—here, matching pants, $110. For Tarlazzi II.

6. Easiest—raciest—summer jacket: a snap-front cardigan, $28. Of cotton/polyester. With a little ribbed cotton tank top, $16, and cotton poplin pants, $36. By Christian Dior Actifs.

7. Another hot item this summer: the safari dress—short, breezy, in crisp cotton. From Bill Blass for Blassport, $178.

8. The ease, and the raciness, you want right now: Evan Picone's roomy—pretty—cotton/linen shirt, $54 . . . here as a jacket over perfectly tailored linen/cotton pants, $72. All prices approximate. Stores, details, last pages.

A SHADE



A WHOLE NEW ACCESSORY MOOD . . . BOLDER-THAN-EVER SHAPES. BIGGER-THAN-EVER SCALE. AND, A CHANGE IN COLOR—TO A RICH NEW RANGE OF OMBRÉD, EARTHY TONES. IN A SEASON OF WHITE AND BLACK, THEY CAN MAKE QUITE A DIFFERENCE!

The best, newest accessories—all appealingly tactile, openly sensuous, even primal—and all in the new brown-to-burnished colorings . . . Above, spiney, spikey glass bangles, with a wonderful, weighty quality, that change—update—anything. From Jessica Rose, about $260 to $300 each. Artwear, NYC; Body Sculpture, Boston. The matching spiked belt, also from Jessica Rose—extravagant, unexpected, a fall of

OF DIFFERENCE

glassy-brown "tortoise-shell" tiers—almost a necklace for the waist! About $640. Artwear, NYC; Body Sculpture, Boston. . . . Close-up on another big-scaled belt, opposite, from Alex & Lee: an "object" in its own right, in a unique meld of textures, natural browned colors. About $2400. Alex & Lee, NYC; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. . . . Beauty Note: New makeup coloring . . . the same earthy tones dusted with pinks, corals—for now and a signal for fall. Here, for nails, the best summer shades, from Chanel . . . from the left: Wood Rose, Mauve, Peach Glow, Plum Rose, and Ash Rose. Manicure: Elisabeth Drabinski.

Penn

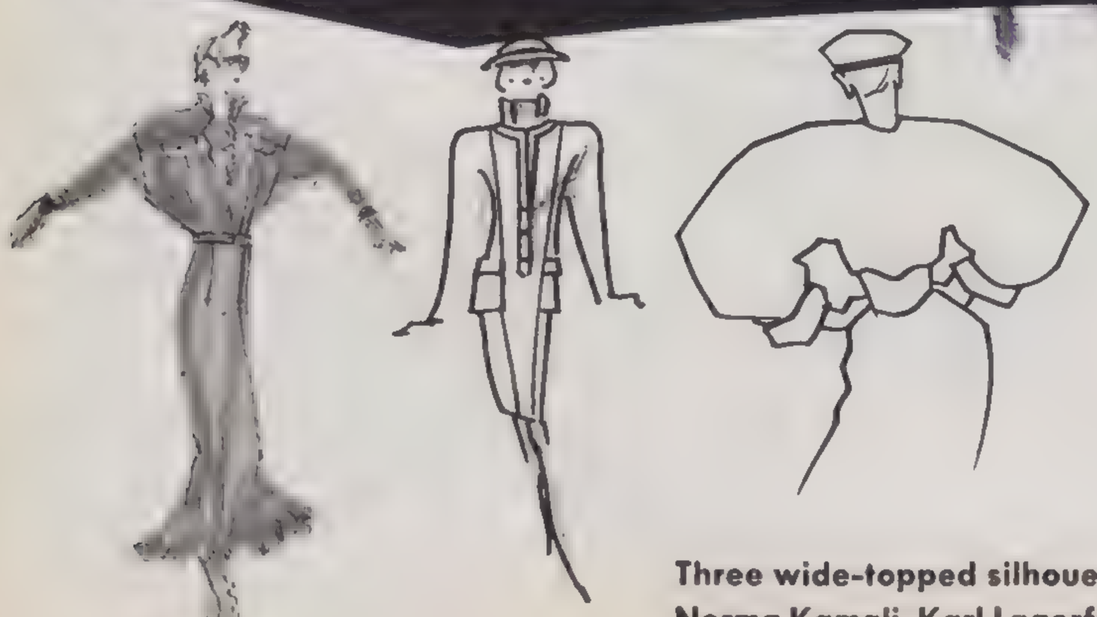
A SHADE OF

Here, a look at another of this summer's differences—the safari theme, interpreted in unexpected ways—and in the kind of new, ombred, earthy colorings that take traditional khakis one step further. Right: the jungle-print of a cotton-knit tank top ($84), with rugged, rolled shorts in taupe cotton poplin ($100). Both from Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. Bloomingdale's; Rich's; John Baldwin; Hudson's; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin. And, opposite, the totally new cut—new shape—of shorts from Perry Ellis: his red-earth linen Basque shorts—as full as a skirt, with a wide, wide-buttoned waistband ($100), here with an oversized, deep-sleeved pullover in maize colored linen ($100). Mid-May at Bloomingdale's; Davison's, Atlanta; Marshall Field's; Dayton's; Youngkers, Des Moines IA; I. Magnin. Details, additional stores, last pages. Hair, Garren of Garren, New York; makeup, Tyen of Paris.

DIFFERENCE

NEW DIRECTIONS ...SIGNALS FOR

Wide, rounded shoulders . . .



Three wide-topped silhouettes interpreted by (*from left*) Norma Kamali, Karl Lagerfeld for Chloé, Geoffrey Beene.

Mats Gustavson

Fall '83

From Milan, Paris, and New York, four key shapes and designer sketches of what to watch for: big, wide, rounded shoulders, narrow waists and hips, and legs, legs, legs…watch for: menswear tailoring and fabrics…tweeds, glens, flannels, and pinstripes…

"Sweater dressing"…

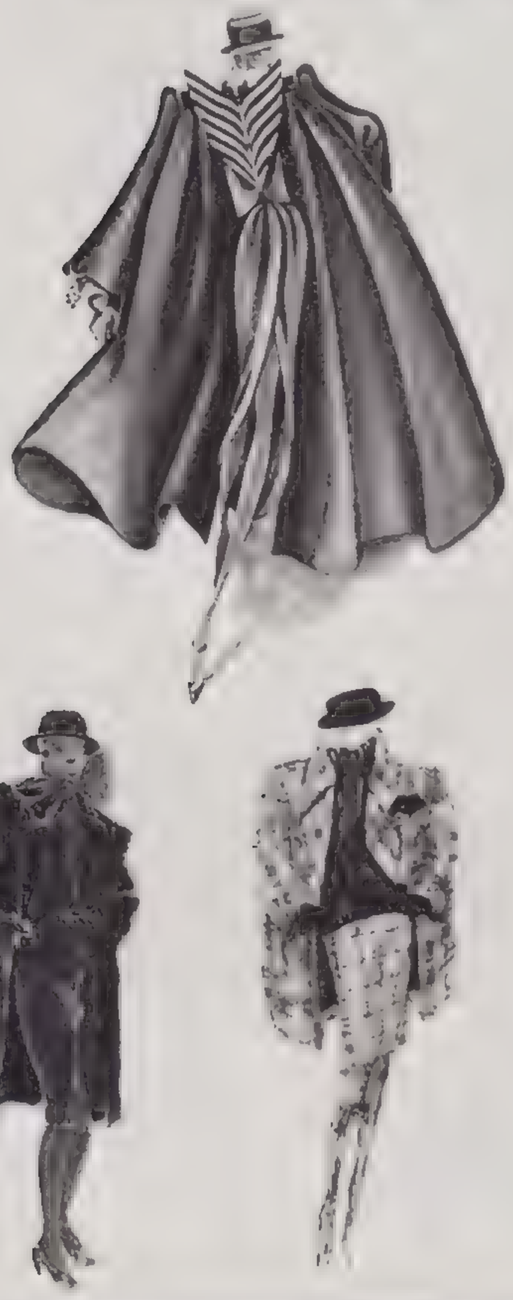
Two variations of "sweater dressing," *top:* Giorgio Armani for Mario Valentino, two-piece knitted suede plaid dress. *Below:* Yves Saint Laurent's "evening" sweater look.

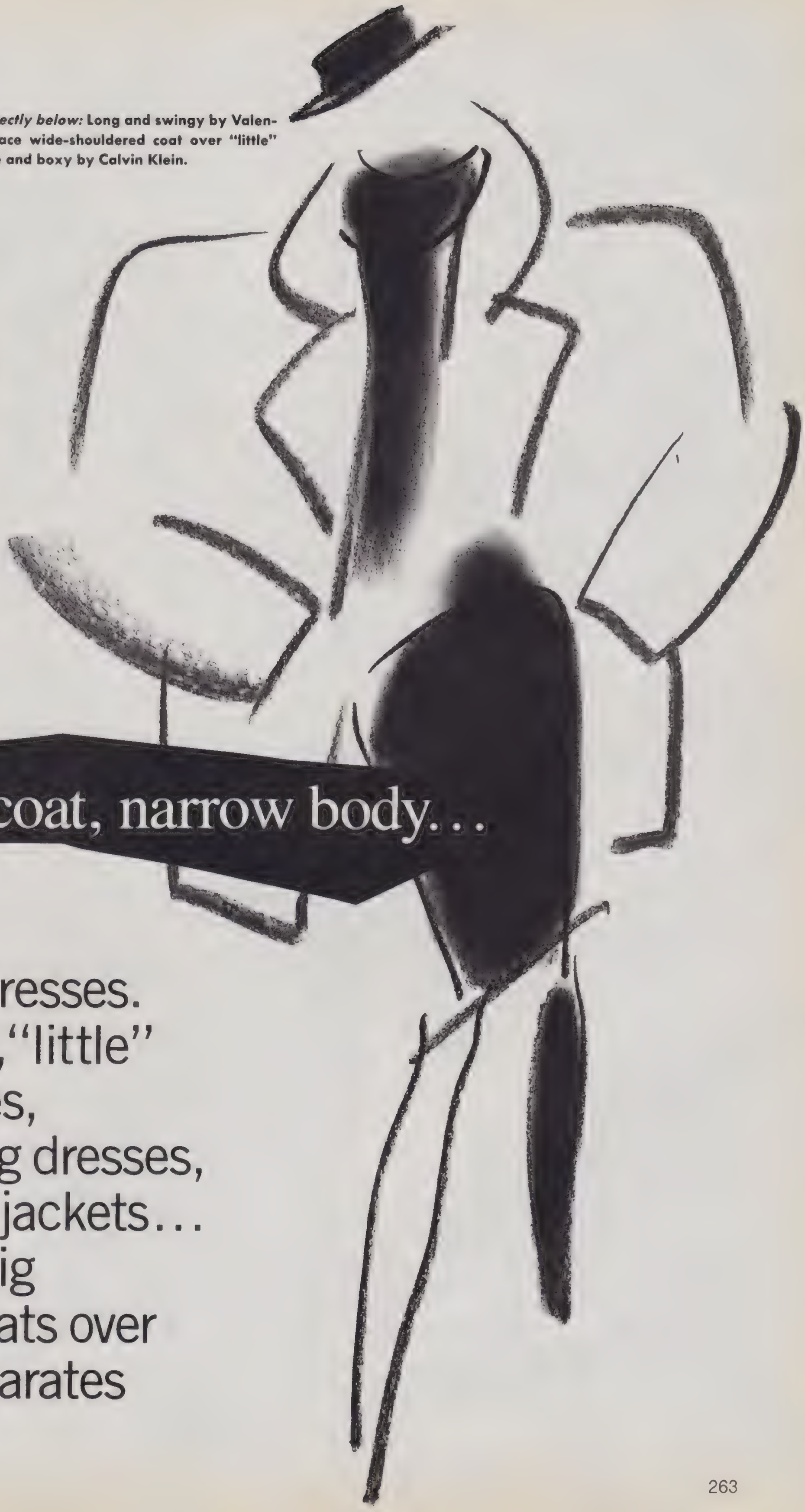
Two new suit shapes as seen *right,* by Gianfranco Ferre—short jacket with back interest. *Below right:* Perry Ellis' short tweed jacket, high-waisted pants.

"Man"-tailored suits . . .

Watch for: suits, with long or short skirts or slim pants…Watch for: back interest in jackets and dresses. Watch for: "Sweater dressing's" new ease…

Three ways with big coats. *Directly below:* Long and swingy by Valentino. *Below left:* Gianni Versace wide-shouldered coat over "little" black dress. *Below right:* Wide and boxy by Calvin Klein.





Oversized coat, narrow body...

Watch for: dresses.
Coatdresses, "little"
black dresses,
short evening dresses,
dresses and jackets...
Watch for: big
oversized coats over
trim city separates

Mats Gustavson

When it comes to all-out evenings, this season, there are three things. Narrowness. The body. And a heightened sense of luxury . . .

and yet the very longest line. The narrowest fits hug drapey very beautiful black silk crêpe evening dress—a dress with a great sense of body and the surprise of a skin-revealing black mesh-and-lace inset (Abraham silk crêpe, Darquer lace). About $3,950. Elizabeth Arden Salons: Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour. Neiman-Marcus. And right, more outstanding narrowness of line from Galanos: slit for legginess, covered else-

where in his black-and-white silk crêpe long dress sprinkled all over with white snowflakes and randomly beaded (Abraham silk crêpe. About $6700. Bergdorf Goodman, Saks-Jandel, Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour, Neiman-Marcus, Amelia Gray, Beverly Hills, I. Magnin. These four pages, hair, John Sahag, makeup, Way Bandy. Fashion information, see next to last pages of this issue.

EVENINGS TO REMEMBER

evenings to remember

Two more summer evening temptations and strong fashion messages: first, left, from Oscar de la Renta—the long, narrow narrow cut of a silk chiffon evening dress; a sheer white ruffled blouse, a navy/white dotted sarong-skirt. And with it, one of his unmistakably beautiful evening jackets: unmistakably Oscar: shaped, curving, a froth of scalloped white lace. About $2550. Elizabeth Arden Salons: Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Balliet's; Sakowitz; Mary V's, Tyler TX. And, from Galanos, right, something different—one of the key new shapes in a red silk cloqué evening coat. Big-collared, big-sleeved, rounded on top, tapering below—a strong, dramatic shape in a coat: a strong signal of shapes to come (fabric: Abraham). About $3790. Martha, Amelia Gray, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. To order at Saks-Jandel. Details, see next to last pages of this issue.

BOLD, BEAUTIFUL, BODY-
•
SHAPING STROKES
•
OF BLACK IN PROVOC-
•
ATIVE NEW BATHING
•
SUITS ... BRILLIANTLY
•
CUT AND SCULPTED FOR
•
VERY BODY-CONSCIOUS
•
BODIES ... STARTING
•
HERE WITH TWO OF THE
•
MOST PROVOCATIVE
•
MAILLOTS—THE SEA-
•
SON'S HOTTEST!

black in Shape ...the news

A maillot that builds
•
curves, right: Gottex's
•
strapless, diaper-wrap
•
suit with high legs. An-
•
tron/Lycra. About $68.
•
Macy's, Herald Square;
•
Cameo Stores, Philadel-
•
phia; Neiman-Marcus; I.
•
Magnin. . . . A bold
•
stroke of ingenious black,
•
opposite page: Norma
•
Kamali's spiral maillot
•
with all the "benefits" of
•
a bikini. Antron/Lycra.
•
OMO Norma Kamali.
•
About $50. Blooming-
•
dale's; Cameo Stores,
•
Philadelphia; J.M. Cook,
•
Boston; Ultimo, Chicago;
•
Macy's, Kansas City
•
MO; Neiman-Marcus.
•
These pages: hair, Maury
•
Hopson; makeup, Way
•
Bandy. Details, more
•
stores, see last pages.

black in Shape!

A little "fun" from a mail-
lot that has one tank
sleeve, one cap sleeve
. . . and is only meant for
sunning, right: Chloé's
woven cotton "playsuit"
piped in green, red, and
blue. About $390. Saks
Fifth Avenue, NYC. . . .
One of the newest, sexi-
est strapless maillots,
that's just this side of
"dressed," opposite
page—with delicate, lin-
gerie-lace touches. From
Roxanne Swimsuits. Of
Antron/Lycra. About $44.
Mid-May at Blooming-
dale's; Cameo Stores,
Philadelphia; Burdines;
Macy's, San Francis-
co. . . .Beauty Note: For
minimal protection: Ha-
waiian Tropic Dark Tan-
ning Lotion with SPF4 sun-
screen. Details, last pages.

black in Shape!

From Norma Kamali—the perfect swimsuit designer because she "understands" the body—the briefest bikini, right, with string sides and back. . OMO Norma Kamali. Of Antron/Lycra. About $50. Barney's; Debrah's, Jacksonville Beach FL; Sassafras, Madison WI; Neiman-Marcus; The Bikini Shop, Beverly Hills; New York West, San Francisco. A maillot that's cut with all the precision of an evening dress, opposite page. It's lean, linear, with a curved, shaped "bustier" top. From Yves Saint Laurent Beachwear. Of nylon and Lycra. About $46. Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus; Eaton's, Canada. Details, last pages.

Norman and Norris today—their gravity-defying Brooklyn waterfront home ...her sun-bright paintings...his "Egyptian" novel, Ancient Evenings—a tantalizing excerpt...plus reflections on family, love, snobbery, style

MAILER & MAILER

BY CATHLEEN MEDWICK

You might like to live here. A large, sunlit room, built like a ship—say, a galleon—with decks and catwalks, ropes, ladders to scramble up. A nautical clock that chimes. A dizzying straight-up view; the room is at least three stories high. Overhead, amid slanting skylights, a hammock that would be luxurious were it not slung across a chasm. (A challenge to hedonists: to get to that hammock, you have to tread a narrow plank.) Far below, the living quarters, solid and comfortable. There's an overstuffed sofa, a massive rosewood dining table, a cluttered antique desk. Family photographs everywhere. From the window (one entire wall) a great silvery view of Manhattan, suddenly maritime—freighters unloading, pulling out and, at the Seaport, a square-rigger anchored for show.

We are in the Brooklyn Heights apartment of Norman and Norris Church Mailer. He has lived here since 1962; she, since her arri- *(Continued on page 277)*

Norman and Norris Church Mailer on the balcony of their Brooklyn Heights apartment, against their personal panorama of the Brooklyn waterfront and the silvery tip of Manhattan.

Duane Michals

She was Little Miss Little Rock at three—now an artist, "mother of nine"—a proud, intimate woman

(Continued) val from her native Arkansas in 1975. Their five-year-old, John Buffalo Mailer, learned to negotiate a ladder at ten months—a surprise to everyone. Matthew, Norris' child from an earlier marriage, lives in a sort of crow's nest two levels up, and the other seven Mailer children (from Norman's previous marriages) come and go frequently—room for everyone at the family board. And there, presiding over it all, is Norman Mailer: a silver-haired, robust patriarch at sixty, very much at home.

A balancing act . . .

At the moment, he is perched uneasily atop a ladder that begins in space and rises to a platform holding shelves of books—so many that Norris, who is a painter, can never find room for her work. Mailer is being photographed, and he doesn't like it. That is, he doesn't like to pose. He is a man who might expect, as primitive tribespeople do, that photographs steal the soul. Still, with Norris next to him, he seems fairly comfortable; they have a public style, provocative, dramatic. Allied. Before the camera, she (who once made a career of modeling) turns into a sphinx, a Pre-Raphaelite *belle dame sans merci.* He is looking more and more like an old lion, growling genially now.

People have remarked lately, with wonder, that Mailer seems to be quieting down. Perhaps he still relishes a fight. But it's a distraction. His writing takes precedence. Mailer has been working assiduously these eleven years on a trilogy which, with characteristic bravado, he has pronounced his greatest work. The first part of it is finished. It is called *Ancient Evenings* (Little, Brown), a novel set in Egypt during the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties, and moving backward and forward through time to reveal its characters in their several aspects—a prescient six-year-old boy, a mummy, a four-times reincarnated man.

Mailer's readers, who have lately taken some pleasure in discovering the author lurking behind his characters, will have a hard time with this book. Is Mailer the ancient libertine? The world-weary pharaoh? The sensuous child? Or is he (as he would have us believe) nowhere to be found?

A close look at Norris Mailer: tall, red-headed, almost alarmingly beautiful—it is easy to see why Norman turned his back on her and left the room at the party where they first met. She is easy to talk to (for women, at least), not too quickly familiar. Cautious, then close. A strong, proud, cool, intimate woman with topaz eyes. Mother, as she describes herself, of nine. A recognized artist—her paintings were shown recently at Central Falls, a SoHo New York restaurant-gallery—and sometime actress. A small-town girl, finally, from Atkins, Arkansas, a town of some twelve hundred people where Norris Church, then Barbara Norris, was a high-school art teacher. Had she and Norman never met . . .? "Oh, I would have stayed there forever," she says in her soft, surprised voice, as if the answer were obvious. She was happy in Arkansas. She is happy here.

At Central Falls, there is a painting of three people standing on a beach at a seaside resort. One of them looks suspiciously like Norman Mailer. He looks younger, though, *(Continued on page 280)*

Norris Mailer, left, wearing her characteristic silver jewelry, in the Greenwich Village studio where she paints, working from family snapshots. In the background, a very early painting. In one of her recent works, right, the man on the right resembles Norman Mailer, but is not meant to be him. "The more I tried to make it not look like him the more it did." The woman resembles one of Mailer's older daughters. The background is Provincetown, Massachusetts, where the Mailers spend summer, says Norris.

Duane Michals

ANCIENT EV

"Ancient Evenings" is like no book Norman Mailer has written. It is lush, sensuous, sexual beyond gender. A progressive revelation of mysteries, sacred and profane. Some will protest that in this book Mailer has profaned what is sacred; but the opposite could as easily be true. His Egyptian gods are lascivious, but no less holy for that. And if there are sexual encounters that would make Henry Miller tremble—well, says Mailer, that was another civilization, with other ways.

In this excerpt from "Ancient Evenings" the spirit, or Ka, of Menenhetet II revisits a scene from his childhood, where he once again sees his mother, the voluptuous Hathfertiti, and his great-grandfather, the powerful and dangerous Menenhetet I, who is also young "Meni's" guide to the Land of the Dead.

Tonight, since there was almost no wind, the torches at the corners of the roof were lit and a servant stood by each torch with a pot of water. That was my great-grandfather taking his enjoyment of the fire in face of the ever-present danger of the servant falling asleep and a wind springing up. Every few years a great wooden house would burn that way. On the consequence, the torches were a luxury: one needed good servants to guard such fires. Of course, the torches did give a light that was more exciting than our candles.

By one of the torches, a woman was dancing. She moved with slow undulations of her body as lascivious as the curve of Hathfertiti's hair, and the sistrum with its singing wires was played by a dwarf wearing nothing but a gold purse and a few bracelets on his stunted biceps. He played with a tiny man's frenzy and her hips quivered to the sound he made.

In fact, Menenhetet's little orchestra brought a stir to the guests when they appeared. The harper, the cymbal player, the piper, and the drummer were all dwarfs, no taller than myself, and all exceptionally skillful except for the one who played the harp since his arms were too short and therefore left his longer runs full of peril.

They also spoke in strange languages, being descended from prisoners captured in old wars with the Kings of Arvad, Carchemish, and Egerath, and their voices together with their little faces roused a stir of applause for everything they played. It was all received with exaggerations of attention from Menenhetet's guests, who were priests and judges, rich merchants and neighboring nobles from the best temples and good society of the land just south of Memphi, prosperous people certainly, but not so prosperous that they did not feel honored to be asked to my great-grandfather's house and honored again by being invited up to his roof garden, although I heard a few murmur in disappointment this night that the most illustrious guests were not so celebrated as expected, and no one, but for my father, was a high official from the Palace.

All the same, Menenhetet's reputation was renowned from the Delta to the First Cataract. Even my nurse used to giggle lasciviously at the mention of his name, and the gossip I heard among the guests (for I was considered too young to comprehend their jokes) concerned which women had already had an affair with Menenhetet as opposed to those he was considering. It must have been a disappointing evening for the wives (and a relief to more than one husband) that he spent most of his time sitting next to my mother. I stayed away. Sometimes, when they were near one another, I could feel a force so powerful I would not dare to walk between them, as if to interrupt their mood could strike you to the ground.

From *Ancient Evenings* by Norman Mailer. Copyright © 1983 by Norman Mailer. Reprinted with permission of Little, Brown & Co., Inc.

ENINGS

This evening, Menenhetet did not leave her side. They sat unmoving through the music. My father could hardly decide where to go. Sitting near them, he was not given much for his attempts at conversation, and when, on the confidence of his own fine features, he proceeded to charm one wife or another, the attempt soon ran out. For nothing came back to him from Hathfertiti—she sat side by side in a silence that spoke of their attention for one another. Hathfertiti held a tuft of black hair in her fingers, and with it she stroked the black curls of her head. The tuft, taken from the tail of a sacred bull, prevented the onset of gray hair, and my mother continued this ritual with self-absorption, as if these intent caresses to herself would increase her inestimable value.

After the music was done, a few guests began to leave. Here, anyone could have recognized how immense was the reputation of my great-grandfather since he did not even speak to them as they approached his chair, knelt, and touched their foreheads to the floor. Only a Pharaoh, a Vizier, a High Priest, or one of the most honored Generals of the nation would act in such a fashion. Indeed, Menenhetet presented his indifference to the departure of his guests with such a natural concentration upon his own thoughts, so equal in gravity to Hathfertiti's immersion in the stroking of the bull's hair upon her head, that the guests moved away without a sign, and yet were not displeased, but rather, looked honored that they had been allowed to stand before him, as if now they could hear the echo of his great feats in the boredom he showed at the presence of those he had invited. Standing in silence before his silence, so they could feel steeped in the tales of his wickedness and his knowledge of magic, and indeed these feelings came over them with such power that it left me feeling most alive until I could as well have existed in two abodes of time. I was not only standing in a corner of the roof garden near the slaves who guarded the torches, but thereby was *(Continued on page 342)*

STYLE IS CHARACTER:

An interview with Norman Mailer

Norman Mailer has an uncanny sense of what each decade is hungry for. In the 1960s, it was for a stylish affair of the heart between politics and poetry. In the 1970s, it was for an exhilarating (if exasperating) sexual civil war. In the 1980s, it's for a breath of mystery, a fabulous escape. An extravagant voyage out of the self, into a magical world. The Egypt of "Ancient Evenings" is Norman Mailer's Oz.

"I want to give readers the literary intoxication of becoming weightless, because they're in another era altogether, completely out of themselves." The subtext: There is, citizens of our grim world, a way to survive the present. Escaping for a time isn't cowardly—it's a way of conserving your resources.

Mailer should know. He is, after all, a highly successful entrepreneur, pursuing dreams that are at once concrete and metaphysical. He has a talent for insuring the future, and a patriarchal impulse to bring it forth. He is arguably the only modern American writer with such a sense of mission or (if you will) divine right.

Cathleen Medwick: You once said in an interview that "Style is character." If that's so, what does it mean in terms of your new book?

Norman Mailer: I make these remarks, and they seem true to me, but that doesn't mean they're always applicable.

I really have seven styles in *Ancient Evenings,* all slightly different because there are seven books—seven different states of existence, if you will, built on the notion that the Egyptians had of the soul. They believed that when you died, you died with seven spirits, pieces of the soul, and they all went to different places. . . .

You know how we sometimes speak of death as the great adventure? Well, the Egyptians literally saw it that way.

I think that's why I embarked on a book about the Egyptians. I thought [their approach to death] was extraordinarily sophisticated and sensible. It impressed me much more, I have to confess, than our notion that you die and you are rewarded with heaven or hell.

CM: More options.

NM: Yes. Which is exactly the modern temperament. That we really do have a multitude of choices, and that the art of living is to be able to find one's way through those choices.

I was also obsessed with this notion: our varied ideas about what's going to happen to us after we die probably account for most of our behavior. There's no accounting for it without assuming on the one hand Karma, past lives that are speaking to us and moving us in startling directions; and, on the other, that much of what we do is to prepare ourselves for our deaths. Seemingly absurd beha- *(Continued on page 343)*

"The Mailers have a public style—provocative, dramatic, allied"

(Continued) more trim. "The more I tried to make it *not* look like him," sighs Norris, "the more it looked like him." She is always painting people who look familiar, people from the family album, the ones who stand on the porch back home and (no matter what) smile. Snapshots. Norman's mother and aunt turned up in one of them, two gals on a stoop. And there's Norris herself at fifteen—grinning like a banshee behind thick glasses, her hair rolled up in curlers. Walking downtown arm-in-arm with her school chums, out for a lark.

"I didn't try really hard to make it look like me. But it was my spirit."

Her paintings are bold, sunstruck. She is taken with bright colors, which she also wears. Her people look straight at you and smile. They are fleshy—grotesque, never monstrous—and they've got Norris' sense of humor. These paintings are frankly sociable.

"I really love these people," she says, and it is convincing; her humor is not cruel. "They're very happy with themselves. Not sad because they're middle-aged or overweight or bald. That's them, they're all there."

She was the "artistic" one in high school. Even then, she loved the work of Wyeth and Hopper, as she does now. "All of us piled into the car once and drove to Little Rock—it's about sixty miles away—to see *an* Andrew Wyeth painting." She laughs. "And we stood there for hours. 'Look at the way he did this,' and 'look at the way he did that!' "

Norris had, as she says, "a great childhood." Aside from becoming Little Miss Little Rock at the age of three, she had ordinary pleasures. "When I was growing up, the town was small and we could get on our bikes and ride from one end of town to the other. Right outside the town there was this little creek and we'd play in the creek and eat our peanut butter sandwiches . . . .It's the kind of thing one doesn't do here at all, my kids don't know anything about that sort of thing."

There is some wistfulness, just a trace. But she wouldn't go back. "I sometimes sigh for it. I wasn't unhappy there, that wasn't the reason I came here. In the summers, I'd go away to the mountains, to the Ozark Folk Center and do portraits. I would sit you in a chair and you would pose for me and I would do a portrait in five minutes and you would give me five dollars."

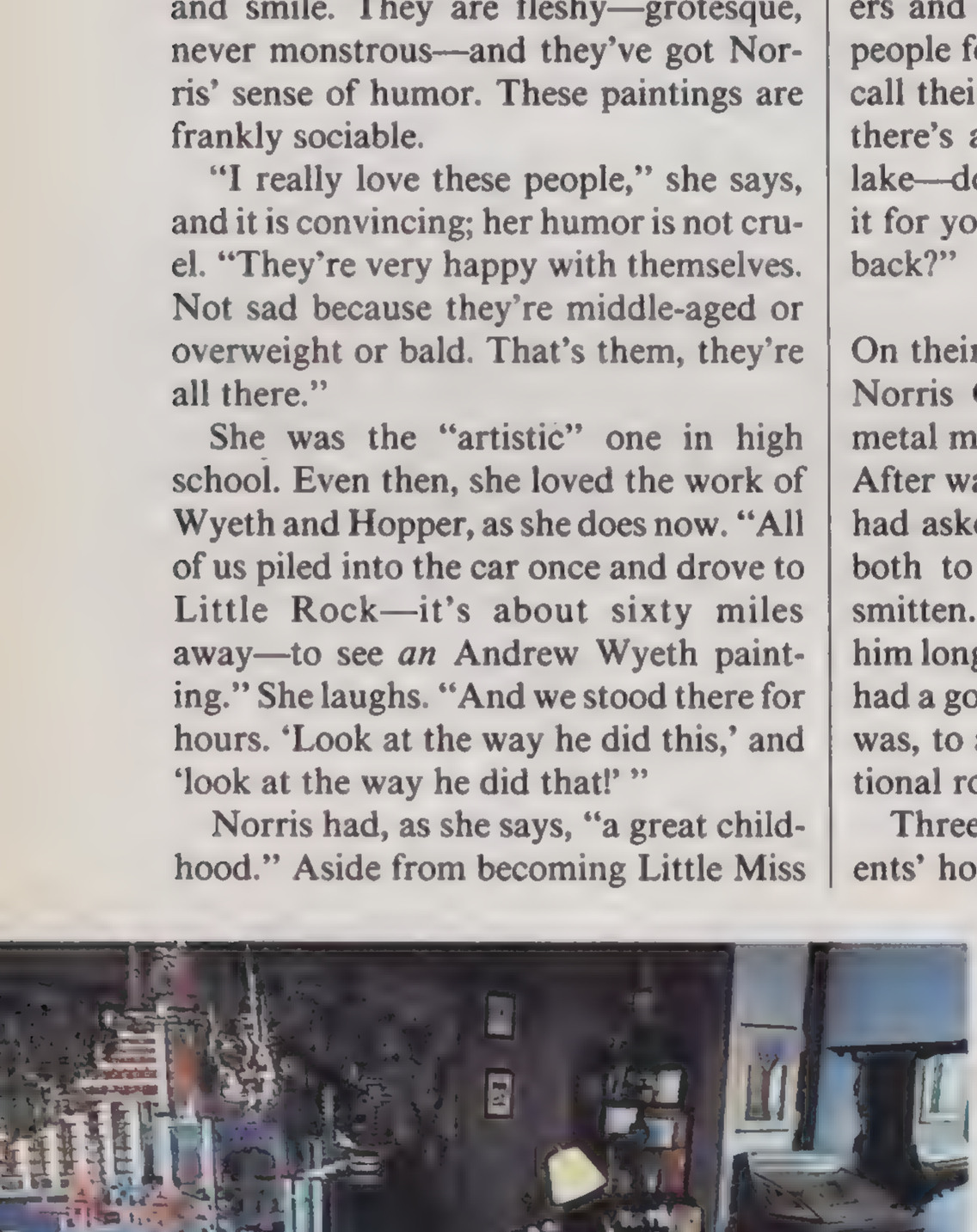
Norris' mother has a beauty parlor back home in their garage, two hair dryers and a sink. Her father trains young people for Job Corps. Occasionally, they call their daughter and say, "You know, there's a little house down here by the lake—do you want us to see if we can get it for you, just in case you want to come back?"

On their first date, Norman Mailer gave Norris Church a thick silver ring, the metal molded around its pale blue stone. After walking out on her at the party, he had asked mutual friends to invite them both to dinner. He was, he confessed, smitten. Even people who had known him long were touched. Of course, he had had a good number of marriages. But this was, to all appearances, his first conventional romance.

Three months later, Norris, to her parents' horror, was living with Norman in the Brooklyn Heights apartment. They were married in 1980. Images of the two of them have taken over the apartment's crowded walls: Norman and Norris together, she draped over him with a playful voluptuousness; Norris in a bright red, strapless gown, on a theater bill for Norman's play, *The Deer Park;* Norman drawn by Norris.

Pete Hamill once remarked, "Norris is sweet, Norman is nice, they're civilized." One night, when the Mailers were having a dinner party, John Simon decided to correct Norris' use of language. She turned on him: "You're at my house, eating my food, sitting on my right, and you dare to correct my use of a word?" Norris has been known to throw a drink in the face of someone who was insulting her husband. She takes no small pride in that.

Facts are facts. Norman Mailer has had six wives, innumerable fistfights, boxing matches, verbal duels. He did stab his second wife with a penknife (and she did forgive him). He did run for Mayor of New York City on the promise to make it an independent state. He did march on the Pentagon, take drugs, drink brutally, celebrate himself loudly on television and everywhere. He did give Janet Flanner a lecture on the Dick Cavett Show on ways to copulate, and he made Gore Vidal noticeably flinch (after first butting him in the head). He made Germaine Greer laugh (those feminists who did not hate him after the 1971 Town Hall debate began to treat him as a pet). He did befriend Jack Henry Abbott, and defend him later in court. He did and does make people talk about him. The only person who ever ignored him (apparently) was Hemingway, and that looked like spite. Mailer is not an *(Continued on page 343)*



In the soaring sunlit space of the Mailer's ship-like apartment, right—ladders, catwalks, ropes, a hammock swinging over "a chasm" (Norman Mailer has always taken chances). On the walls, a whole family album (that's Mailer's mother, over the door), including many photos of Norman and Norris. In the living room, left, Mailer's model, made of Legos, his concept of a half-mile high futuristic "vertical city." It suggests an idealized design for living—ennobling, awe-inspiring. To its right, Norris' desk, where she "doesn't write all the letters I should;" further right, the jukebox, a Christmas gift from Norman to Norris, with two photographs of Norris inside. Top of page: The Mailers "at home"—an atypically casual scene.

Duane Michals

Julio González, whose Guggenheim Museum retrospective establishes him as one of the great if little-known masters of modern sculpture, *left*, with his largest sculpture, the lifesize "Woman with the Mirror." *Below:* González' "Don Quixote," a brilliant homage to one of the major figures of Spanish literature whose heroic attachment to fading traditions González himself emulated in his life and work.

Courtesy Pace Gallery, NYC. Private Collection.

Courtesy Galerie de France

Julio González

"The father of all iron sculpture of this century"

BY BARBARA ROSE

In her catalogue essay for the largest retrospective ever held of Catalan sculptor Julio González, Margit Rowell, who organized the current exhibition for New York City's Guggenheim Museum, makes a bold claim for González' role as a major figure in the history of art. She believes that González, virtually unrecognized when he died in Paris in 1942 at the age of sixty-six, is as an important a source for the development of modern sculpture as an open, transparent style based on line and plane as Brancusi is for the minimal, reductive styles later based on his monolithic art. Rowell has brought together works from public and private collections all over the world; they make a convincing case for González' greatness as an artist of intense passion and are even more moving for their delicate restraint. The first real opportunity to assess the evolution of his style, the exhibition also reveals that González was far more than the metalworker who taught his fellow Catalan and lifelong friend Picasso how to construct metal sculpture from cut-out scraps by welding them together with a torch—an industrial technique González learned while working in an armaments plant in France during World War I. Overshadowed by Picasso's fame and abundant productivity, family-oriented González neither sought nor received any special recognition during his lifetime, except from his fellow artists.

Among the first to understand the force and integrity of the Spanish sculptor's welded works, John Graham, the esthete-artist-theoretician who preached the gospel of modern art to the emergent New York School, brought back from one of his 'thirties Paris trips a welded metal mask by González. Primitive masks were the rage in Parisian Cubist and Surrealist circles at the time, so it was not odd that the González piece attracted Graham. However, unlike the Surrealists, or even the Cubists for that matter, González was not involved with the brute forms or more sinister connotations of primitive art. His heads, as much as the torsos and other body parts he formed by bending and *(Continued on page 348)*

Left: González' studio in Paris, where he kept scrap metal he welded into the first assembled sculpture, a turning point in modern art

González was basically a family man, but occasionally he attended the Montparnasse art parties. In this previously unpublished photo González (far right) is seen in the company of Mexican painter Diego Rivera (seated, second from left), Kiki, the famous model (standing, far left), and Japanese painter Foujita (standing, third from left)

Photos *above* courtesy Carmine Martinez and Viviane Grimminger

CENSORED SCENES from Noel Coward: the view from Over There

BY ANTHONY HOLDEN

Since the reign of King Henry VIII, the office of Lord Chamberlain of England has been one of the loftiest in the realm, and until very recently, one of the many tasks the Lord Chamberlain undertook for the monarch was, believe it or not, to censor the naughty bits out of plays produced on the London stage.

So it came to pass that the first full performance of Noel Coward's *Private Lives* took place in the Lord Chamberlain's office in St. James's Palace, London, in the summer of 1930, with the author himself playing all the parts to an audience of one. The Lord Chamberlain of the day, an aristocrat of exacting moral standards named Lord Cromer, had read the manuscript of this saucy little romp and he didn't like what he had read at all. Divorce was in itself a somewhat risqué theme for public display, but His Majesty's representative understood that the divorced couple portrayed by Mr. Coward actually renewed their conjugal knowledge of each other somewhere during Act Two. And were they not both already remarried to other partners? His Lordship didn't like the sound of this at all.

Coward and his darling Gertie: *Private Lives*, 1931

It was not the first time Coward had been summoned to the Palace (nor the last—though ironically enough the very last, in 1970, *(Continued on page 345)*

Anthony Holden, *former Washington, DC, correspondent for "The Observer," is a British journalist living in London and author of "Prince Charles" (Atheneum).*

Tallyho! Liz and Dick are together again in Noel Coward's exquisite comedy, "Private Lives," on Broadway now. Hey nonny!

NOEL COWARD—Philosopher for our time? the view from Over Here BY AMY GROSS

While the French and English are crazy about American style, Americans are crazy about English style—the style of a certain high cut of English society. You knew where your friends were when *Brideshead Revisited* ran on television: they were in front of the television. Same with the Royal Wedding. *Chariots of Fire*—a kind of *Brideshead Revisited Goes to the Races*—ran off with last year's Oscar for best picture.

Give Americans a couple of scenes in Oxbridge and you've made a people happy. We're turned on by a flash of tweed, and a fine pale face with high coloring. Add a title (even a small title), and a large house, and we're in our element—English glamour.

American glamour derives from the West Coast. It has to do with Hollywood. It's a woman showing lots of skin and flaunting money. It's a turquoise swimming pool. It's the wife of a former B-picture actor at President Reagan's Inaugural Ball wearing an ermine-sleeved dress and a necklace of huge diamonds and (an allusion to her pool?) turquoise.

English glamour has to do with class. While American glamour unkindly suggests that if you were only smart enough and tough enough, you too would be decked out in diamonds and turquoise, the English brand clears you of any blame. Class is basically unattainable. You can't get there from here, unless you're Noel Coward whom we'll get to in just a minute.

There is no flaunting in English glamour. There is, rather, pathos in the background, pain below the surface where it is the most attractive. Most of the fine poignant faces on the screen will be lost on the battlefield. The Empire (we know how this story ends) is a contracting universe. Brideshead, paradise though it seems, is awash with pain. Today, the very large house is driving its titled occupants into the poorhouse. See them now, the young twenty-third Duke of Whatever and his pretty, long-necked Duchess, in their tweeds, with their Gainsborough children. They exude assurance, and the grace that flows from knowing exactly who you are and what the rules are. They do not strive, they do not self-improve.

They have always lived in the castle. But they are not showing off: they're drumming up a little publicity for the house, which they've sensibly opened to the ticket-buying public.

What is so appealing about this image is the style of it—the patina of class and the grit of Facing up to Things and Doing What Must Be Done, Sensibly. When the chips are down the nobs eat chips. Brits seem always to be standing in the ashes, Making the Best of Things. Americans have a young person's swagger, bravado, innocence, eagerness. Brits are older. In Noel Coward's exquisite *Private Lives,* written during the world economic crash, two lovers talk. "Don't you believe in anything?" Elyot asks. "Oh yes," Amanda says, "I believe in being kind to everyone, and giving money to old beggar women, and being as gay as possible." This is singing in the ashes. It is gallantry.

The Elyots and Amandas of today might be found partying in the restyled and bitchy English magazine, *The Tatler,* among such types as the Hon. Fiona DitzWilliam and Lady Drucilla Floxingham, among the Arabellas, Scintillas, and Annabelles, and other young women with fruitfly names who sport the most amazing décolletage, as though they were not Hons. at all but Virgins sold to Hollywood in the 'fifties; and young men with "Lord" in front of their names and fine pale faces or unbelievably silly upper-class-twit faces (chinless, horse-toothed, eyes dulled from centuries of inbreeding). Everyone is wildly tipsy.

By comparison, the parties of the American upper class seem to be more about show than about fun. Ironically, the American upper class is treated with reverence by the press and photographed as though they were mannequins. The Brits get a lot more pleasure from their upper class and manage to use them for their own entertainment—poignantly, as in *Brideshead,* or wittily, as in Noel Coward.

Now wit is no excuse to talk about Noel Coward. You might as well discover Marilyn Monroe's "vulnerability" or Greta Garbo's "mystery." The excuse to talk about Noel Coward is that he must finally be acknowledged as a wise and useful philosopher. This is made apparent by his *Diaries,* published last year, as well as by his plays. "Everyone" read these diaries; why, it was initially hard to understand. They begin with brief entries, jottings of Names and Places. The tone is unvarying Coward—the rushing, clickety voice ("His characters talked like typewriting," Mrs. Patrick Campbell once said). It was very tiresome.

Burton kissing Taylor goodbye in *The V.I.Ps,* 1963.

Then a friend who was in awful circumstances defended the *Diaries.* They were a solace and support, she said. Hers was not Coward the Glamour-puss but Coward the Stoic. She is an actress, her name is Holland Taylor, and for several good reasons she had stepped into the starring role—replacing Eve Arden—in *Moose Murders,* a play so terrible it would make theater history when it opened (and closed) two weeks later. But meanwhile, she had eight days to learn 120 pages of *(Continued on page 344)*

BURTON TALKS about Private Lives—His, Hers, Theirs—an interview by Hebe Dorsey

It is one of those grey Paris mornings that seem to have nowhere to go. Richard Burton—grey flannel slacks, oversized red sweater, red socks—is waking up from a snooze on the couch of a Plaza-Athénée suite. We have not seen each other in ten years, which is a long time considering that I had become part of the Burton-Taylor entourage in the late 'sixties.

There were rides in his-and-hers Rolls-Royces, squads of secretaries, bodyguards, hairdressers, producers, gallons of liquor, and people like Noel Coward and Peter O'Toole and Rex Harrison always dropping in.

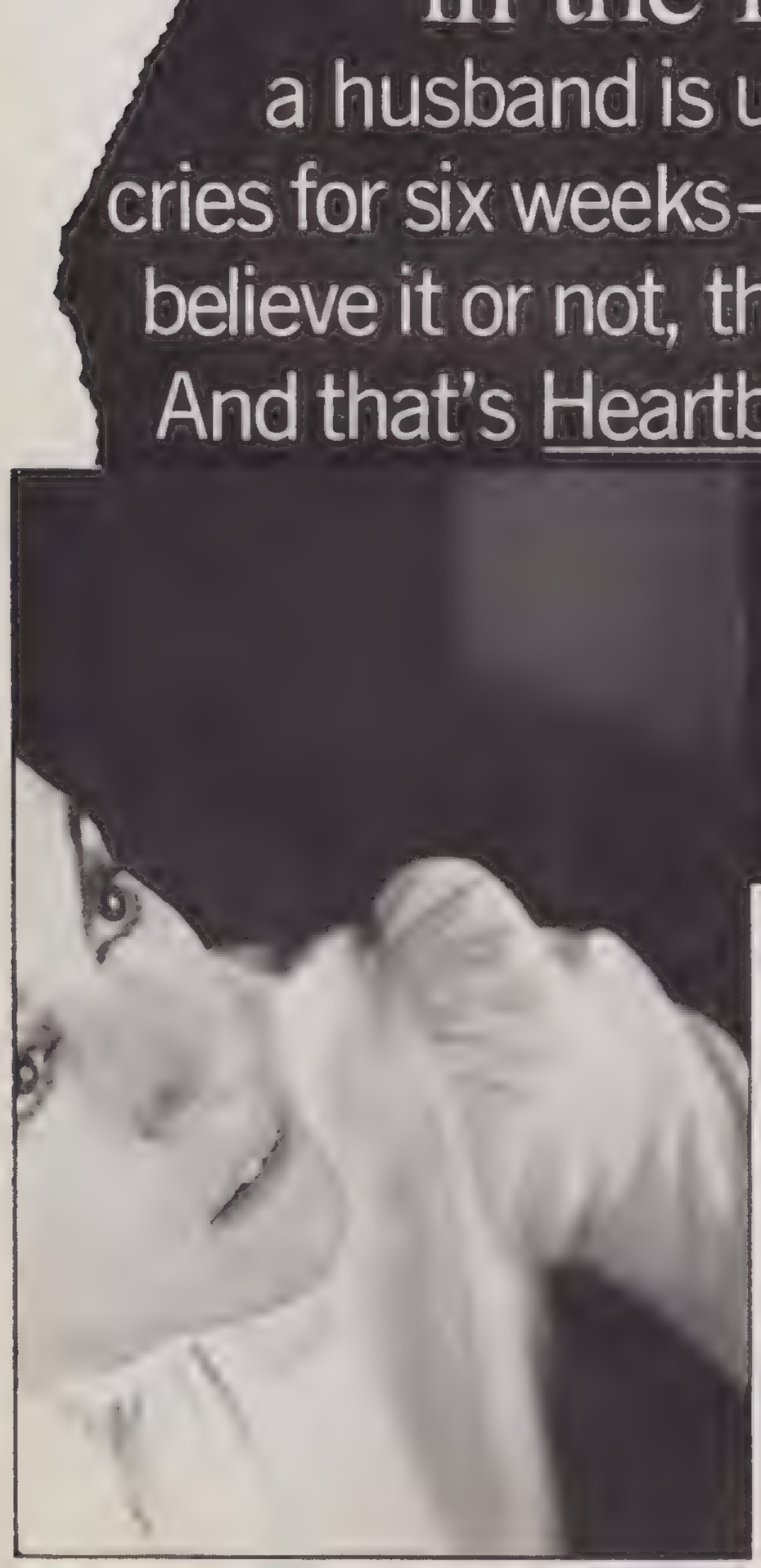
All that is gone now. Burton is with this young, sweet, dark, and terribly silent woman he introduces as Sally—and yet, everything is the same the minute Burton starts talking. Burton has a way with words that is just short of miraculous. He can be free-wheeling and violent, perceptive and funny, delicious and unexpected, and never, never casual. There is always a slight scholar-formality about the way Burton expresses himself, a distinct and sharp pleasure in coming up with the right word, the right lilt.

But back to Sally, "Nobody seems to know about Sally. Well, the most interesting thing, apart from the fact that I love Sally, is that I am attached to Elizabeth by a kind of *(Continued on page 348)*

Hebe Dorsey *lives in Paris and covers fashionable occurrences for The International Herald Tribune and French Vogue.*

Photos courtesy of Culver Pictures, Inc.

When a celebrity couple splits up in the limelight, when a husband is unfaithful and a wife cries for six weeks—in the right hands, believe it or not, that's entertainment. And that's Heartburn, Nora Ephron's first novel — for all those who've never seen the hilarious side of heartache



Nora Ephron: four points of view by photographer David Seidner

HEARTBURN: A DIAGNOSIS

It's funny—no mean contribution to a genre whose natural form of expression is the whine"

BY JUDITH MARTIN

Two major influences on literary women of a certain age:

1. Ernest Hemingway in *Fathers and Sons,* 1933, explaining Nick Adams' method of curing domestic injury: "If he wrote it he could get rid of it. He had gotten rid of many things by writing them."

2. Countless college boys, circa 1945-1965, breaking up with female liberal-arts majors (whom they had seduced with the argument, "If you don't experience life, how do you expect to be an artist? "): "If you haven't suffered, how do you expect to be an artist? "

From the resulting deluge of novels, essays, articles, diaries, unrhymed poems, and assorted other *belles lettres* documenting suffering on the occasion of the break-up, one assumes that many artistic souls who have truly lived feel better now. Whether their readers do is another question.

Nora Ephron's heroine in *Heartburn,* a writer suffering a marital break-up, is a second-generation believer in the Nick Adams School of Literary Catharsis who knows that her dead mother's sole advice and comfort to her in this crisis would have been "Take notes."

But she has slipped something extra into the standard list of motivations for entertaining others with one's history, recited here as "Because if I tell the story, I control the version. Because if I tell the story, I can make you laugh, and I would rather have you laugh at me than feel sorry for me. Because if I tell the story, it doesn't hurt as much. Because if I tell the story, I can get on with it."

Did you catch that? "I can make you laugh." Along with four advantages to the teller, there is one for the listener.

And, indeed, *Heartburn* is funny—no mean contribution to a genre whose natural form of expression is the whine. What is more, it contains fourteen recipes (three of them for potatoes), a classic version of the Kreplach Joke, an original skit on the Jewish Prince Routine, and a story line parallel to that of the author's last marital break-up as chronicled in the popular press but with juicier details ("Perhaps you are wondering whether we had sex").

Miss Ephron has a marvelous eye for the mundane details that shake people's worlds. Betrayal is a husband's having secret joint therapy with his mistress "at the family rate!!" Rejection is being able to identify your mugger because you had been wondering whether he were "single and a college graduate and straight."

(Continued on page 349)

SOME THINGS ABOUT NORA EPHRON . . .

and betrayal, marriage, romantic illusions, and dinner parties in Washington, DC, and New York—an interview by Amy Gross

Nora Ephron is the author of *Heartburn,* the funniest novel of this year or any other year in modern history, which began in 1963. It's a book that makes people laugh out loud, get teary in places, and you can cook from it too. There's one recipe—for lima beans and pears—that narrator Rachel Samstat attributes to her mother, but I happen to know it came from Nora's friend Lee Bailey, and so will you if you turn to page 293 of this issue of Vogue.

Rachel Samstat is a cookbook author who is married to the well-known Washington, DC, columnist Mark Feldman. They have one child, Sam, and Rachel is seven months pregnant when she finds out that Mark is having an affair with Thelma Rice. Mark and Thelma are not only having an affair together—they're in joint therapy with Thelma's husband and a Guatemalan shrink "who looks like Carmen Miranda and has a dog named Pepito." Rachel has basically graduated from therapy, but under the circumstances, she shuttles with Sam home to New York and her therapy group, led by the wonderful celebrity shrink, Vera.

I told them a little about Thelma. I said she had a nose as long as a thumb and walked like a penguin; that made me feel better. I said Mark was a schmuck; that made me feel even better. I told the part about all three of them going to see the Central American charlatan and her dwarf dog, and I said how unfair it was that I couldn't even date.

"She must be feeling better," said Ellis. "She's making jokes."

"She makes jokes even when she's feeling terrible," said Vera. "Don't let her fool you."

"Why do you have to make everything into a joke?" asked Diana.

"I don't have to make everything into a joke," I said. "I have to make everything into a story. Remember?"

"How do you feel?" asked Eve.

"Hurt. Angry. Stupid. Miserable." I thought for a minute. "And guilty."

"You didn't do this," said Eve. "He did."

"But I picked him," I said.

"Anyone would have picked Mark Feldman," said Vanessa.

"No last names in group," said Vera. . . .

"What do you want?" said Vanessa. "Mark is going to turn up, and you have to know what you want when he does."

I thought about it.

"I want him back," I said.

"What do you want him back for?" said Dan. "You just said he was a schmuck."

"I want him back so I can yell at him and tell him he's a schmuck," I said. "Anyway, he's my schmuck." I paused. "And I want him to stop seeing her. I want him to say he never really loved her. I want him to say he must have been crazy. I want her to die. I want him to die, too."

"I thought you said you wanted him back," said Ellis.

"I do," I said, "but I want him back dead."

Nora Ephron is the daughter of people who wrote snappy dialogue for Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn *(Desk Set)* among others. In an interview years ago, Nora told me, "Most *(Continued on page 346)*

Left to right:
Deborah Harry,
Thomas G. Waites,
Caitlin Clarke,
Lawrence Joshua

King

THE BIG STEPPERS

Natalia Makarova Deborah Harry

Surprise! World's greatest ballerina big-steps from Queen of the Classical Twinkletoes to Queen of the Campmatazz Broadway musical. That's the sublime Makarova (near right), the hottest laugh in town, hotsy-totsy superstar of On Your Toes. Basking (far right), Toes's Dina Merrill. Surprise! New Waver Deborah "Blondie" Harry (far left with clinchy colleagues) who's big-stepped onto Broadway where eponymously she's Teaneck Tanzi: The Venus Flytrap! As the Gorgeous Grappler, Deborah actually wrestles, talks, sings her way through ten rounds of no-holds-barred Life Drama/ Tumultuous Fun!

O BEAUTIFUL FOR SPACIOUS PIES,
AMERICA THE DELICIOUS

There's a new hunger for the food of America—for
down-home tastes, for the rediscovered treasures
of our regional cooking. Here, on these four pages,
one of the most appealing of American Ways . . .

Joshua Greene

One American Dream: fresh blackberry cobbler

Vogue's Amy Gross, a longstanding admirer of Lee Bailey's American food, urged him to tell how he does it. The result: his remarkable book, "Country Weekends," to be published next month by Clarkson N. Potter, Inc. Here, an introduction to the Bailey way, some summer-perfect photographs from the book. A weekend's worth of summer menus, plus some selected recipes, begin on page 204.

Summertime's easy-living reward: eating under the trees

Country Weekends started because I wanted Lee Bailey's recipes—and something else. I wanted to know how he could have six or eight people for dinner Friday night; eight or ten on Saturday night; offer his houseguests breakfasts, lunches, and midafternoon treats like tomato sandwiches or blackberry cobbler; and still remain amiable.

I really wanted to know why the prospect of dinner at Lee's sets off such a happy anticipation in me. Some little creature in me smacks her lips and says, "Oh, boy!"

Going to Lee's is like going home . . . when going home is what it's cracked up to be. The house itself provides a lot of the pleasure. It's out on Long Island, angled for privacy at the end of a wretched little road. The view is of dunes and the ocean, a saltwater inlet, tall marsh grass, and beach plum bushes. The garden, depending on the month or the year, will feature hundreds of daffodils or poppies, or irises so gorgeous you can't believe either that they're real or that they will ever die, or old shrub roses that almost break your heart, they're so tender.

When you arrive, you are invited to fix your own drink, or another guest asks you what you'd like, and then you might act as host for the next guest. This is not only informality—it's being caught in a neighborly tempo, a family naturalness.

Before dinner, Lee is in and out, moving between living room and kitchen. It seems to me that every time I've gone into the kitchen to say hello and see how he's doing, what he's doing is mixing up batter for biscuits. This is an unlikely coincidence, but as an image of Lee in the kitchen pre-dinner, it endures, and I find it infinitely reassuring, a living verity. As long as there's someone in the country making biscuits from scratch, *(Continued on page 349)*

Pure and simple: blueberries straight from the vine, country cream

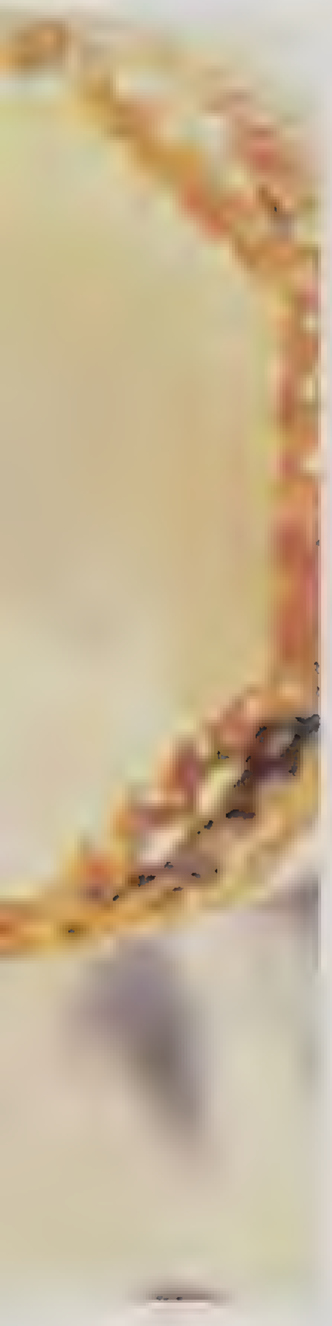
American food, Lee Bailey's way:
as deep-South hearty as corn-and-okra
fritters and ham-and-yam pot-pie;
as subtle and polished as
brandy custards and fresh tomato soufflés.

From *Country Weekends* by Lee Bailey. To be published in June, 1983 by Clarkson N. Potter, Inc. Photographic compilation copyright © 1983 by Lee Bailey Photographs copyright © 1983 by Joshua Greene.

Joshua Greene

Weekend breakfast, a world of time

Bailey surprise: off beat pairing of lima beans and pears



Strictly American treat: crunchy, sweet-potato chips

Summer cooler: brandied iced coffee

Luscious taste of the deep South: corn and okra fritters

Brandy custards with a flourish of sun-ripened berries

instant impact

CLIO GOLDSMITH All-out feminine,

an amused femme fatale, she's acting up

in The Gift . . . and having a great time

You're taken in first by her voice: deep, husky, with overlays of different languages. But the bedroom effect fails as Clio Goldsmith speaks: This small-frame *femme fatale* (she has played eight women with come-hither appeal in Italian and French films since 1980) *chats:* chats at SST speed—and with enormous charm—about everything from Latin man/woman relationships ("It's jolly pleasant") to Clio style ("I always look a frop"), about good looks ("A nice asset. It's not the point of being a woman").

At twenty-five, part English-German-French, Clio hails, she says, from "a family of eccentrics": Her father founded an ecological community in Cornwall; her uncle is publisher of *L'Express;* her mother, once, was a Dior model. Clio is, in large part, vagabond. (Italy now is home. So, too, are Italian husband/TV director Carlo Puri, months-old daughter Talita.) This spring, Clio's come to the U.S., at last: in two French films—*Plein Sud (Heat of Desire)* and *The Gift* (bedroom farce; the bed, of course, is Clio's). Of her work she says, "I've never had such a good time." Of her very real good looks: "I'm not dissatisfied, thank you very much. But beauties, to me, are other people."

Jacket, tap pants from Jackie Rogers. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, George Newell. Fashion, beauty details, stores, see last pages.

Bert Stern

Don't be diverted by Valerie Kaprisky's olive-green eyes and luxuriant, Modigliani neck. This breezily outspoken twenty-year-old French actress plots out her life matter-of-factly. She's also managed to snag one of the most coveted film roles of the year: onscreen this month with resident hunk Richard Gere in *Breathless*, the new L.A. remake of the steamy Godard classic. Kaprisky connects to Monica, the tenacious architecture student she plays. "She knows what she wants. She's organized, very ambitious—like me. Then she falls in love. . . ."

At sixteen, living in Cannes—and exposed to the frenzy of its yearly film festival, Kaprisky made up her mind to be an actress. She moved to Paris alone, finished high school, went to acting school at

VALERIE KAPRISKY At twenty, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] with Richard Gere in *Breathless*

Bert Stern

night. To support herself, she took modeling assignments. "It was hard to do," she says. "But I *did* it." Things didn't turn out too badly. Two weeks after casting agents spied her, she landed *Breathless*.

Her life in Paris is laced with the same instinctive self-discipline. She swims, plays tennis, and, several times a week, goes to the American Center for a session of African dancing. "Part of me will always be a child," admits Kaprisky. "Sometimes it's nice to feel protected. But when I want to take care of someone—when someone needs me—then I'm a woman."

Clothes, *right*, from Gene Pressman and Lance Karesh for Basco; *left*, from Ralph Lauren. I.W.C. Schaffhausen watch at Fortunoff; bracelet, Fortunoff. Hair, Suga of Suga Salon; make-up, George Newell. Details, last pages

A fragrance: powerful attraction

No sense is so subliminal as our sense of smell, affecting our judgment of everything from foods ... to friends. It may turn out that in romance very little is left to chance. Coming up, a look at the sensuality and at the science ...

Makeup, Tyen of Paris

Penn

fragrance
a powerful
attraction

SENSE MEMORIES

By Joan Juliet Buck

First I remember carnations. An entire skiing holiday with a rowdy uncoordinated group from school had the edge taken off its misery by two things: the announcement, over dinner, that Brigitte Bardot had had a baby, and my new bottle of Floris Malmaison, which filled the shared hotel room with the smell of clove carnations, as sharp and precise as a pointing finger with a perfectly oval nail varnished deep red. There was

Not so long ago, it came to me that the search for the perfect perfume had been no more than a search for identity

some reproof in the way it masked the sad smell of little girls' wet tights and the fishy polish we rubbed into our leather ski boots. I was eleven.

Not long after, someone gave my mother a coffer—"*coffret*"— of Guerlain's L'Heure Bleue. It was shaped like a shell, everything that could smell of L'Heure Bleue was there. Perfume, eau de toilette, eau de cologne, dusting powder, and a pair of soaps called Sapoceti and wrapped in white paper with a picture of a whale centered on the top. Suddenly perfume no longer meant masking fish-paste boot polish, but an opportunity to be sensuous, voluptuous, greedy for satin and powder. My mother did not wear L'Heure Bleue, preferring *(Continued)*

Zissou as a ghost, by Jacques-Henri Lartigue, 1905, July, Chatel Guyon, Villa "Les Marronniers." (From *Bonjour Monsieur Lartigue,* a loan exhibition by Jacques-Henri Lartigue from the Association des Amis de Jacques-Henri Lartigue.)

© SPADEM, Paris/VAGA, New York 1983

fragrance: a powerful attraction

(Continued) the elegant tweedy remove of Detchema, which talked back, instead of purring suggestively as did L'Heure Bleue. So, at twelve, I ended up with the gigantic box in my bathroom, where I would peer at the whales on the soaps and wonder whether these were sperm whales, and whether that was why men were supposed to be aroused by perfume, something to do with affinities.

L'Heure Bleue remained forbidden territory for years. My mother had written a short story by that name, which I had read but not understood: it was full of half-said adult things and I figured I shouldn't be wearing the scent until I knew what the story meant. There was a thick and improbable bath oil my father used, though, called Zibeline, which I would filch from their bathroom early in the morning. Zibeline, also known as Secret de Venus, came into my life at the same time as Arrid cream; but its smell, dark and sweet like screens in a harem, blended better with my father's smell of cigars than with mine of dandruff shampoo and sulphur ointment.

My first real perfume was a mistake committed by my father at an airport: a Jean Dessés scent that came in a beautiful oval black leather box. The two oval bottles and the box were remarkable objects, but the sophistication of the essence was way beyond my experience. Whenever I wore it, men jumped on me. A Malaysian waiter attacked me in a coffee house, my math tutor went berserk, men followed me off buses and through the streets. Worse still, it was called Celui, which means: the one of. So that whenever I was asked what my perfume was (often the first question, as it preceded me like a troupe of hungry succubi) I would say "Celui de Jean Dessés," and then I'd be asked, "which one of Jean Dessés" and I'd say "Celui" again, reduced to dumb repetition by a trick of semantics.

At seventeen, I bought a teal-blue velours hat, unblocked, and cracked open the bottle of L'Heure Bleue. A screenwriter who had been one of the Hollywood Ten told me I looked like Hedy Lamarr, but I think I only smelled like Hedy Lamarr. Or smelled the way Hedy Lamarr looked.

At around that age—seventeen, eighteen—the girls I knew began to divide into those who were going to be wives and those who were going to be bohemians, adventuresses, mistresses. The first group, eager to take their place in the neat society that was already in place, chose their perfume according to maker and image. "Calèche is a perfume for blonds" a blond friend said, dousing her Hermès top and carefully avoiding the strap of her Cartier watch and the single mobé pearl that was to keep her ring finger warm until her first marriage. Most of the girls who got engaged early wore L'Air du Temps. The adventuresses followed their noses, saved up to buy Je Reviens for its nagging erotic smell, sought out musk and civet.

I spent a happy summer of transition splashed with Bleu Marine and Amadis, two colognes by Pierre Cardin. Their names are enough to bring back the patch of bright sun, reflected off the water, that made a square on the white tiles of the summer bathroom, where the first grown-up clothes lay in childish heaps by the tub. I thought all of that—the house by the sea, the big bottles of cologne, the sense of endless time—would always be there, but the first to go were the scents themselves, discontinued for lack of popularity.

Back in real life, the time had come to make a choice. First, I went exotic and bought a bottle of Bellodgia, which was almost heavy enough, with its thick knot of flowers, among them the stern carnation. A fellow student, a young Frenchman, wore Poivre by Caron, which was as delicious as the raisins you pick out of lamb curry, as dark and perfect and sweet. Failure to pick this young man out of the lamb curry resulted in a swift turn towards the epicene citrus of an essence of West Indian limes made by Trumpers, hairdressers to King George the VI. I began to collect scents emblematic of renunciation: Vetiver, which sprayed male superiority from a thick gold cap; Jicky, another Guerlain classic, said to have been a favorite of the Empress Eugénie, a scent so elegant that at first contact it presents only lavender, and then develops vistas of gold rooms heaped with precious furniture under freshly laundered dust sheets.

But Jicky was a little aristocratic for the times, which demanded the candid informality of raw sap, of wood chips, of unrefined oils—all of which could be connotated by patchouli. The sense memory of my contemporaries must be forever wound around that dark guttural basso profundo smell, intoxicatingly ugly, unremittingly brown.

Those were days of olfactory overkill. I remember a summer of patchouli on each wrist and behind each knee, vetiver on the air-conditioner filters, sandalwood essence in the bath, incense sticks protruding from every crack in the living room, wafting more sandalwood, patchouli, and vetiver into air that was already dense with peach- and bayberry-scented candles burning into wide waving pools of pastel wax.

It all had to do with proving one's individuality, which we did en masse. The emphatic smells, like all overstatements, are embarrassing now. The choices that followed were just as emphatic, but less a call to the bazaars of the Orient than a recall of the voluptuousness of the women of Brassaï and Lartigue; a way to reintegrate society and its normal equations, but through the attic and the stockroom rather than through the duty-free counters. I remember hunting down discontinued perfumes in small streets in Paris as if they held secrets that I needed in order to survive. Man-trap smells that hugged the body and delivered deadly blows across the dinner table, they were as resolute as the purchase of a single costly peony to put in a vase by the 'twenties chaise longue on a spring afternoon.

Mistress perfumes, troublemaker perfumes, they gathered on the edge of the sink, where the great tragedy was the breaking of a bottle. Because Catherine Deneuve broke an enormous Guerlain bottle in *Belle de Jour,* just before setting off on her double life, I always managed to interpret the loss of glass and essence down the sink as a prelude to risk.

The next step was Tuberose, that of Mary Chess, a smooth carpet of tuberose gardenia petals, and its more lighthearted relative, Robert Piguet's Fracas. Tuberose was dizzying in its gentleness, while Fracas smelled so much like a lady that it coaxed manners from those around me. Ten years ago, the erratic generation was discovering the classics, wearing Femme and Joy.

And then I found the magic oil. In Italy, where the single peony had become a collection of faded silk flowers (in imitation of a great actress I had once interviewed whose four-poster bed was hung with old silk roses), the chaise longue a hotel bed, and

an educated nose

By Shirley Lord

the basic scents were the sweet and now unfindable Via Lanvin and floris-stephanotis oil burning on white rings on the bulbs of lamps, I found the oil of narcissus. Even on a flowering pot of narcissus, one can detect that rubber aftersmell, which masks the brightness of the flower's aura. In the tiny bottle from Santa Maria Novella, Narciso kept its double thrust of white flower and black rubber, and it was so concentrated that a drop on each wrist and two in the bath were enough to set silver running down the walls, to blot out the sun, and set the silk roses breathing again. This was no placebo: It set the world throbbing out of control when I wore it, and would suddenly manifest itself in odd places at odd times, a cruel suggestion of the infinite. I made repeated trips to Florence to replenish my stock, but the Officina refused to sell it in quantities larger than the tiny phials, and even then I was allowed only a few at a time. The duality of the odor, like a Zen Koan, sent the brain spinning; inveigled into calm white, spun into a hammock of silver silk, bathing in a dimension where the temperature was that of the body, and the air was water, then suddenly walloped with darkness out of all that light. I became a little weird. It was only years later that I read in a California herbal book that "Narcissus Tazetta is a lovely flower with a delightful scent, but it is thought that inhaling it too much can make you mad."

The lesson learned was that of the sorcerer's apprentice, but like all lessons, it took a while to sink in. I went on mourning Narciso from thousands of miles away. Eventually, I realized that the gentlemen who blend the perfumes know what they are doing, and young women who want to be exotic and compelling in one-room apartments shouldn't mess with essential oils. Not so long ago, it came to me that the search for the perfect perfume had been no more than a search for identity, which like everything is built up of references over the essential truth, and held back by identification with things outworn. And I discovered there was a new generation of perfumes, which no longer need to smell of soap to be well bred, that don't reproduce the past but sometimes allude to it. And I learned that men's colognes smell better on men, and that the smell of wealth is no longer that of Cuban cigars but of freshly laundered, hand-pressed *(Continued on page 349)*

Can you "educate" your nose, improve your sense of smell? If so, frankly, is it worth the effort? The answer, "yes," is loud and clear from a small body of scientists (about three hundred in number) who now daily research the sense of smell and its increasing importance in our lives. "The human nose knows more than most of us realize," says William S. Cain, Ph.D., who trained in experimental psychology at Brown University and who today directs one of the most respected olfactory research programs in the country at Yale University, where he is associate professor of epidemiology and psychology. To begin with, your nose is as important as your mouth in perceiving *taste.* As Dr. Cain explains, "Food odors travel from the mouth to the base of the nose until they reach the olfactory receptors . . . but there is a qualitative difference between the smell something will have *inside* and *outside* the mouth, one of the reasons we have learned to appreciate wine for its bouquet as well as its taste." To prove his point, hold your nose after taking a sip of wine. The flavor will diminish, returning only when you release your nose. As a vice president of the Fragrance Foundation Philanthropic Fund, set up to create and transmit olfactory knowledge, Dr. Cain points out, "The perfumer and the chef are both keenly interested in how their creations appeal to the emotions and satisfy needs. The physiologist is interested in these issues, too, because he sees the body as a series of regulatory systems, systems that regulate energy via food intake and thermo-regulation . . . systems that create new members of the species through that incredibly complex set of behaviors known as sex. The psychologist, of course, seeks to learn how one piece of behavior fits into and gives insight into the entire fabric of personal and social behavior."

Is it the secret of sex appeal?

It is only in the last two decades that highly technical analytical instruments—able to separate complex biological secretions into identifiable chemical constituents—have led to a greater understanding of odors. "These tools made it possible to explore for the first time the biological activity of constituents in certain airborne secretions from female insects that were of particular potency to males of the same species," Dr. Cain continues. "This 'scented' lure became known as a pheromone—'airborne hormone'—and scientific and lay interest in the phenomenon boomed, prompting an ongoing speculation as to the existence of human pheromones. This contains an element of behavioral scientific 'double-think': that your behavior is best controlled by those cues that you are least aware of. I believe pheromone is an overused term, which refutes the intellectual *(Continued)*

(Continued) process. Odor *does* play a part in interpersonal relationships—in a much wider way than pheromenal—based on principles we already know: that there is very little magic, except the magic of our *lability,* or changeability. Of course, the process of getting to know another person involves that person's 'smell' as well as the sight and sound of him. The way the sense of smell differs from vision and hearing, our prime informational modalities, is in the rate at which we process that information. Vision and hearing process complex codes such as the printed word, the speech signal, etc. with incredible speed. Smell's processing rate is more leisurely—but is still a very definite causeway to knowledge.

"Improving your sense of smell is one way to improve consciousness overall—I call it an 'awakening of awareness'—because there is a duality about the sense of smell. Its signal goes not only to the brain's base, where emotion, sex, hunger, thirst, and thermal regulation are connected, but beyond to higher regions, involved in cognition and memory . . . *and* our wonderful lability to pick and choose . . . to change without effort . . . without wondering why."

Who has the keener sense of smell, man or woman? Dr. Cain attributes the female's apparent superiority to the fact that "a woman is more practiced than a man in sensing the environment through her sense of smell. She 'exercises' it. A man doesn't make the same investment in his appearance as a woman, is less likely to think about fragrance."

Dr. Cain's studies, conducted at the Yale-affiliated John B. Pierce Foundation Laboratory in New Haven, Connecticut, have shown that when both sexes are blindfolded and presented with familiar odorous substances they are initially able to identify about half of them. With various familiar odors, "people enter a tip-of-the-tongue stage and this is the main problem with the sense of smell. Although there are hundreds of thousands of identifiable odors, we have never chosen to develop a special vocabulary for them but instead call a smell by the name of the object from which it arises. The smell of a peach is a peach, the smell of old socks is old socks. Interestingly, in those cases where verbal identification fails, people rarely behave incorrectly toward the object . . . for example, would not *drink* a perfume or put bourbon on their pulse points or suck a cork."

What do these observations mean as far as fragrance is concerned? "As a behavioral scientist," says Dr. Cain, "I believe when you bottle fragrance you bottle meaning!" And what is key to improving your sense of smell? Practice, only practice.

Jeffrey Miles, director of creative services of PFW, one of the largest makers of fragrances and flavors in the world, suggests you start by beginning to evaluate your surroundings in terms of smell, just as you do color and light. Ask yourself direct questions: does the smell please you? Is it soothing, jarring, unnoticeable? Whenever you travel, be aware of different odors and try to put a name to them. Your sense of smell is at its keenest late in the day: wear one fragrance early A.M., another later, and concentrate on the difference between them (see chart, page 306). Dr. Cain points out that the olfactory sense tends to peak at age thirty, but there should still be many wonderful olfactory experiences in store. . . . For the more you practice and "exercise" your sense of smell, the more you will enjoy.

I THINK ABOUT FRAGRANCE ALL THE TIME. MY HOME IS THE BEST PLACE TO WORK; THE AIR IS CLEAN. TONIGHT, I'M GOING TO ASK MY WIFE TO PUT ON ONE OF MY NEW FRAGRANCES TO SEE HOW IT DIFFUSES. YOU MUST HAVE SOMEONE ELSE WEAR IT TO KNOW ITS DIFFUSION, WHICH IS THE MOST IMPORTANT QUALITY APART FROM ITS BEAUTY AND CHARACTER.

—Bernard Chant, senior vice president, chief perfumer of International Flavors and Fragrances, Inc.

The perfumes we extract from natural products, or produce by chemical synthesis, are actually animal sexual odors or allied to the personal odors used to heighten or disguise them. . . Even the perfumes of flowers may be said to be of a sexual character. . . Given out at the reproductive period, they clearly have as their object an appeal to insects, who secure plant fertilization, such appeal having as its basis the fact olfactory sensibility has been developed in insects' mating. —*Studies in the Psychology of Sex* by Havelock Ellis (1928)

Botallus wrote in 1565 about the danger of the scents of flowers... which hinder breathing...a point well recognized by professional singers, who find the violet the most injurious of all.

Do you taste or do you "smell" your food? Experts in the study of the senses know that many subtleties of taste come from your sense of smell—from odors reaching nasal receptors by traveling behind the palate into the nose. The lip color here, Breathtaking Pink by Elizabeth Arden.

Penn

fragrance facts:

Your sense of smell improves as the day goes by: the colder the weather, the bolder your fragrance can be; and, most important, skin oils, coloring affect a fragrance's final result. Here, a guide to help you choose right the first time

	THE TIME			
	EARLY	LUNCH	AFTERNOON	LATE
AMBER/ALDEHYDIC can be smoky, powdery . . . will always be dramatic, even opulent with plenty of "pow" and staying power	*Often too early for such a fragrance statement*	*When "less is more," Nuance by Coty (1975), an alluring suggestion*	*K De Krizia (1981), a compelling surprise, full of Italian vitality and warmth*	*Still making history— and glorious memories, Je Reviens by Worth (1932)*
ANIMAL/AROMATIC--sensual, often expressed with aroma chemicals that deliver with provocative subtlety heady musk, civet notes, other "animal" attractants	Overture or finale, grand appeal of Magie Noire by Lancôme (1981)	Highly strung balance of alluring notes, J'ai Osé by Parfums Guy Laroche (1978)	Whatever you chose earlier will still be there	Galanos by Parfums Galanos (1979), a brilliant explosion of nature
CHYPRE is complex, an earthy blend of moss (oakmoss), wood (sandalwood), flower (jasmine, the most vital essential oil, imparting great "energy" to fragrance), and fruit (citrus)	*A sparkling start to the day— Miss Dior by Parfums Christian Dior (1947)*	*For heroines and headliners . . . Mitsouko by Guerlain (1916)—one of the greatest*	*Recently reintroduced here, more than a touch of nostalgia, Ma Griffe by Carven (1946)*	*That black magic . . . Michelle by Balenciaga (1980)*
FLORAL—from a deceptively simple, single note of, say, muguet de bois, to at least one hundred notes of a floral bouquet—always in season	**Wake up with the first scents of spring, White Linen by Estée Lauder (1978)**	**Tuberose, night-blooming jasmine, "softened" with rose petals, Pavlova by Payot (1977)**	**Candice Bergen was the inspiration for CIE (1977); it shows**	**Jasmine, with the rare Bulgarian rose other exquisite oils, make Joy by Jean Patou (1930) a masterpiece**
GREEN—fresh as newly cut grass or darker, "richer" green balsamic, with tree/plant resins, or "fougère," an interpretation of fern scent	*Bright burst of fragrance— Chanel No. 19 (1972)*	*Charlie by Revlon (1973), spirited, light, not to be missed*	*Artful blend of wild flowers and greenery, Lauren by Ralph Lauren (1978)*	*Oscar de la Renta Pour Lui (1980)— green herbs, dark woods, warm and vital*
MODERN BLEND—an imaginative "mind stretch" on the perfumer's part, merges established essential oils (real/synthetic) with brilliant new technology	**Champagne at breakfast? Why not. New and distinctive fragrance from Germaine Monteil (vintage 1983)**	**Unequivocally "different"—K.L., a glowing new scent from Karl Lagerfeld (1983)**	**"Orchestrated" to perform at different times, Raffinée: Parfums Houbigant Paris (1982)**	**Flowers were never like this . . . new top note research in 1980 makes Mētāl by Paco Rabanne a true original**
ORIENTAL, the most uninhibited, original, and always memorable blend of exotic flowers, herbs, fixatives, deliberately designed to have maximum erotic appeal	An exotic dawn with Youth-Dew by Estée Lauder (1953); a new beginning for fragrance in America	Icing on the cake, Dioressence (1980) by Parfums Christian Dior	Nothing ventured, nothing gained: Bal à Versailles by Jean Desprez (1962)	Never too late for incomparable Shalimar by Guerlain (1921)
SPICY means a seductive fragrance made from clove, cinnamon, ginger, and/or from rich flowers— like carnation and lavender— which carry a spicy note	**Frangipani, a piquant note, makes Albert Nipon (1983) a perfect A.M. fragrance**	**There's no contest**	**Mimosa, carnation, roses give zip to Vanderbilt by Gloria Vanderbilt (1982)**	**Late-night spice for him, Kouros by Yves Saint Laurent (1981)**

THE PLACE

THE PERSON

CITY	COUNTRY	MOUNTAIN	COAST	COOL BLOND	WARM BLOND	REDHEAD	DARK
Ivoire de Balmain by Parfums Balmain (1981), artfully selected "tumble" of flowers, spices, woods—mystery	*Warm and cool undercurrents in appealing Babe by Fabergé (1975)*	*Thinner the air, more intoxicating the atmosphere—to match, the outstanding Oscar de la Renta (1977)*	*Winter or summer, never out of date, the tumultuous floral, Chanel No. 5 (1924)*	*Contrast is everything—Halston by "day" (1975)... Halston Night, too (1981)*	*Calèche by Parfume Hermès (1961), an evocative gold bouquet*	*For skin that lets fragrance escape, the power of Volcan D'Amour by Diane Von Furstenburg (1981)*	*A very special fragrance with stephanotis, ylang ylang, and other floral mysteries—Nocturnes by Caron (1981)*
Mischief note when you least expect it, Missoni by Missoni Profumi S.P.A. (1981)	For him (indirectly, you): Antaeus by Chanel, a breeze of a fragrance (1981)	Cold air, hot scent--one of the hottest, Jövan's Musk Oil (1972)	One of a kind--the cool disturbance of Molinard De Molinard (1980)	Cachet by Prince Matchabelli (1970) --deeply, darkly aromatic	Overkill	A heady profusion of beautiful notes, under-scored with musk, Madame de Carven by Parfums Carven (1979)	Combination of musk, jasmine, amber notes, 7e Sens by Parfums Sonia Rykiel (1981)
Ciao by Parfums Houbigant Paris—as you would expect, rich, elegant, easy to wear (1980)	*Burberrys For Men, a classically clean composition (1980)*	*Coriander interlaces deeper, stronger notes in new Gianni Versace fragrance (1982)*	*Top citrus note adds special piquancy to Mystére by Parfums Rochas (1978)*	*Subtle richness of Intimate by Revlon (1955), lasts A.M. to P.M.*	*Fragile orange flowers, exotic tuberose and jasmine in le Jardin de Max Factor (1983)*	*Pale skin, bright hair—Avon's Fantasque (1982) is worthy of both*	*For the tall, dark, and handsome, J.H.L., a special new fragrance for men by Aramis (1982)*
Like a real gemstone—First de Van Cleef and Arpels (1976), delightful shock to the senses	**At home and abroad, Tatiana by Diane Von Furstenburg (1975), exotic in every way**	**Rose at the summit, Tea Rose Extrait (1983) from The Perfumer's Workshop**	**For Côte d'Azur, sunny shores of Spain, the sublime bouquet of White Shoulders by Evyan Perfumes (1939)**	**As clear and as sparkling as a raindrop, Daydreams by Maybelline (1982)**	**A new exquisite posy—Fleurs d'Orlane (1983)**	**L'Air du Temps by Nina Ricci (1946), the classic floral statement**	**Never to be forgotten, flowers from Guerlain, L'Heure Bleue (1912)**
Light green with floral notes makes Enjoli by Charles of the Ritz (1978) the perfect scent for town	*Eighteenth-century eau de cologne—for both sexes—by Crabtree & Evelyn (1980)*	*Aliage by Estée Lauder (1972), the original sports fragrance*	*As invigorating and dashing as an ozone spray, Quartz de Molyneux (1980)*	*Most appealing: Di Borghese by Princess Marcella Borghese (1978), a gentle mist of green*	*"Seagreen" with lively touch of citrus—Sarogasso from The Perfumers Workshop (1975)*	*Geoffrey Beene (1976), a fresh, enduring lift to the spirits*	*A very grown-up "green"—with tonkin musk touches: Cabochard by Parfums Grés (1958)*
Add a little intrigue, Sand and Sable by Regency (1982)	**A little mystery, a little magic, Laura Biagiotti (1983)**	**Infini by Caron Parfum (1970)—floral refinement at its best!**	**The sunshine fragrance, Azurée by Estée Lauder (1969)**	**A classic choice is better**	**A siren scent, Madame Rochas by Parfums Rochas (1960)**	**A romantic, rare blend, Jontue by Revlon (1975)**	**Unique top note of marigold gives new verve to Niki de St. Phalle (1982)**
Bergamot, musk, more-Must de Cartier by Parfums Cartier (1981)	Don't risk a clash	Nuit de Noel by Parfums Caron (1922), for those with a head for heights	As alluring as the name suggests, Sophia by Coty (1980)	Positive ignition; golden, glowing Chantilly by Parfums Houbigant Paris (1941)	Pheromone by Marilyn Miglin (1977)--a modern Cleopatra's potion	Nothing left to chance, Opium by Yves Saint Laurent (1977)	Unusual mix of jasmine, iris, vetiver, styrax-Symbiose by Stendhal (1979)
Giorgio, Beverly Hills: Rodeo Drive elegance (1981)	**A "private," generous floral, Bill Blass for women (1978)**	**Rich in spice, musk, flamboyant flowers, Island Gardenia by Jövan (1981)**	**A marvelous floral blend of all that's rich and spicy—Calvin Klein (1978)**	**Armani by Giorgio Armani (1982)—evanescent flowers, spcly notes**	**The appeal of Fidji by Guy Laroche (1966) —the soft approach**	**Natchez (1982)—sheer nostalgia from plantation flowers, Spanish moss**	**Quorum by Puig (1982)—for a discerning kind of man**

The new makeup impact

Chrome yellow. Khaki. The hit of fuchsia. "New" colors, new ways of thinking about makeup. The faces here are amazing abstracts: color designs—not real-life makeup—that get the message across fast: the new range, new effectiveness, the new inventive spirit!

Starting point: A strong new color concept . . . Offbeat. Unexpected. Experimental. Inspiring a whole new way of thinking about makeup, about color. First, the extraordinary range of colors—a remarkably different palette with unusual variety: lime, khaki, yellow, and blue lip colorings—colors not usually thought of as working in a makeup sense. The extraordinary faces here and on the pages ahead show you that new color range—with each of the three faces a swatching palette for some of the most effective color groupings this season.

After the striking variety of range, these are colors being played against each other in different ways—offbeat combinations giving new, unusual effects. The bronzed eye, *left,* not pure bronze at all, but a less obvious, more interesting, more sophisticated combination of bordeaux, khaki, and gold, all flecked with an ingrained metallic luster.

What makes these colors suddenly wearable: the fact that they're blended, layered—each shade mixed, combined, sheered, or intensified, seldom used full strength, never used "straight up"; example, the gradation of violet to lilac to paled plum, thinned with white, on the eye, *opposite right* . . . an effect made possible primarily because of the new sheerness of makeup textures, the new lighter formulations.

More news—and big differences in the way we see color being used now as well—different colors going different places, not where they traditionally should. The example of lips with a new depth of color-plus-shine in a suggestion of blue-green, glossed over or under a pinked mauve. Or real yellow—not gold—worn over a neutral buff lip color . . . changing the character of a clear orange—and changing what we view as "acceptable." In these cases—and the cases of other new effects—look for sheerness of texture, and a slight iridescent tinge: that's what makes them wearable, makes them work.

All the unique face designs on these four pages were created for Vogue by master makeup artist Tyen of Paris, a special talent, creative director for Christian Dior . . . showcasing his deft, sensitive handiwork, subtle understanding of—instinct for—color and the interplay of textures . . . as well as a distinct theatrical bent, drawn from his years of experience "designing faces" for the Paris opera and the ballet.

The news of colors mixed, muted... slightly "off" or offbeat

works!

color

The gleam of metallic luster—
now, not only an overlay or a highlight
but in more subtle guises: enriching
the character of the color itself.
And, no longer just an extra or a special
effect, it's become a recognizable
makeup staple...as basic as blusher

The point to note here:
that all the colors swatched
are toned-down, muted—
the palette and abstractions
inspired by makeup designs seen
on runways recently in Japan.
Face, *opposite page,* left side: A halo
of muted greens, blues circling
the eye, a predominance
of yellow highlighter, all
Estée Lauder: Nightforest Green,
Hyacinth and Skylight Blue
eyeshadows; Lemon Grove
highlighter. Cheek color, Athena Rose. Right side:
A showcase for offbeat wine tones, copper-brightened.
All Christian Dior: Gold Fusion eyeshadows palette
(yellow, gold, copper, wine); Rosy Beige cheek color.
Dual pink/orange lip colors on these four pages—
the most important lip shades this season,
in a range of intensities from strong to pale.

On top lip, *opposite page:*
Christian Dior's Tyre Ochre;
bottom lip, Estée Lauder's
All-Day Fuchsia Flame.

Left: One of spring's strongest, most wearable looks—a blend of neutrals, earthy browns, khaki, yellow . . . The colors here, all Revlon: Ipanema Gold and Shy Brown eyeshadows, Bronze Lustre liner. Tawny Red cheeks. Lips on top, Revlon's Mauve On White; bottom, their Buff On White lip color mixed with Gypsy Gold Overglaze (both "On Whites" new in June).

Penn

What makes this easy cotton-knit polo shirt and short pull-on shorts so appealing: the soft blue color with vanilla at the neck. Shirt about $37. Shorts, cotton twill, about $23. Both by Merona Sport. Saks Fifth Avenue; Filene's, Boston; Hudson's; Famous-Barr; The Denver, Denver; Frederick & Nelson. Details, more stores, last pages. The warm-weather, easy-living place on these twelve pages: lovely, unspoiled Port Antonio, Jamaica; makeup, hair cut and styled by Rick Gillette. . . . *Beauty Note:* More pretty color—a lipstick called "Dreams" from Alexandra deMarkoff.

easy does it

It's a breeze to look great, feel great at the beach, in the country.

- ***All it takes: something cool; something relaxed and uncomplicated; and this season—something in irresistible color—from the prettiest pales to the brightest brights***

Denis Piel

easy does it! You couldn't ask for anything simpler or more attractive than the brightly striped cotton coatdress, *this page*, with its newsy big shoulders, its relaxed-but-narrower line. Just slip it on, button it, and you have a terrific dress, coat, beach cover whenever it's warm. From Willi Smith for Willi Wear. About $74. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Furchgott's, Jacksonville FL; John Baldwin; Ultimo, Chicago; I. Magnin. . . .A pretty way to beat the heat, *opposite:* Courrèges' flattering pink cotton-knit camisole (about $65) and comfortable cotton pants—they have elasticized ankles, a drawstring waist (about $185). Available at all Courrèges Boutiques. Tiffany watch. Utica towels by J.P. Stevens. Details, additional stores, next to last pages.

Denis Piel

easy does it! As unself-conscious as a child's T-shirt, Ralph Lauren's crew-neck, to-the-knee cotton-knit dress, *above,* striped in flattering barely-there pastels. About $59. Bloomingdale's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Sarasota FL; O'Neils, Akron OH; Neiman-Marcus; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Honolulu HI. . . . Another uncomplicated Ralph Lauren look, another terrific pale color, *right:* his short pink-and-white T-top with a V-neck, new wide sleeves (about $178), and wide-legged cropped pants (about $238), both in clean, crisp handkerchief linen. Bloomingdale's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Pittsburgh; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Sarasota FL; John Freeman, Tyler TX; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Denver. Details, see last pages. The photograph, *right,* at the Dragon Bay resort.

Denis Piel

easy does it! Now, a summer when cool, appealing dresses that have a little sophistication are not only easy to find . . . you find a wide range. One of the charmers, *this page*, in bold-plaid cotton, has a bib front, a crisscross back (backs are news this season), and a very full, bottom-of-the-calf skirt. Plantation by Issey Miyake. About $262. Mid-May at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; John Wanamaker; Neiman-Marcus; Robinson's, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. . . . *Opposite, top:* The influence of dance/exercise clothes keeps coming. But there's always a fresh approach. From Norma Fink for Theodore, a very short, white cotton-knit dress, the shoulders completely bare, the line very close to the body. You just slide it on, and button the turtleneck. About $65. Tony Anton, NYC; Emphatics, Pittsburgh; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Gidding-Jenny; Theodore, Beverly Hills. . . . *Opposite, bottom:* As "dressed" as many women get at night, Kappi's thin-strapped dress that wraps at the back, has a ruffle all around . . . a little flirt. In polyester. About $100. Mid-May, Lord & Taylor; Razook's, Greenwich CT; Montaldo's; John Baldwin; Balliet's; Gene Burton, Pasadena CA. Towels by Martex. Details, more stores, next to last pages.

easy does it! When you're wearing next to nothing, color really counts! Example: How striking the pure maillot, *above,* becomes when it's cotton-candy pink. Of Antron/Lycra from the Anne Cole Collection. About $39. Saks Fifth Avenue; Burdine's, Fort Lauderdale and Dadeland, FL; Marshall Field's; Neiman-Marcus; Robinson's, Newport Beach, and Beverly Hills, CA; I. Magnin. Watch, Tiffany. . . And the added delight that Angelo Tarlazzi's belted, off-the-shoulder bodysuit, *opposite,* has—in rich sapphire blue. It could easily be the base for a variety of day/night looks. In thin thin wool. About $184. Angelo Tarlazzi, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago. Details, more stores, next to last pages. The pool, *this page*, at Dragon Bay resort. . . . *Beauty Note:* When you're wearing next to nothing in the sun—skin protection counts. Try Germaine Monteil's Strategic Sun Block.

Denis Piel

easy does it! More of the season's pared-down, sophisticated dresses . . . where color makes the point! *Opposite:* From Zoran, in fire-engine red—a sleeveless, boatneck dress of cotton knit—straight, square-cut, tube narrow, and . . . the perfect traveler. About $85. Saks Fifth Avenue; Zoran, Washington DC; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. . . . And from Oscar de la Renta, *right* in a bold, clean, slightly ingenuous print—a wonderful sliver of silk wrap dress. About $1,150. Late May at Saks Fifth Avenue; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Balliet's; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. To order at Neiman-Marcus. Details, more stores, last pages. Martex towel, *left*. In the background, the Trident Villas and Hotel.

Denis Piel

WHEN IT'S HOTTER THAN HOT, THE

AND YOU HAVE TO BE DRESSED...

KEY TO THE CITY

Arthur Elgort

This season, there's a solution—sophisticated city looks—dark, textured, with new shapes, roomy and rounded on top, then narrowing. They're cool, attractive, polished. And—pure gravy—they'll take you into fall. . . . All the news: Adam Beall's thin thin black wool gabardine dress, opposite, with its prophetic shape,

HUMIDITY'S HIGH,

big buttons in back so it's great coming and going. About $460. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus; Esther Wolf, Houston; I. Magnin . . . And from Shamask, in crunchy cotton matelassé, this page—a rounded, asymmetric top (about $280) and skinny midcalf pants (about $210)—with terrific day/night potential. Moss, NYC; Claire Pearone, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Balliet's; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco; Butch Blum, Seattle WA. Details, last pages. These six pages: hair, Christiaan (the boy you see is Christiaan's son, Pieter; makeup, Wesley Dunn for Garren, New York. These photographs taken in and around The Breakers, in Palm Beach.

Security—a black linen suit. Particularly one like Perry Ellis', this page, with its easy, cropped-sleeve jacket and perfect slim skirt . . . its slightly racy air. You see it for day. For evening, think of it over any beautiful silk blouse. Jacket, about $190. Skirt, about $130. Henri Bendel; Jansons on the Plaza; The Denver, Denver; Neiman-Marcus. . . . The dress you count on, especially for travel—a little cotton-knit by Pierre Cardin Sportif, opposite, with this season's easier top, an elasticized waist—takes on another dimension, sharper, more finished in black. About $36. Bonwit Teller, NYC; Kaufmann's; Strouss', Youngstown

KEY TO THE CITY

OH; Milwaukee Boston Store, Milwaukee WI; Harzfelds. Fashion details, see last pages

Arthur Elgort

IF IT WORKS, IT WORKS BETTER...IN BLACK

News: The subtle excitement of deep color played against black. Example, this page, Perry Ellis' soft pants have a built-up waistband (more news) that's inky blue, and a kimono-type top of deep deep green. Pants, about $140. Top, about $100. Both in linen. Bloomingdale's. . . . There's a certain small-boned femininity that adds terrific charm to the finish of André Laug's suit, opposite—a ravishing silk blouse and slim skirt—the perfect two-piece dress. . .with a white linen jacket. Jacket fabric, Lucchini; blouse and skirt, Gandini. Turnout, about $3695. Martha; Neiman-Marcus; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Fashion details, last pages.

KEY TO THE CITY: BLACK WITH DARK COLORS...THE DIFFERENCE IN A SUIT

Arthur Elgort

VOGUE'S Last Word

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

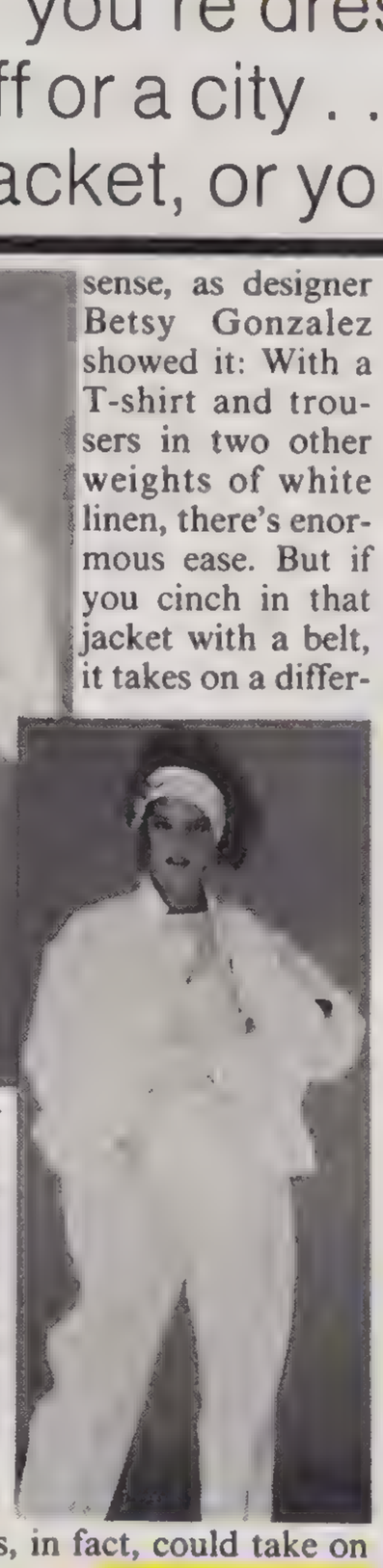
What works and what doesn't: If you're dressing in black clothes, white clothes, things for hours-off or a city . . . if it's simply summer makeup, a great jacket, or your favorite white pants

What works? With a pair of white pants, the answer seems obvious: One of the reasons why you rely on some version of them, summer after summer, is their versatility; they take almost any top, with ease. It's a fact, you'll find, that's especially true this season: when pants are more likely to be crisp trousers than something a bullfighter—or Balinese dancer—would happily wear. **But classic trousers—those favorites—needn't look exactly as they always have; there are easy ways to get a bit more charm when you're wearing them.** The key? This summer it may be, simply, adding a top cut on a somewhat different scale. Most often, a top that's cut bigger.

The Calvin Klein white sweater, *below*—with a clean wide neck, cropped deliberately short—has another sort of scale: small, neat, it skims close to the body. It has the same small-size appeal you might get from a tank top with deep armholes—or from a buttoned man's vest with no shirt beneath. **As a general rule-of-thumb: The best tops, this year, aren't tight, molding tops; there's a degree of ease. You'll go for a barer—sparer—neck than, say, a collared polo shirt has.**

In a city, with white trousers—like Calvin's satin-linen ones, *left*—you might reach for a linen tank in black, in navy or khaki; add a broad straw belt and heels. The details that make the picture, *left:* With white, the pleasure of a splash of bright color—from a chrome-yellow beret and heels; of a white man's-style belt—a decidedly long belt—belted small.

In a season of whites (and more whites) some white pieces provide more options in ways of wearing them; in a white jacket, that versatility may evolve simply from a bigger—roomier—scale. We photographed the white jacket, *above center,* in its most casual sense, as designer Betsy Gonzalez showed it: With a T-shirt and trousers in two other weights of white linen, there's enormous ease. But if you cinch in that jacket with a belt, it takes on a different degree of finish—and you've got real city dressing. You could belt the jacket over a small bright-colored T-shirt dress; put it with a narrow grey linen skirt, black belt, black linen shell and dark stockings. Any of these white Betsy Gonzalez pieces, in fact, could take on other—more citified—uses. **The jacket's bigness is what makes its movability.**



The Calvin Klein cardigan, *above left,* may be made of a white-cotton sweater knit; but its clean tailoring and longer length, in truth, make it very much a jacket. When you belt it tightly (as it is, *above*), and put it with a narrow white skirt, it gives you a look as "dressed" as almost any suit's. Don't be fooled, though, by the picture, *above:* unbelted, this "jacket" falls straight, with versatile ease. You could layer it over a summer T-shirt and pants, a small dress, over most anything in summer when you want a bit more warmth—or polish.

You'll find some differences in working makeup in this issue: something quite different for white clothes than when you're wearing with summer blacks. The trick? Usually, a different emphasis on eyes and lips. White clothes reflect light on the lower part of the face, take subtler—tawny—lip color; but eyes get played up—with shadow in smoky greys and browns. With black clothes, often, you go for the reverse effect: more color—more emphasis—on lips, to hold up to the draining black that's beneath your face. But then you cut back, somewhat, on what you put at your eyes: it's a question of focus—and not looking "painted."

Every year, it seems, you search for dark summer city-dressing. This summer, those pieces exist . . . and (as in those photographs, *below*), most often, in black. You'll find: **Black, usually, works best when there's some bareness involved.** You might get that from a more open neck (look at Perry Ellis' black suit, *bottom right*); or from sleeves or pants legs you roll up. You may want a black skirt a bit shorter than most—and show a longer expanse of leg in sheer black stockings and heels. But when your legs are tanned—and bare—that's when you may also like a colored shoe.

In terms of accessories, this summer's hands-down winner could well be sunglasses. In all black—or black lensed and framed in a bright color—they're immediate attention-getters; in this issue, we used them again and again. The appeal? It has to do with wit and a certain racy style. ▽

"Feeling fresh is important, but so is comfort. The hour-glass shape of Lightdays gives me comfortable protection all day long.

"As a financial analyst, some of my days go from 7:30 to 7:30. What I'm looking for in a panty liner is freshness, protection and comfort. Especially on busy days when I might have to go out with clients after work. That's why I use Lightdays. They're the thinnest, and with their special shape, they keep me fresh and comfortable no matter how long the day goes on."

—Patricia Shean

More and more busy working women everywhere are adding Kotex® Lightdays PantiLiners to their daily routine. They're very thin and very delicate, with three adhesive strips to keep them in place. For a freshness that lasts all day long.

When to use them: For extra protection when you have your period, Lightdays help guard against discharge or spotting. And they're perfect anytime you want to feel a little bit fresher.

The Comfort-Design™ PantiLiner

Lightdays are designed like no other panty liner. The unique hourglass shape curves where you curve. A special design that makes Lightdays the comfortable way to feel just-showered fresh.

Why does a financial analyst like Patricia Shean choose Lightdays®, the Comfort-Design™ PantiLiner?

The Comfort-Design™ PantiLiner.
For just-showered freshness anytime.

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Challenge nature's oldest law with younger-looking skin.

It's one of nature's oldest laws. And it happens every day. No matter how young you are. On the topmost layer of your skin, old dead cells are building up. They're dulling your face. Hiding healthier, smoother and most importantly, younger-looking skin underneath.

It took dermatologists years to understand this law of nature. So it's only natural that a dermatologist would challenge it. And develop Buf-Puf.®

Buf-Puf is a sixty-second beauty treatment that's as simple as washing your face. With a little difference. Because Buf-Puf, used with your favorite soap or skin cleanser, not only removes dirt and oil. Buf-Puf cleanses deeper, buffing away the dead, dull, older skin cells. Gently buffing up the healthy glow of younger-looking skin underneath.

Buf-Puf's finely textured surface leaves your skin tingling. So you feel the glow of youthful vitality, while you see it on your face.

Nature's oldest law, notwithstanding.

Buff up the young each day.

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HEALTH *style*

The need for privacy . . . "surprise" allergies . . . cooking techniques that cut fat and calories . . . abortion/fertility link? . . . balancing your life

One goal of the calendar *above*: "To put more health activities into your life schedule, so you get more health back," says Deborah Szekely. For the same aim, Chris Silkwood of The Phoenix Spa, Houston, advises drawing a circle—"the pie of life"—and indicating "slices" representing the amount of time you devote to physical, emotional, intellectual, spiritual pursuits. "If you don't like what you see, decide to change it."

every woman's goal: more balance and organization in her life, which can be achieved by making better use of her calendar, notes Deborah Szekely, founder of The Golden Door and Rancho La Puerta spas. Her plan, at *left*: color-coding your datebook—for all your different activities, from health to fun to obligation. "Consider your calendar as your autobiography. It lets you know how your life is spent. Study it as you study your life. Reassess goals. When you run out of challenge, you run out of growth."

Ways to "streamline" your daily calendar:

- Group similar appointments. Ask the plumber and locksmith, for example, to come the same morning. Book beauty time—haircolor, cut, manicure—all in a row.
- Establish a regular fitness schedule—and remember that the best benefits come from every-other-day aerobic workouts.
- Get help from others. Seek out a florist who delivers; ask the housekeeper to do errands.
- Set aside a morning a week for non-urgent phone calls.
- Recognize that you may need one night a week to relax—by yourself/with family. Learn to evaluate your evening social schedule as carefully as you do your business day—and how to say no (more on this, page 336).

Time code: Lavender for fun. Red for health. Grey for time-wasters. Green for mind-expanders. Aqua for obligations.

ROWING It's a great upper-body strengthener—as well as a good aerobic workout. That's the reason that more and more health clubs are installing rowing machines—many of which feature leg-strengthening equipment, too. Another option: exercise bicycles with oars.

Injuries

What to do if you have post-exercise pain: Many doctors recommend aspirin as an anti-inflammatory agent. Non-aspirin (acetaminophen) pain relievers can help to reduce the sensation of pain, but don't seem to diminish inflammation—often a major cause of discomfort, note members of the American College of Sports Medicine in the Bufferin Sports Injuries booklet (available for $1 from Box 537, Coventry CT 06238). Once the pain diminishes, begin slow, *gentle* exercise—unless your doctor says no. Then gradually work back up to a regular exercise plan over a period of weeks, not days.

Color—whether you see it in the clothes you wear or in the environment around you—is one of the strongest nonverbal communicators. So-called warm colors—oranges, yellows, reds—seem to stimulate the body's respiratory and nervous systems, while those known as cool—blues, violets, greens—seem to have a more calming effect. Equally important to the way that we feel in a particular space: lighting. "In general, the brighter the light, the more it can lift our feelings," notes psychiatrist Ira Glick, M.D., of the Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic/The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. The one exception: the glaring overhead light often found in offices, which can be discomforting, even lead to headaches and tension. Better: a non-glaring desk lamp.

Photo: ANDREA ALBERTS Hair and makeup, Andrea Bowden; shirt, Calvin Klein. Details, stores, last pages

HEALTH *style*

DIET

The right cooking techniques can shave off unnecessary calories without altering flavor or sacrificing appeal. The tips, below, are good training for more fat-conscious (less!) eating . . . whether you're reducing or not. They're from Randi Blaun's "The Incredibly Lazy Person's Guide to a Much Better Body (In Only Six Weeks)"—a new attitude/exercise/diet book that adds compassion and humor to the effort of losing weight. . .

● Measure out 1 level tablespoon and teaspoon each of mayonnaise, butter, and cooking or salad oil. Memorize what these quantities of butter and mayo look like on the tip of a knife, on bread, and on top of some tuna fish. Memorize what the oil looks like spread on the bottom of a frying pan and in a salad dressing jar. Once you've done that, you'll never again go overboard.

● From now on, use no more than one teaspoon of oil in the vinaigrette in your salad. You don't need more.

● Note grams of fat per serving on food labels. Multiply by 9. That's how many calories you're getting from fat.

● Trim all visible fat from meat before cooking.

● Poach chicken and fish in wine (the alcohol calories evaporate) and herbs.

● Broil, roast, or braise meats instead of frying.

● Use non-stick cooking spray whenever possible for frying. Eggs, hash browns, and pancakes all taste fine without fat.

● When frying is inevitable, start off food in cooking spray, and add a few drops of oil for flavor in the last few minutes.

● Pat hamburgers and steaks with paper towels after cooking to remove fat.

● Try making favorite recipes with half the oil called for. Use good-quality oil—a little goes a long way.

● Refrigerate cooked stews and pot roasts overnight. The fat will rise to the top and harden, making it easy to remove before reheating to serve.

● Prepare marinated vegetable and bean salads in sweetened vinegar or lemon juice without oil.

● Use lemon juice, spices, and herbs on cooked vegetables instead of butter.

● Thicken gravy with puréed vegetables (carrots, leeks) cooked in broth with sherry rather than using fat and flour.

● Make more vegetable entrees, using meat as a side dish.

● Top potatoes with low-fat yogurt and chives rather than sour cream.

● Create creamy low-fat salad dressings out of cottage cheese, buttermilk, or yogurt, and herbs whirled in your blender.

● It is possible to wean yourself down to one sweet tooth instead of a full set. Just eliminate added sugar gradually from coffee, fruit, and anywhere you don't really need it.

● Experiment by cutting sugar in pastry recipes in half, substituting fruit juices such as apple, orange, prune and pineapple. Because this also provides moisture, it lets you cut down on oil and fat, too, another calorie-cutting bonus.

● Try using more "sweet" spices such as cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, and ginger in baked goods instead of so much sugar.

● Don't use so-called coffee whiteners—they are loaded with sugar and saturated fat. Use evaporated low-fat or skim milk instead.

● Make high-calcium milkshakes out of skim milk, nonfat dry milk, with vanilla or fruit, and a bit of sugar or honey.

● Use whole-wheat all-purpose or pastry flour in baked goods and for dredging meat or fish. If you don't mention it, the diners won't know the difference.

● Keep sliced fresh vegetables in a bowl of ice water in the fridge for snacking.

● Look through Italian, Indian, and Spanish cookbooks for interesting ideas on how to serve vegetables as a main course, automatically cutting calories.

● Make a habit of eating foods that must be peeled, chewed a lot, cracked, or otherwise "worked for," such as oranges, artichokes, nuts and seeds in the shell. It's all too easy to down 500 calories worth of naked peanuts without realizing it. If a food is hard to get at, eating time is slowed down, and fewer calories are consumed. Also, eating is more fun and somehow more of a satisfying experience when you get to fondle and play with your food.

● Stock your desk at work with good things to nibble on, such as dried fruit, crackers, popcorn, or seeds, so you won't have to resort to candy and cake or other empty-calorie "fat bombs" from the coffee wagon when you're hungry.

● The more you eat at one sitting, the more will be stored as fat. So become a nibbler—eat small meals more often, throughout the day. And don't save all your calories for a big dinner. Have something light during the day, so your body won't think it's fasting.

Adapted from "The Incredibly Lazy Person's Guide to a Much Better Body (in Only Six Weeks)" by Randi Blaun. Copyright © 1983 by Randall Blaun. Reprinted by permission of Linden Press/Simon & Schuster, Inc. Excerpted with permission of Elizabeth H. Backman & Co

Mind/body luxury

The Horai Inn at Izu Mountains, above —one hour from Tokyo and a "thermal stop" for Japanese businessmen—is where one can be pampered with Shiatsu (pressure-point) massages and treated to healthful Japanese meals . . . Most rejuvenating: the ritual soak in the communal bath—which looks out to the sea. You take the 100° mineral-spring water three times a day, alternating with scrubs, cold-water rinses. The temperature changes are reviving, the hot water softens skin.

Japanese spa attitude: not so much a means to retrieve lost good habits as part of a healthy way of living

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- ✓ Enriched C is pure. No salt, no sugar, and no preservatives.
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- ✓ It has added phosphorus, an important mineral that makes up a major part of bones and teeth.
- ✓ Without an adequate amount of phosphorus, B vitamins can't help convert food to energy.
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ROOM OF OUR OWN...

Time and a place to be alone. It's no longer a luxury. Now, when our jobs and families demand more of us, we need solitary moments to examine the things we're doing, to organize our schedules and set priorities . . . time, simply, to relax. The time we have to ourselves can greatly enhance the quality of time we spend with others, our performance at work, and the attitudes with which we consider the different aspects of our lives.

Love, work . . . and privacy: why time to yourself is a basic, vital ingredient to your overall health, well-being

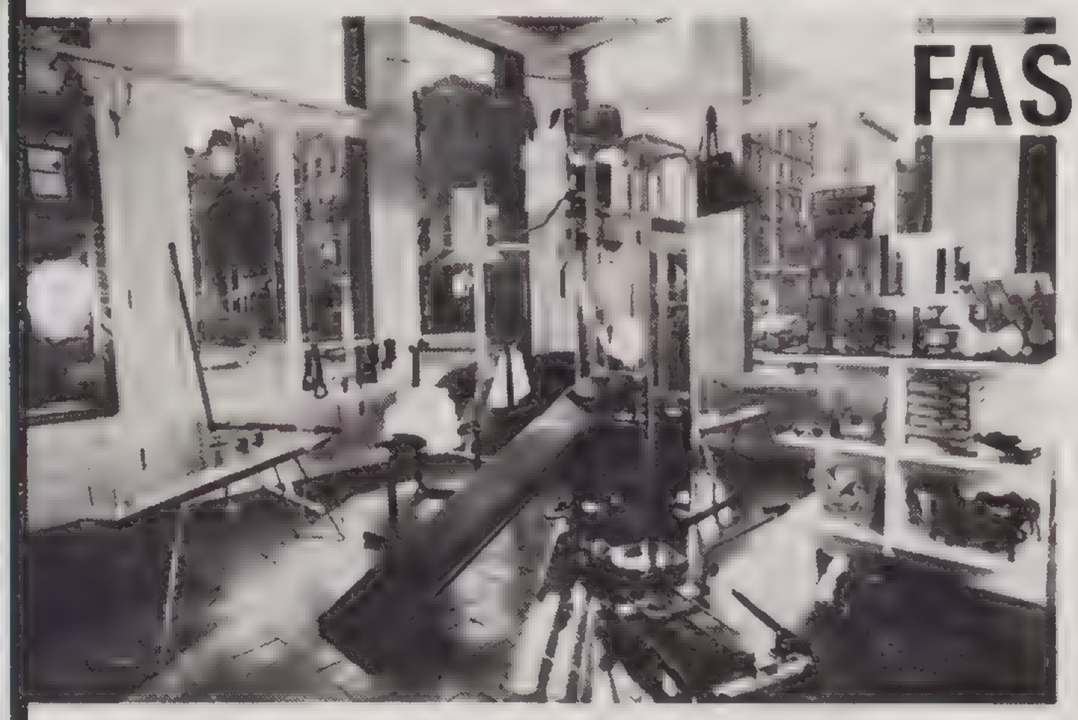
"I think an hour a day is an absolute must, just to have as quiet time," says Sandra Samaniego, Ph.D., clinical psychologist, Lenox Hill Hospital, NYC. "A lack of time to ourselves can make us overstressed. The human body knows when it's had enough. We'll get physically sick or emotionally quite frazzled."

How and where to find that time can be difficult. According to the National Association of Home Builders, houses being built in this decade often have as little as half the square footage of homes built as recently as the 1970s. Under a crowded roof, solitude is hard to achieve.

New York City architect Peter Wilson says, "the door as a symbol is important so that you can retreat from houseguests, spouse, children; but acoustical privacy is a big issue, too. The reality of acoustics is the more mass, the more privacy. But, contemporary materials are lighter. So you need absorbent materials inside the space from which you are generating noise—books, drapes, carpeting (cut pile is best), clothing—to cushion, absorb the sound."

But, even before finding the time and setting to be alone, a woman has to believe that she needs and deserves that time. "We have to work on de-programming ourselves of the guilt associated with telling children and husbands, 'I need time to myself,' " says Dr. Samaniego. "It's important to say in a few brief, gentle words that you need a little time to unwind, to be on your own; then you can spend more time with your family later in a more relaxed way. It will probably have to be said more than once if you have conditioned people to see you as available all the time. It's all right to say no. It keeps us sane."

DOES LESS SALT MEAN TOO LITTLE IODINE? *Do people on low-salt diets get enough iodine? Iodized salt is a main source of this trace nutrient essential to our body's production of thyroid hormones. Iodine deficiency can lead to goiter—or thyroid enlargement, most often found in people who live in mountainous regions far from the sea—but the average adult needs only 150 micrograms of iodine per day (slightly more for pregnant or lactating women), an amount easily acquired in a diet that includes spinach, meat, milk, eggs, certain breads. David Kleinberg, M.D., chief of endocrinology at the New York Veterans Administration Medical Center, explains that "additional iodine supplements are rarely needed except in states of extreme iodine deprivation which don't usually occur in this part of the world. Though it's rare, patients on extremely low-salt diets who also take large doses of diuretics may need some supplementation."*



FASHIONABLE FITNESS

MORE SIGNS THAT THE "CRAZE" HAS BECOME A STYLE OF LIFE: FITNESS "BOUTIQUES" IN DEPARTMENT STORES LIKE SAKS FIFTH AVENUE FOR WARM-UP SUITS WITH DESIGNER LABELS. EQUIPMENT, TOO, HAS BECOME DESIGN-ORIENTED. NEW YORK CITY'S AD HOC SOFTWARES IN SOHO *(ABOVE),* STOCKS ONLY EXERCISE MACHINES AND GEAR THAT "BLEND WITH BEDROOM OR BATHROOM FURNITURE." CLEAN LINES, NEUTRAL (BLACK, WHITE, GREY, JOLTS OF RED) COLORS. ULTIMATE MERGER? EXERCISE WHERE YOU SHOP: MACY'S NEW YORK, OFFERS ONE-HOUR CLASSES, MONDAY-FRIDAY.

JADE ALBERT

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First and foremost, it is state-of-the-art nutrition. A weight loss formula that is not a drug. That does not contain diuretics, amphetamines, or even preservatives. It is a formulation of wholesome natural food ingredients containing carbohydrate, fat, dietary fiber, and first-quality protein, plus 100% of the USRDA (recommended daily allowance) of vitamins and minerals. In addition, it contains the full spectrum of the National Academy of Science's recommendations for electrolytes and trace elements. These nutrients your body needs every day for health and vitality have been scientifically balanced in a breakthrough diet which can be used for rapid, effective weight loss now—and later, with the Cambridge Maintenance Program, you can achieve a foundation of life-long nutrition and lasting weight control.

There is no diet offered to the public like the Cambridge Diet. In fact, it is so different it has been granted worldwide patents.

Why it works so quickly and safely.

The sensible and safe way to lose weight successfully is to reduce your daily caloric intake without depriving the body of the nutrients it needs for good health. The unique Cambridge Diet formulation concentrates these vital nutrients into a variety of flavorful "micro-calorie meals." Easy mix-in-a-minute meals that make this diet the simplest of all to follow. Three of these meals a day provide a tasty, satisfying, weight-loss-assuring 330 calories. And because the diet is metabolically-balanced in its protein-to-carbohydrate ratio, your body burns off stored excess fat, as energy, rather than the protein needed to preserve lean body tissue.

Think of it this way. For every pound you are overweight, your body has 3,500 excess calories in stored fat to lose. This diet helps you metabolize fat as energy and thereby lose unwanted pounds.

It's been researched and tested for 8½ years.

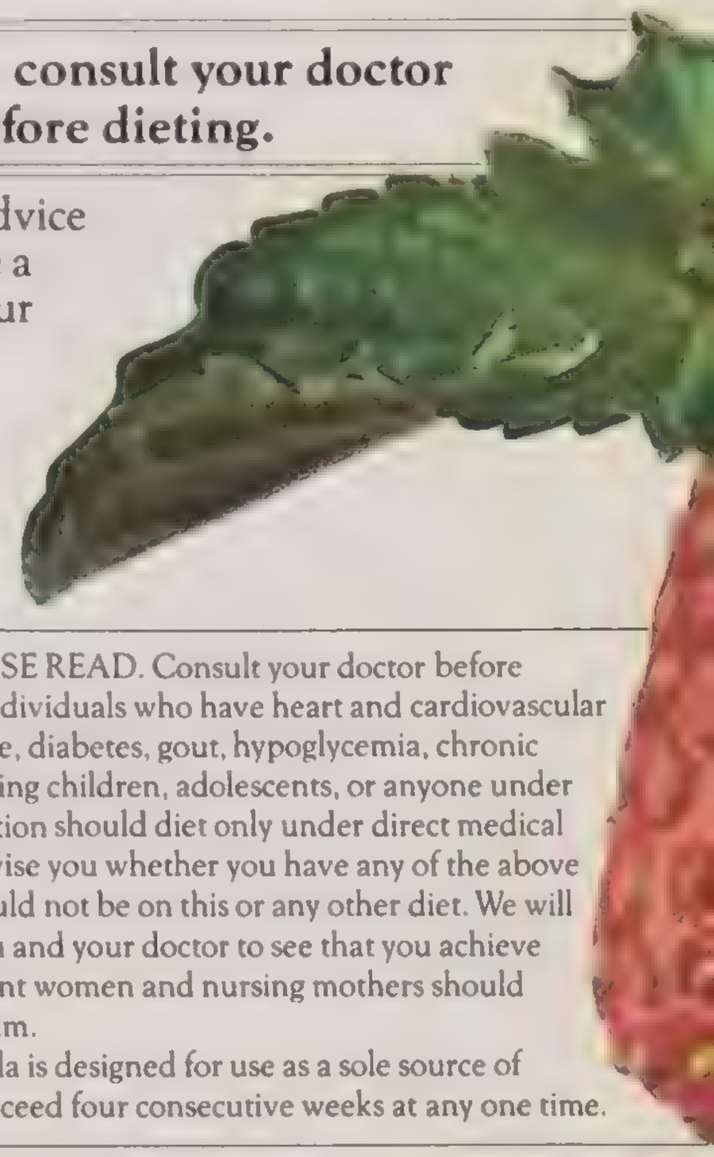
The diet was invented by Alan N. Howard, Ph.D., of the Department of Medicine, Cambridge University. He is Chairman of the British Food Education Society and an internationally acclaimed authority on obesity and cardiovascular disease. Dr. Howard and his colleagues, who researched and developed the Cambridge formula, gave it the longest clinical testing period of any diet in history. Closely monitored clinical trials were run on hundreds of people to prove the diet's efficacy and safety. And at the Third International Conference on Obesity in Italy in 1980, twenty-one doctors and medical researchers from five countries presented nine scientific papers on clinical tests of the diet. Their research showed the diet to be safe and effective.

The Cambridge Diet Plan puts you in control.

People who've been on the Cambridge Plan frequently comment on how it puts them in control. You have a way to control your weight, for now and forever. To control your appetite. To control the way you look and feel. Whether your goal is to lose 5 pounds or 100, the Cambridge Diet Plan can help you. More rapidly, more effectively, more pleasantly than you thought possible.

Of course, consult your doctor before dieting.

A doctor's support, advice and monitoring should be a part of any diet. So ask your doctor, and work along with him or her to insure success.



IMPORTANT NOTICE—PLEASE READ. Consult your doctor before starting this diet. In particular, individuals who have heart and cardiovascular conditions, stroke, kidney disease, diabetes, gout, hypoglycemia, chronic infections, the very elderly, growing children, adolescents, or anyone under medical care for any other condition should diet only under direct medical supervision. Your doctor can advise you whether you have any of the above conditions or for any reason should not be on this or any other diet. We will be happy to work along with you and your doctor to see that you achieve the exact results desired. Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not be on any weight-loss program.

The Cambridge Diet formula is designed for use as a sole source of nutrition for periods of not to exceed four consecutive weeks at any one time.

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You can't buy the Cambridge Diet in a drugstore or a supermarket, because we care about your success. Therefore, the Cambridge Plan. A personal support system involving you, your physician, and the Cambridge Counselor. The Cambridge Counselor not only provides you with the diet itself, but provides you with important support, help and encouragement along the way. Your Counselor will be an integral part of your success. Each one has been on the Cambridge Diet. So you don't ever have to feel as if you're going it alone. And if you enjoy a group support system, your Counselor can arrange for you to attend positive, reinforcing group meetings.

Call 800-538-9560.

(In California, call 800-682-9261.) If you want to start on the Cambridge Diet and Nutrition Plan right now, or if you want more information, call our toll free numbers for the Cambridge Counselor in your area. (If the toll-free line above is busy, call 800-528-6050, extension 1101.) There is no obligation so please don't hesitate to call even if you only have questions. Or, write to to Cambridge Plan International, Dept. V01, Garden Road, Monterey, CA 93940—(Please include your name, address, zip code and telephone #.) Or look for this symbol in your area.

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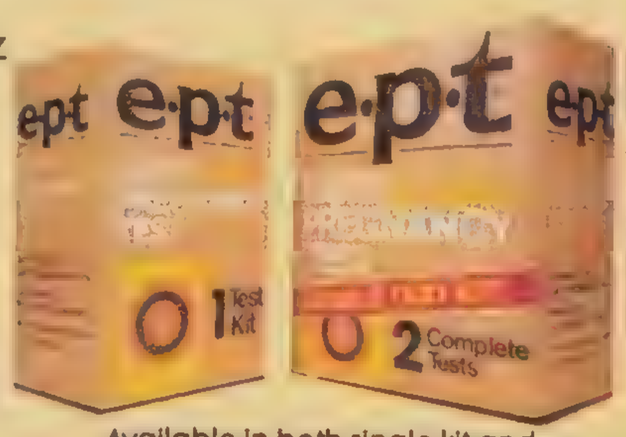

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VOGUE'S HEALTH style

Q&A

Allergies . . .
abortion
and fertility . . .
treating
brown spots . . .
fluoride rinses

Is it possible to develop an allergy to a pet I've lived with for a long time?

According to Murray Dworetzky, M.D., physician in charge of the allergy clinic at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, the answer is yes. "But we're really not sure why it can sometimes take months or years for allergy symptoms to show."

An allergy is the overproduction of a particular kind of antibody against an ordinarily harmless substance (allergen) that would not cause symptoms in a nonallergic person. What you have may not even be an allergy. "There are many other factors that could cause the same symptoms: sensitivity to toxic substances, contaminants in foods, irritation from cigarette smoke, or even job-related stress," says Dr. Dworetzky.

If you think you are allergic to something, the simplest solution is to avoid it. If this doesn't work, contact a specialist: the American Academy of Allergy and Immunology, 611 East Wells Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202, can provide names in your area.

Will having an induced abortion have any effect on my later conceiving or bearing a child?

There has been much controversy on this subject, reports obstetrician/gynecologist Jonathan Scher, M.D., in his book *Will My Baby Be Normal?* (with Carol Dix; Dial; out next month), a straightforward question-and-answer guide to pregnancy.

"There is much underlying guilt in many women who have had abortions . . . and the fear that somehow their 'wrong-doing' will be punished later on when they are trying to conceive. [But the fact is that] the likelihood of a past abortion affecting subsequent wanted pregnancies in the U.S. today is *nil* as long as the abortion was performed properly by a qualified doctor under clinic or hospital conditions, and at a reasonably early stage in the pregnancy.

Having said that, I must add it does hold true that abortions beyond the first eight weeks of pregnancy, especially a number of such abortions, may increase the risk of future miscarriage; either because of pelvic infection or from stretching of the cervix. In the latter case, the cervix will dilate early in the pregnancy (known as cervical incompetence), which may cause a second-trimester miscarriage. Even that is very unlikely unless you had an extremely traumatic (physical, not psychological) abortion, in which the cervix was forced or torn."

What are the brown spots that have started appearing on my face and hands? What's the best way to get rid of them?

"All brown spots are not the same and should be evaluated by a doctor, not treated at home," according to Hillard H. Pearlstein, M.D., assistant clinical professor, dermatology, Mt. Sinai School of Medicine in New York City. "Most turn out to be insignificant lesions—age spots, liver spots, or lentigines—induced by years of overexposure to the sun, but they could also be skin cancer—which should be treated immediately. Any sign of a brown spot's enlarging, becoming thicker, or developing a crust is also a reason to consult your physician immediately."

The best prevention for brown spots is to stay out of the sun, or to use a sunblock. There are a variety of methods to remove or fade spots. "If over-the-counter bleaching creams are not effective," says Dr. Pearlstein, "a doctor can prescribe one with a higher concentrate of the lightening agent hydroquinone, but it must be used under medical supervision and there tends to be a high incidence of allergic reaction. Chemical peeling and cryosurgery (freezing) can be used, but electrodesiccation (burning off overpigmented skin with an electric needle) is the solution I prefer."

Can at-home fluoride rinses help to prevent cavities? Is it only children who might need them?

Dentists note that fluoridated dental rinses can be an aid in prevention of tooth decay—if used in conjunction with a good oral hygiene routine including brushing and flossing. Fluoridated rinses (Colgate's Fluorigard is one) are most often recommended for children (even those who drink fluoridated water), teenagers who wear braces, and adults who are especially prone to cavities or periodontal disease, or who don't/can't brush efficiently.

In addition, recent research has shown that fluoride tablets, taken by pregnant women in their last six months of pregnancy, can be an effective means of cavity prevention in children. Such a program must always be under a doctor's supervision, however. ▽

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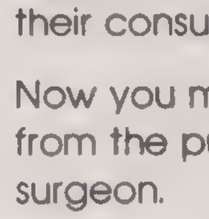

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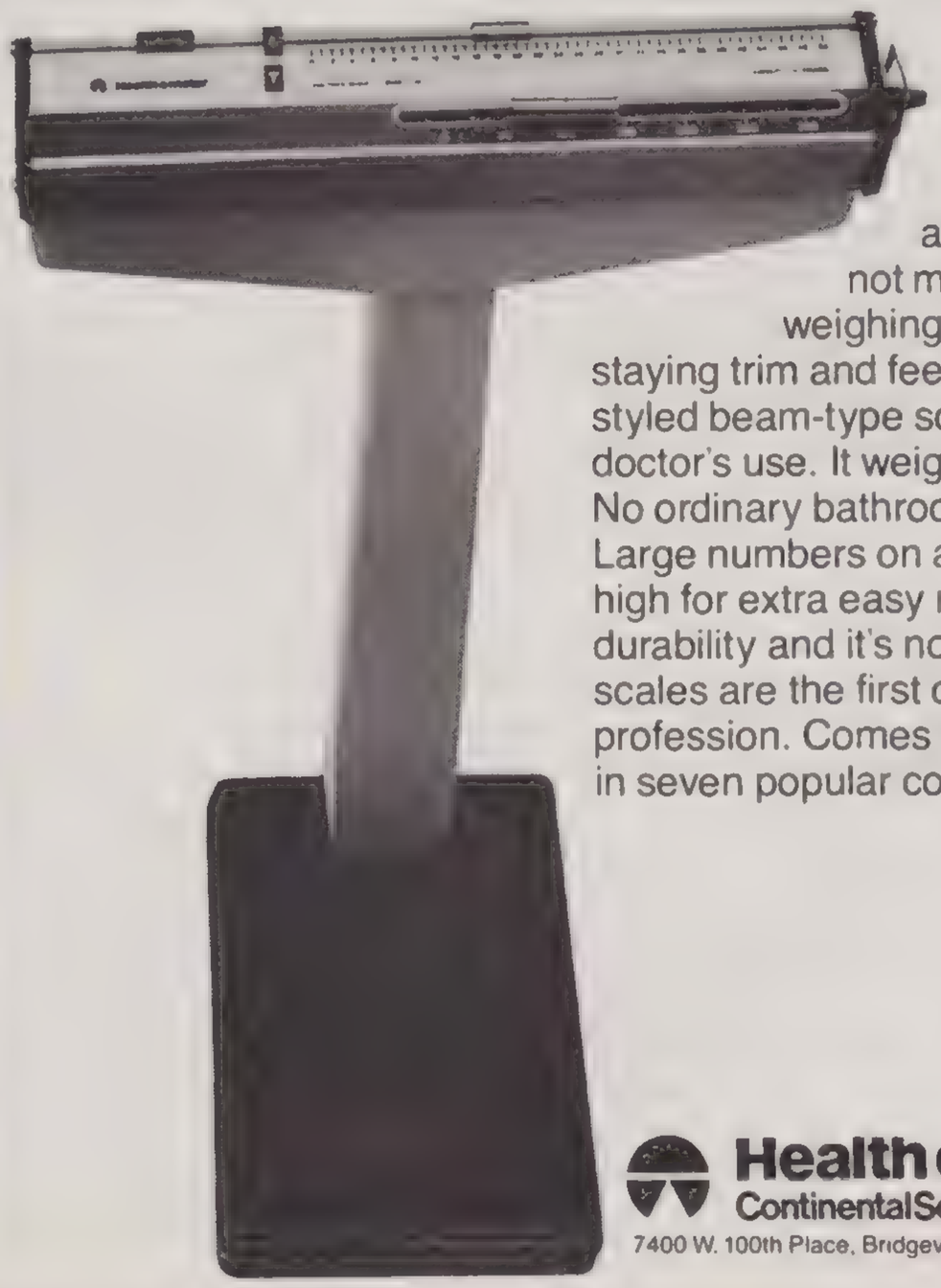

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"ANCIENT EVENINGS"

(Continued from page 279)

returned as well to that black alcove in the Pyramid with the light of the star on the water, able to know from this memory of childhood that my guide for the Land of the Dead had been a man of great esteem when he was among the living. And learning this, I was carried along on that stream of sensation which came to my hand from his bent fingers, and leaned forward, and to my great surprise gave him a kiss, there in the darkness, on his withered lips.

They opened like the dirty skin of an apricot just pulled from a dusty tree, and I felt the ripe warm flesh of a mouth so rich with sensuous promise that the kiss even lingered on the air after I drew back, and by that movement must have turned in my mind to Menenhetet and my mother sitting together on the roof garden in carnal silence.

I do not know how long it was before they were finally alone, but now the guests were gone, and my father had departed as well—where to, seemed hardly to my mother's concern—and even I was gone so far as anyone might know, for I had wandered to the other side of the roof, and, in fascination, was looking down on the last of the guests strolling through the avenue of flowers in the long garden below. The moon had risen and by its light the water in the wading pool was so brilliant that I could nearly see the captive fish. The servants of Menenhetet had searched the marshes and swamps with their nets that afternoon to find the most brilliant examples of the sun and the moon in gold and silver fingerlings.

My great-grandfather's gardens were much talked about in Memphi. But for the estates of the Pharaoh, there may not have been another superior to it. The pool was renowned for the work of the craftsmen who had laid out decorations in tile that looked like flowers but were composed of rare stones—garnet and amethyst, carnelian, turquoise, lapis lazuli and onyx were some. I knew their value when the servants who guarded the pool looked back at me with the eyes of falcons: they were responsible that none of the gems came loose from their setting or were stolen. Such a loss would have been worth one of their hands.

In fact, there were white wooden posts in the fields of vegetables beyond the avenue of flowers, and you could find more than one withered hand nailed to a post, or even showing the white of the bone next to the white of the post. They made an atrocious sight at the head of these fields of wheat and barley and lentils, these plots of onions and garlic, cucumber and watermelon, but the fields prospered. There was a gaiety in the fields like the prosperity of Gods, as if the marrow of merriment came up from divine bellies, up through the earth.

That afternoon I had wandered past the lanes and arbors of my great-grandfather down to the ferns and eel-ridden marshes at the rear of his lands. His high ground was an island now in the flood, and the marshes looked like lakes with no trail through them, so I came back by way of the vineyards and picked the grapes and wandered through arbors of oranges and figs, past lemon trees and olive trees, acacia and sycamore, and ate a pomegranate and spit out the seeds still thinking of the dry bloodied hand nailed to the post and wanted to splash in the pool again and piss my own water onto the gold and silver fish—excitement came to me at the thought they would drink my offering. Or did such excitement rise from the barnyard cries of sheep and goats that came to me like the groaning of a stone hinge in a large door? It was a sound to match the heat of the day and the fermentation of food, and it gave pleasure to my thighs. I lived in moldering smells on a slow and heavy wind from the livestock sheds, an unpleasant odor and yet not all unpleasant. I felt drawn by the heat in this afternoon to a full taste of the feast beneath my feet—as if the Gods, now merry, were at a banquet in the earth below. Even the braying of the donkeys and the cries of the hens became part of this heavy marrow of the air. Later in the night, watching my mother and Menenhetet on the roof, there was less mystery to me at the force between them. Indeed those buddings I had felt in my heart and my thighs had all come together this afternoon and I had felt my first transformation that was like the Gods'. For in that hour, wandering down the avenue of flowers, such was the magic in the groupings of geranium and violet, of dahlias, irises, and wondrous flowers whose names I did not know, all burgeoning like a garden in me, that I was overpowered at last by the smell of flowers. As I breathed their perfume, so did other flowers open petals in my flesh, and a green stem rose from the center of my hips to my navel. I was inhaling musk into my heart and the power of the earth rose up once in my belly, and fell back again like another body coming alive within my body, and rose once more, and I was wet all over and in some river rich and white, like a cream in the heat, and did not know where the blooms of these flowers ended, and I began.

Now, as I looked over the gardens and saw the light of the moon on the pool, and the lanes that led to the servant and slave houses, saw the glow of fire to melt the pitch in the boat builder's shop where workmen for some reason were still busy this night, as I looked on the very last of the guests sauntering down the lanes and disappearing in the turns of a clever maze, so I also knew what was now passing between my mother and her grandfather, and I shivered at the mad cry of a monkey who called out from his cage in a near-human if sadly demented voice. How the moon was shining. In the heat, it seemed as heavy as the earth beneath my toes this afternoon. A gazelle gave its small cry.

Some fear was arising in Hathfertiti, some gathering of apprehension she could not locate. Even as the monkey gave his cry at some oncoming shift in the air, I felt a bolt of terror fly from my mother to me just before she screamed. Not aware that I was near, her horror was pure in its panic—I do not think I had ever heard my mother scream before. Then she began to weep like a child. "Take it off. Take it off me," she begged, and grasped Menenhetet's hand, pulling his fingers to her head, while whimpering with fury at the unmistakable knowledge that something was certainly crawling in the luxuriant bush of her coiffure.

He found the louse in an instant, cracked it between his thumbnails in another, while Hathfertiti was racing her fingers through her hair, crying out with a frantic petulance, "Are there more? Will you look?"

He soothed her as if she were an animal in fright, stroking her hair like a mane, holding her chin, murmuring to her in a language of meaningless words so soft they could have served for the intimate babble a man gives his horse or his dog, and she calmed a little as he drew her to the light of a torch, ignoring the servants still there, one to each torch, standing unmoving through the night—no reason why Menenhetet would have hesitated to do anything in front of them, but now, by the flare of the torch, he searched her scalp and assured Hathfertiti it was clean. At last, she calmed and he led her back to their couch.

"Are you sure there was only one?" she asked.

He smiled. The wickedness of his smile was complete. Now Menenhetet kissed her, but so adroitly, with such a lingering intimation that she leaned toward him for another. "Not yet," he told her and gave one more of his little smiles so that I could not know if he referred to the insects or the kiss. I felt again a bolt of terror spring from her to me. But then I was already frightened. I did not wish to listen to what they might say next. I knew it would be close to what I could hear on many a night in the voice of my nurse with either of her two friends, the Nubian slave who worked in the stables, and the Hebrew slave from the metal shops who sharpened the knives and the swords. One or the other was always with her in the room next to mine at night, and from there came the sounds of the barnyard and the birds' cries of the marsh and the swamp. My nurse and her companion grunted each night like pigs or roared like lions, and sometimes they came forth with high whinnying sounds full of every muscle in their belly. Through all of my father's estate would such cries come up in the night, the long sighs of one couple seeming to start the growl of another only to bring forth a third roaring with pleasure, thereby encouraging the animals to join with their barks and screams and lowing sounds.

He smiled. The wickedness of his smile was complete

Now, my mother stood up and would have left Menenhetet, but she looked instead into his eyes and their expressions were locked again. They did not speak, but the power of the attraction which had kept them looking into one another's eyes for all of an evening was here again, as if each pressed with the power of his will against the other, and I felt ill. Except I was not sick so much as thrown about by two winds that came howling at that instant over all of my childhood, and I heard him say to her, although indeed I do not know if it was his voice that entered my ear or his thought (for just as some are deaf, so had they begun to say of me that I was the opposite of those who cannot hear since even what was unsaid could come into my mind). Whether he spoke it, therefore, or thought it only to himself, I certainly heard my great-grandfather say, "Your best opportunity with the Pharaoh is tomorrow."

My mother replied, "What if I find what I want and you do not?"

"Then you must remain loyal to me," said my great-grandfather. ▽

STYLE IS CHARACTER

(Continued from page 279)

vior often has deeper meaning than, let's say, Freudian psychology has penetrated. The future psychology perhaps lies in coming to grips with these notions of magic and death that the twentieth-century temperament has pretty much walled up or banished.

CM: *You've talked about how the Egyptian culture predated Christian notions of gentleness and mercy—that seems crucial.*

NM: Someone might love someone, but other than that there was no generalized notion of love. And then, the Egyptian sense of the gods is profoundly different from ours. If I do that [*snaps fingers*] and I'm an Egyptian, there's a god who's making that sound. They had no physics as we understand it. So this sound [*snap*] is mysterious when it's not connected to our ideas of sound waves which, when you stop to think about it, explain nothing.

CM: *As Einstein would agree.*

NM: And if you tore a blade of grass, it would make a little squeal as you pulled it out—some god was being offended. They lived in an atmosphere of forever offending. You see by our measure of things they would all have been highly psychotic. But for them it was perfectly natural to believe that the gods were everywhere. For all we know, they were right.

In two ways they were very much like us—in their piety and in their snobbery. And in that sense nothing's changed.

CM: *You were telling in the book about people who were seen in "the best temples."*

NM: I think piety is piety. Piety is five thousand years old and it hasn't advanced one step. And the same can be said for snobbery.

I wrote this book as, in the most exalted sense of the world, escapist literature. I think there are two great pleasures in literature, and they're polar. One of them is escapism and it's been absolutely corrupted. It's become a money machine. The horrors of *E.T.* extend from here to Armageddon.

And, of course, the other joy of literature is intimacy. It is to enter material one knows very well and find that it's been done so powerfully by the author that you transcend your

> **"Piety is an inhuman demand"**

own intimate knowledge and know even more. You can point to books of both examples. I think *Anna Karenina* at the time it came out was an example of intimate literature. *Moby Dick* is an example of great escapist literature. Doesn't have to be agreeable escapist literature, it just has to take you out of yourself.

CM: *One of the things I miss most in novels today is a moral presence—a guiding moral nature that's taking you through.*

NM: Well, that you try to arrive at. The moment you moralize, it's no longer moral literature, it's pious literature. There's a dialectical relation between morality and piety. Piety destroys morality. You know, piety and corruption get together like hot dogs and mustard. They have to. No one can ever fulfill the demands of piety. Piety is an inhuman demand, and because it is so obsessive it inspires its opposite, just for the sheer health of the body if not the soul.

But I think morality is finally in human affairs a sense of proportion. Tolstoy is a great writer, maybe our greatest novelist, because nobody had his sense of proportion, of the importance of events against the great screen of the cosmos. And that inspires us with the rarest combination of sentiments. We feel a compassionate awe or an awe that's supported by compassion, when we read Tolstoy. It's a remarkable achievement. To be in the presence of something so serious, yet ultimately so tender. Or not exactly tender because he's full of judgment, but—so ready, finally, to forgive.

CM: *To get back to the question of style: do you have any sense of what the style of the next book will be like?*

NM: I never know what the style is until I get into it. Sometimes you aim for a style and you don't get that, you get a lower style. You know, the style you set in a novel is very much like the pace a serious jogger sets for himself, herself. When you set yourself a literary style, you have to be able to maintain it. And, of course, as you get older you have much more experience in that. You can start on a given day and have a marvelous style but you say, oh yeah, but I won't be able to maintain that for long, there isn't enough of me to speak in that style. In that sense, style is character. If character is resources, then style is certainly character. Character may be the wise or foolish estimate of one's resources. You know, that's as good a working motto as any from which to approach the peculiar mysteries of human formation that we call character. ▽

MAILER AND MAILER

(Continued from page 280)

indifferent man.

That said, what to make of his present life? A proper marriage, a determinedly serious book. An active social calendar (see him viewing Valentino's line at a Metropolitan Museum of Art gala, Norris at his right), occasional movie work (he appeared nobly as Stanford White in *Ragtime*—again Norris, in period costume, close at hand). Norman Mailer in 1983, talking about, of all things, discipline:

"I have a studio. I close the door, and there's no phone, and I haven't got much furniture there, not terribly comfortable—which is perfect, I don't want it to be too comfortable.

"The worst thing a writer can do, and undisciplined writers do it all the time—I speak as an ex-undisciplined writer—is to start something and the next day you think you'd better go to work but you got too drunk the night before, so you don't work. And you're miserable. Once in a while, I take a day off and I'm absolutely miserable."

Mailer is planning the next two novels of his trilogy, both integrally related to (but curiously independent of) *Ancient Evenings.* One of the novels will take place in the future, five hundred or a thousand years from now, on a spaceship. Its title, for now, *The Boat of Ra*—Ra being the name of the Egyptian Sun God who drives his golden vessel through the sky. The third novel will take place in the present and probably will be called *Modern Times.*

"There is a great emphasis on past, future, and present over the three books as a whole. I'm probably ten years away, at best, from doing the next two books. You know I'm going to be sixty by the time this comes out, so—I'm not promising the next two. I'm just hoping."

A practical way to proceed. Define the problem: how to announce (Mailer's word, "advertise") your great work without promising more than you may be able to deliver. Then offer a reasonable solution—a part that is also a whole. A promise that is also a fulfillment. Its author assures us that *Ancient Evenings* (should its companion volumes fail to be written) stands perfectly well alone. Never let it be said that Norman Mailer betrayed himself.

It is tempting to think that the Harvard engineering student in Mailer is at the writer's service now. And perhaps has been all along. Not that there is anything "planned" about Mailer's career. But his sense of balance is excellent. Like the "vertical city" of Lego blocks that he built and keeps in his living room, Mailer is a study in color, thrust, vision, and precarious wit. "Courage is grace under pressure," as Hemingway once said.

The house, level two: bookcases, a TV. Two businesslike blue armchairs suitable for a David Susskind interview. Not where Mr. and Mrs. Mailer are likely to sit and talk.

Here is Norris Mailer in a blue chair, looking, as she often does, wise, sensible, and a little mysterious. Lately, she has been doing paintings on the backs of hand mirrors—images of mermaids with lush auburn hair and solemn eyes. She resembles them now, curled in her blue chair in the sun.

"It's funny, Norman says I don't have any poetry, I'm so bottom line. He calls me 'bottom-line Barbara'—you know, what's the bottom line on this, let's get to the heart of this. He wants me to read poetry every day because I have no poetry in me. I don't like poetry. (I don't read any of it, consequently.)"

Of course, Norman could be accused of having too *much* poetry. . . .

She laughs like a delighted child. "Yes, that's it! Too much poetry! I'm the one who's always dragging his balloon back down."

Egypt in Brooklyn

Norman Mailer has lived, so to speak, in ancient Egypt for the last eleven years. He wrote a few other books during that time—notably, *The Executioner's Song*—but he always came back to his novel of pharaohs and mummies, of anxious, itinerant souls. Just when we thought we had him, anchored safely in Brooklyn—there he was, on a gilded barge, drifting languidly down the Nile.

Mailer once remarked that being married to a woman was like living in a major culture. And now that he's lived, or at least written, in *Ancient Evenings,* about a major culture . . . ?

"Oh," says Mailer, "I felt married to this book. I've made the remark more than once, because I'm an old repeater, that this book has been kinder to me than any wife. Because I left her three times in eleven years; but each time I came back, she'd say, 'Oh, you're back! Well here, sit down, you must be tired.' And I can't imagine any wife ever talking to me that way.

"I think it's a double-edged saying: a wife is like a major culture, and a major culture is like a wife. And you live with a novel for eleven years—it's as if the book and I have become old friends, we're no longer mates, and we're saying goodbye slowly. And we want to do it without pain to one another."

There is a certain virtue—call it, if you will, grace—in that. ▽

NOEL COWARD

(Continued from page 285)

script, and lingering hopes of being able to show her face in New York after the opening. She was keeping herself going with Coward's incantation: "Rise above."

"Rise above" is what you do instead of going under, giving in to despair. Instead of immobilizing yourself with depression, beside-the-point analysis, blaming, complaining. Instead of boring and saddening your "loved ones" as Noel Coward called his family of friends—rise above.

It sounds airy but "rise above" is no facile platitude. "There will be endless stories of his wit," Rebecca West wrote of Coward. "But his hard-edged self should be remembered. His career was not as easy as it seems; he had to get back on his feet after many failures. . . . He was a very dignified man."

The *Diaries* begin in 1941 when Coward was forty-one. In 1953, the brief Names and Places entries suddenly expand into long rich passages. He begins to talk to himself as well as report on his world. He is never out of control. There is no remorse in these pages, no confusion, no ranting. The voice never wobbles or slows. There is grief, disappointment in reviews, occasional anger, irritation; but there is no torment, no struggle, and no hopelessness (". . . the weekly Press has been vile . . . but I don't intend to let it get me down. All the same, it is disappointing. I expected a warm and loving welcome from Paris and got a sock in the kisser. Heigh-ho").

The voice is not confessional, not intimate. It is unblinkingly self-conscious. "I was tirelessly charming," he would write. Not a gesture without an eye to its effect. "Will you lean on the piano in an attentive manner?" a woman calls to a man in *Hay Fever,* "It's such a help."

Coward was called the Master and one thing that he certainly was master of was personality as art. It's not that he *lied* in these diaries; rather, he nipped and tucked. He gave his days—his life—a chin lift. You do not go to these diaries for gritty reality but for a lift, for an attitude. He constructs attitudes right on the page, patting them into their most attractive, useful shape.

"I had a little séance with myself," he reports, on noticing that he's become irritable from too-strict dieting. "At the age of fifty-six youth is no longer essential or even becoming. Be your age and be your weight and conserve your vitality by eating enough and enjoying it. I would really rather be fat than disagreeable but with a little horse-sense there's no need to be either." Before an opening, "I went home feeling suddenly nervous. This infuriated me so I had a sharp talk with myself and slept firmly for an hour . . . ."

It could not have been that easy. Rebecca West writes of the "painful collapses which were his reaction to fatigue." Like dancing, though, Coward's art was about making the impossible look like a breeze. Artifice is not deception but grace. The ideal is a life *composé.* Another *Hay Fever* character says, "I love to see things as they are first, then pretend they're what they're not."

Rising above is not ignoring, it's dismissing. Maybe there are two kinds of people in the world—Coward's kind, those who trust the good news; and the other kind, who trust the bad news. Rising above dismisses bad news: Why spoil the party? Rising above is style, and style with Coward—as with Fred Astaire and Cary Grant—is an attitude that extends from the detail of a dressing-gown sleeve to the deepest levels of personality where it becomes a kind of nobility.

With Coward, you enter a pleasure mode bounded by an ultimate decency. Pleasure and decency are two of his tools. Rebecca West called him a Puritan; the trait was not incompatible with his happy summation, "Really, my own life has been one long extravaganza." Life does not have to be only earnest and real. At the least, entertainment need not be earnest and real. Coward's taste ran to settings that are wish-fulfillment places. *Private Lives,* for instance, opens on the terrace of a hotel in the South of France on a summer evening. This is just where I'd always rather be.

The milieu is "the cocktail and caviar stratum"—a nice change for most of us working stiffs. The Coward alter-ego characters are "jagged with sophistication"—they are irresistibly, brilliantly knowing—but they are never jaded. Utterly utterly brittle on the outside, they are scamps on the inside. They are passionate, impulsive, immoderate, exhilarating, touching without being at all naïve. "All the gallant lyrics of all the songs I have ever written rise up and mock me while I lie in the dark and listen," Coward writes (at age fifty-seven, having fallen "in love or something") in one of the loveliest sentences I have ever read.

"Rise above" is what you do instead of giving in to despair

Coward has an aristocratic sense of honor. He doesn't mind about adultery—his characters commit it all the time—but he's for doing it with style. "There's no question of our not telling him?" says Gilda (in *Design for Living*), who's just been unfaithful to her husband with their mutual friend Leo. "Of course not," Leo answers. A man and a married woman (in *We Were Dancing*) intoxicate each other during a single dance and immediately rush to do the only honorable thing under the circumstances—tell her husband, and go off together.

The best people tell the truth, according to Coward's ethics. They do it crisply. Coward himself was famous for "finger-wagging"—he was always telling his loved ones what they were doing wrong and what they must do to make it right. There is a lot of clearing the air with his friends. Larry (Olivier) clears the air, Gladys Calthrop clears the air thus angering Noel Coward so then he must clear the air. . . .

In the plays it is proven that people can be rougher with each other than most Americans think polite ("Mary Martin's desire to be perpetually sweet before the public," Coward complained during rehearsals for an American TV revue, "is death to comedy lines. She infuses our comedy 'bickering' with saccharine and shies away from any riposte which sounds as though she were being 'mean' to me.") Coward's best people do not crook their pinky in conversation any more than at tea. In *Private Lives,* Elyot's second wife is pestering him for information about Amanda, his first wife. "She danced like an angel," Elyot says. "You dance very poorly, by the way."

In *Present Laughter,* Coward's alter-ego, actor-impressario Garry Essendine, and his secretary are clearly devoted to each other but they volley as no American pair would. He: "I've noticed a great change in you lately, Monica. I don't know whether it's because you've given up cramming yourself with potatoes or what it is but you're getting nastier with every day that passes. Go away."

She exits, but not before prompting Garry's wife, "Do try and persuade him to have some electric treatments on his hair, Liz, it's getting terribly thin . . . ."

Situations are complicated but the best people are direct. Coward was esthetically repelled by psychoanalytic mucking about. What we finally spot as "hostility" or try to understand and "confront," Coward's characters react to instantly and cleanly: "That was exceedingly rude, I think you'd better go away somewhere *(she waves her hand vaguely).*" . . . "I think it's in the worst possible taste for you to say that." Who needs psychoanalysis when you have manners?

For all the studied show of superficiality, Coward knew himself as well as any man. He was a serious patriot (too serious, if you ask me. He was so devoted to Crown and Country that he was readily reduced to "floods of tears" by the Queen Mum's friendship to him; which is not offensive but his reaction to Gandhi's assassination certainly was—"a bloody good thing, but far too late").

He liked creating the impression of a decadent playboy who tossed off a play in a few days, but in fact his concentration, discipline, and energy were awesome. The man never stopped. He turned out staggering quantities of plays, songs, books, while maintaining a full career as an actor and director, as well as being a thorough world traveler (sometimes the best way to rise above is to Sail Away). An "ideal existence" day might begin with five hours' work in the morning on a novel, painting in the afternoon, practicing piano before dinner. He read always and always was learning something. Spanish lessons. Italian lessons. "I have taken to cooking and listening to Wagner, both of which frighten me to death," he wrote at fifty-six. "A new excitement," he reported on his fifty-seventh birthday. "I am trying to write unrhymed verse." He would never say "poetry."

He had the undiminished expectations of a precocious child and the assurance of a king. At fifteen, he claimed he would have the whole world of theater at his feet. When the "triumphs" came, he was not surprised. When the failures came, he saw only the failure of critical judgment. "I think on the whole I am a better writer than I am given credit for being." His response to the pans was: on with the dance. "I returned to the party heavy-hearted but vivacious to the last." He never questioned the necessity to "press on with what I believe to be right, even if I am ultimately proved to be wrong." When American TV execs, impelled by the prudish constraints of the 'fifties, wanted to axe the line, "Sycophantic sluts wriggling their guts," Coward got up on a very high horse and claimed that *he* was the expert on entertaining the majority and "would not be dictated to by a minority." He seems to have been fearless. "I do admire you Julia, you're so

CENSORED SCENES

(Continued from page 284)

three years before his death, was to receive the accolade of knighthood). He and Cromer had crossed swords throughout the 'twenties, for Coward had this constantly irritating habit of writing stuff way ahead of its time. Though regarded today as a lightweight entertainer with merely, in his own words, "a talent to amuse," the young Noel Coward was in fact Britain's prototypical angry young man.

The Vortex (1924), for instance: full of nymphomania, drug addiction, and dark suggestions of matters Oedipal. The Palace was thunderstruck. And as for *This Was a Man* (1926): in the last scene the husband, told that his wife has committed adultery with his best friend, simply laughs. Adultery, Mr. Coward, is no laughing matter, declared the Lord Chamberlain, who refused the play a license for public performance, with the result that it has never been seen in Britain.

It is this kind of hypocrisy, so endemic in British life then as now, that Coward mocked savagely in much of his work, and against which he railed strenuously at the time. Sir Gerald du Maurier, the great actor-manager, had declared of *The Vortex* that "The public are asking for filth . . . . If life is worse than the stage, should the stage hold the mirror up to such distorted nature?" Yes, was Coward's quick answer: "Art demands reverence much more than life does . . . I intend to write as honestly and sincerely as possible on any subject I choose, and if the public do not like it they need not pay to come and see it. . . . "

By the end of the 'twenties, Coward was engaged in bitter public disputation with the Lord Chamberlain (whose track record included the banning of such unacceptable new works as *Six Characters in Search of an Author* and *Desire Under the Elms*). "If we must have a Censor," Coward thundered, "at least let us have one that is able to discriminate between vulgarity and wit." But four years later, in the presence of that same censor, Coward seems to have given an Oscar-winning performance, for *Private Lives* opened intact at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh, on 18 August 1930. For Coward and Gertrude Lawrence, it was their first appearance onstage together in a straight play since wowing Liverpool audiences when young Noel was thirteen going on forty.

The play may now seem a charming period piece, but the critics and audiences of the day shared some of the Lord Chamberlain's reservations: in the staid seaside town of Southsea, during its pre-West End run, the local paper intoned: "The play, with the exception of a certain amount of smart backchat, consisted of large buckets of stable manure being thrown all over the audience for two hours. . . ."

"A certain amount of smart backchat"—I say, that's a bit steep, what? Some of Coward's most repeated (and stolen) lines are here: "Moonlight is cruelly deceptive" . . . "Certain women should be struck regularly, like gongs" . . . and perhaps the best loved: "Strange how potent cheap music is." Even Edward Albee has remarked on the "truth" with which Coward habitually wrote: there is a fairly stern social satire lurking beneath the comedy of manners, now so associated with the effete 1920s world of British high society—the era of hooray Henrys, vapid vamps, cigarette holders, and Edward-before-Mrs. Simpson.

Private Lives was to prove Coward's most enduring work: in the words of his biographer, Sheridan Morley (yes, son of Robert), "It represents his greatest claim to theatrical permanence." This latest revival promises a piquant realism: the leading players have already lived most of the plot for real. For once, perhaps, the dark undertow of the piece will come over as strongly as its more obvious, posturing charms. It is to be hoped that the junior members of the cast do not suffer the same fate as Everley Gregg, who played the maid in the original production: on attempting to break up one of the frequent backstage fights between Noel and Gertie, she succeeded merely in uniting them in combat against her.

The maid is treated to one brief appearance in Act Three: and the rest of the supporting cast are likewise no more than ciphers. Coward had written a star vehicle for himself and his darling Gertie, but he was shrewd enough to know that boring Victor must be played by an exciting actor. He found one in a young, fashionably moustached man called Laurence Olivier, who was duly summoned to Coward's Ebury Street home. "I told Noel in all seriousness that I'd rather play Elyot—he nearly died with laughter and told me not to be a bloody fool." His future Lordship had the consolation of his first wife, Jill Esmond, as his stage wife in C.B. Cochran's Broadway production, and an interminable round of New York parties at which Olivier first met "my God and Goddess of the acting world," Lunt and Fontanne.

Now Broadway has a new God and Goddess to play Elyot and Amanda: gosh, it really does sound like you'll be having the most awful fun. Or, as Sheridan Morley puts it, "I suppose if anyone can survive Burton and Taylor, Noel Coward can." ▽

NOEL COWARD

(Continued from opposite page)

strong—and sensible," says Jane in *Fallen Angels.* "Nonsense, dear, I'm just not *afraid* of life," says Julia.

The Noel Coward of the *Diaries* may not be the real Noel Coward, though if there is another, no one is stepping forward to smash the false idol. What we seem to have here is a man who is not, after all, a lightweight. Like Jane Austen, whose birthday he shares, Coward is frequently tossed off as minor. Austen's defenders "all apologize for her inability to dwell on guilt and misery," wrote British critic Queenie Leavis. Coward was similarly incapable of dwelling. He didn't understand the appeal of dwelling. After listening to an evening of Piaf songs, he wished that she would "pop in a few cheerful ones just for the hell of it." He read Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis* and criticized Wilde for having "brilliant wit but no humour . . . I didn't expect him to enjoy prison life and to be speechless with laughter from morning till night, but after all, there are people even in gaol and he might have had a little warm human joke occasionally, if only with the warder."

From this we learn that wit was not everything to Coward. Wit was the luxury item whereas humor was the morally essential quality. It is humor that provokes the little warm human joke, and it is one's human responsibility to come up with it—to rise above. To be kind to everyone, give money to old beggar women, and be as gay as possible. ▽

VOGUE, May, 1983

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NORA EPHRON

(Continued from page 287)

children feel love when they are good or pretty. My sisters and I felt love when we told a funny story." The screenplay business took Henry, Phoebe, and Nora (her three sisters were not born yet) from New York City to Beverly Hills in 1945, when Nora was four. Even at four, she says, she knew her parents had made the worst mistake of her life. She was a New York kid.

Wellesley brought her back East. After college, she worked as a mail girl at *Newsweek* and then as a reporter for the *New York Post* ("I grew up wanting to be Hildy Johnson [the hard-boiled reporter played by Rosalind Russell in *His Girl Friday*] and as it turns out, Hildy Johnson is someone worth wanting to grow up to be").

She started writing magazine pieces that were subsequently collected in books with great titles. *Wallflower at the Orgy. Crazy Salad: Some Things about Women*—the title is from Yeats's "It's certain that fine women eat/ A crazy salad with their meat." And *Scribble Scribble: Notes on the Media* ("Another damned thick book! Always scribble, scribble, scribble! Eh, Mr. Gibbon?"—the Duke of Gloucester's reaction to Volume II of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*).

Nora was alone in the 'seventies in being a woman writer who operated from no party line, who was both political and funny. With new-journalism skills she penetrated both the 1973 Pillsbury Bake-Off and the 1976 Democratic Presidential Convention. She explained her devotion to *Upstairs, Downstairs* and to Russell Baker. She shared her disillusionment with Dorothy Parker ("One no longer wants to be the only woman at the table"). She was annoyed by Brendan Gill's *Here At The New Yorker*—"one of the most offensive books I've read in a long time," she wrote, pointing out snobbisms and meanness ignored by other critics. Drawn by the scent of toniness and all kinds of foolishness, she wrote killer parodies—applying herself most perfectly to Gail Sheehy's *Passages*.

On the surface, Clay Filter would appear to have had everything he had ever wanted. . . . He had gained his authenticity. He had spent most of his Deadline Decade dreaming of running his own magazine, and finally he had come to do so. . . . He had spent ten years off and on with the same woman, in a relationship I would call an Off-and-On Relationship. . . .

As Gloria Emerson, no slouch of a journalist herself, once said, "Nora has the best writer-personality." Frank, funny, wry, true, sharp, and fair—to read her is to have a new best friend. The most amazing thing about her writing is that she somehow escaped the inhibitions of the *nice* ethic, which drove her crazy on the occasion of her tenth college reunion:

The day my marriage ended I knew I had a novel

How marvelous it would have been to go to a woman's college that encouraged impoliteness, that rewarded aggression, that encouraged argument. Women by the time they are eighteen are so damaged, so beaten down, so tyrannized out of behaving in all the wonderful outspoken ways unfortunately characterized as masculine; a college committed to them has to take on the burden of repair—of remedial education, really. . . . What do you think? What is your opinion? No one ever asked. We all graduated from Wellesley able to describe everything we had studied—Baroque painting, Hindemith, Jacksonian democracy, Yeats—yet we were never asked what we thought of it. Do you like it? Do you think it is good? Do you know that even if it is good you do not have to like it?

Now living in New York with her two little sons, she is divorced from her second husband, Carl Bernstein, and she is earning her living by writing screenplays. She did not start small. In August, *Silkwood* will be released: she wrote this with her friend Alice Arlen; it stars no less than Meryl Streep, and Mike Nichols directs. Next is a movie for Diane Keaton called *Modern Bride.* And meanwhile, in April, her first novel was published.

Heartburn is what is called a hot book. You don't have to know anyone in Washington, DC, to think it funny but those who do know people in Washington, especially those who are in Washington, are clawing for copies of the book. As long ago as February, "Page Six," the gossip column of the *New York Post,* wondered,

> Did Nora Ephron ever throw a key lime pie in ex-husband Carl Bernstein's kisser? We don't know about reality, but in *Heartburn,* journalist Nora's thinly veiled fictional account of life with Watergate sleuth Carl, the main character . . . lets her hubby . . . have it right smack in the face. . . .

"From the word of mouth on *Heartburn*"—I say to Nora—"I'm guessing that many of your readers will assume you've just changed the names and some details. That puts you in a funny position, doesn't it? Because people are likely to assume that your blond friend 'Betty' is an uncontrollable gossip, your father was in a loony bin, your mother managed midgets. . . . Is this something you think about—what people will think?"

Nora Ephron: I don't mean to be coy about this and tell you that I have made up every word in this novel. But I think about having been a journalist most of my life who constantly said, I have no imagination, I can't make anything up, why on earth would you ever make anything up when real life is as extraordinary as it is? I then sat down and wrote this thing that I honestly have to tell you I consider a work of the imagination.

Now granted it's my meager, pathetic imagination, but most of the things in this book didn't actually happen. Rachel is very different from me. She's much faster than I am. I can write funny lines but she's sort of infuriatingly quick, I think. She's more Jewish than I am, she's much less political than I am . . . I think that I've taken a little bit from here and little bit from there and mushed it all together and made something else out of it. And I'm thrilled that I took this horrible episode in my life, probably—I hope—the worst thing that will ever happen to me—and turned it into something that's not bitter and that appears to be funny. When I see on "Page Six" the book described as thinly veiled autobiography, I think—are you crazy? But, of course, there's some truth to what they're saying. So I don't know what to say. I suspect I am going to be in a bit of a mess about it when it comes out. There's going to be quite a lot of guessing who everyone is and I don't really want to hurt anyone. I don't mean to be innocent and stupid about it but I didn't really mean to do that.

AG: I think it's clear that your intention was to make a story. Life is to supply you with material.

NE: Well, of course. In the end, that's why I wrote the book. Because I grew up understanding perfectly, and learned at my mother's knee, that life was, you know, scribble scribble scribble. Everything is copy as my mother said to me. I mean, the truth is, the day my marriage ended I knew I had a novel. I didn't know if I was going to write it. One day I was working on something else and began writing this thing. And I wrote a little bit more the next day, and suddenly after a few weeks I had a bunch of pages and a voice. I left it in a drawer for ten months, worked on it a little, then put it back in the drawer for eight more months. The point is, I didn't sit down with the intention of writing a novel. And then a writer for the London *Sunday Times,* a lovely woman named Rosemary Wittman, called up and said she was doing a piece inspired by Betty Friedan's new book, *The Second Stage,* and wanted to interview Betty, Germaine Greer, Erica Jong, and me about the Women's Movement ten years later.

So she came over, we had the most wonder-

ful evening and we talked about women and the movement . . . I could not have had a jollier time. And the piece came out and half of the section was about the end of my marriage. We hadn't talked about it at all. It recycled all the *People* magazine inaccuracies. And I thought, I can't get away from this, so I might as well do it my way.

But the final reason why I did it was there were all those pages mounting up.

AG: One of the interesting questions about infidelity is what your friends should do. In *Heartburn,* a woman friend tells Rachel that she's seen Mark with another woman. I wonder if you thought she was right to squeal. Rachel says, "It takes two to hurt you. The one who does it and the one who tells you."

NE: Actually, I stole that line from Henry Morgan. Honestly, to this day, I don't know what I think people ought to do. Let's say one friend was cheating on the other in a way that was indiscreet enough for me to know about it. I would like to think that if I cared about either of them, I would call the one who was cheating and say, I want you to know that I'm your friend and I love you, but I know this, and if you care about Samantha's not finding out, you should know that it's in the air.

That's probably the most judgmental I would ever be with a friend. But I don't know. And it's interesting to me how most people don't know what to do. Should they judge anyone at all? Or are we all so sophisticated that we think that life goes on and love dies and people inevitably betray one another and let's not get too excited and who cares what the moral questions are?

It's a very confusing area in life, I think: the moral or correct thing to do about marriages or relationships falling apart. Part of what I was trying to do in the book was to deal with not so much the particular facts of what had happened to me but the feeling of it—the feeling of betrayal, which is so unbelievably fascinating and awful. That incredible moment when the past number of weeks, months, or years of your life suddenly lose whatever reality they had, when a piece of your past is stolen from you. When you think you went to a party and had a good time, and it turns out that what was happening at that party was not at all what you felt was happening at that party, or at the beach, or that moment when he was late and said it was because it took so long to get the prescriptions filled. All of that was fascinating to work with.

AG: Sally Quinn interviewed you for Vogue a year after you'd separated from Carl and found that you were "amused" to find youself "still optimistic about the institution of marriage. 'I just like being married,' " you said. Are you still optimistic?

NE: I don't know what I think any more. It seems to me, looking back on the last twenty years of my life, that my happier times were as a single person. And you know the statistics are that the happiest people are married men and the second happiest are single women. But I'm not in much of a position to judge it, that's for sure. I mean, it's really like asking Ann Boleyn what she thought of marriage.

AG: I keep waiting for the marriage and divorce statistics to be taken seriously by people. We all act as though marriage is forever and we're always stunned by divorce. Meanwhile, half the marriages end in divorce.

NE: The truth doesn't ever lay a glove on you when it comes to being romantic. I said this in the book: you get married—I got married—knowing that marriage doesn't work and that love dies and that passion fades. And you still think, I'm going to beat the odds. The hugeness of it is so shimmering, you almost feel noble as you go through it. I mean, it's ennobling—because, in fact, if it worked, it would be the best thing on earth, wouldn't it? It's so much easier than being single in terms of things like, you know, not having to make a lot of small talk with the person you're having dinner with, and having a date New Year's Eve, and all the important things in life.

> ***Part of what I was dealing with was the feeling of betrayal—which is so fascinating and awful***

But you know, knowing the truth—in quotes—doesn't ever save you from romantic illusions no matter how sophisticated you are, I think. It's just a little cousin to immortality, right? We never ever think we're going to die and we never ever think we're going to get divorced the day we get married, and there it is.

AG: Washington social life sounds like torment from your book. Having to draw men out about the SALT talks . . .

NE: I'll tell you one of the things that I often say about it which is that at almost any table of eight people in New York, the women are more interesting than the men. And this in some way does good things for the conversation. In Washington, the men are almost always more interesting than the women and this does bad things for the conversation. So you find quite a lot of talk about the SALT talks and very little talk about—I don't mean to say *feelings,* but about the kind of things that women are rather good at bringing into the conversation. I do think there is a way men have of taking all the fun out of things when they're really being serious and really being men together.

One of the things that's interesting about Washington is it's so much less political than New York is. The whole time I was there during Watergate, you would sit at dinner and people would say well, on the February 6th tape he said "X" but on the March 14th tape he said "Y." You'd have to come to New York before someone would say, you know the son of a bitch is guilty. In Washington, everyone gets so obsessed with minutiae—and they don't really have any politics at all. In Washington, politics aren't supposed to get in the way of whom you have meals with and whom you're friends with. I was fascinated by that.

It is an odd city and a one-industry town and all that stuff everyone says about it is true. I could never have lasted there. I would have ended up doing some horrendous psychopathic thing at some point. But in fact I did.

AG: Which was leaving?

NE: Yes, in my dramatic way.

There's a recipe for a very airy key lime pie, a pie that would throw nicely, towards the end of *Heartburn.* ▽

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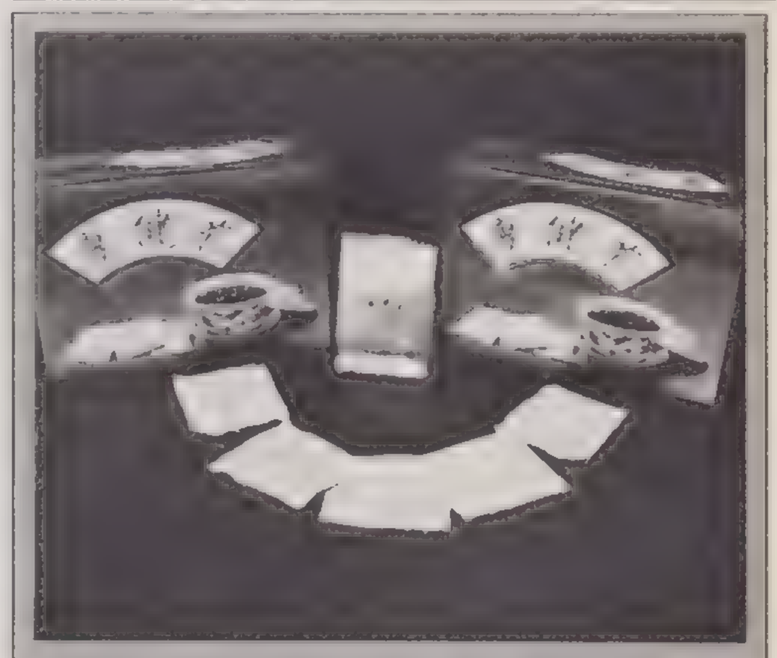

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JULIO GONZÁLEZ

(Continued from page 283)

pounding pieces of scrap metal, had the delicacy and cultivated refinement of humanist art, rather than the savage protrusions of overtly aggressive primitive art. Unlike so many modern artists, González was a gentle artist who used a technique borrowed from industrial fabrication to make works as lyrical, as pure, and as remote from the look or feel of the industrial age as medieval or Renaissance art. Indeed, it is fascinating that one of the techniques employed by González to achieve the gentle curves and undulations of bodies shaped from metal plates was *repoussé,* an ancient technique of gently pounding and hammering metal from behind the plane to give it sculptural relief.

Although he was a trailblazer within the modernist tradition, González remained, in many respects, wedded to the past, particularly to his art's skills and handicraft origins in artisanship. David Smith, the American sculptor to whom John Graham introduced González, paid homage many times to the man he called "the father of all iron sculpture of this century." Smith's debt to González, he freely admitted, was enormous.

Surrounded by women throughout his life, González lived in a menage that included his wife, two sisters, who were dressmakers, and his daughter. His wife brought to the cottage industry that supported them commissions from couturiers for jewelry, buckles, and buttons, which Julio executed with care and ornamental detail. When he began using pieces of scrap metal to make sculpture, he cut them and seamed them in a way that reminds us of dressmaking and pattern-making rather than of the depersonalized geometric shapes of mass production, which inspired many assemblage artists who came after him.

Because Picasso in 1928 initially propelled González into making his first assembled sculptures by asking him to translate some drawings into metal three-dimensional constructions, it is sometimes assumed Picasso influenced González' style and esthetic. In fact, González used assemblage for very different ends than his Catalan compatriot, with whom he collaborated on a series of metal pieces that launched Picasso as a sculptor in 1930. Picasso's wit and irony, his Dada-influenced attitude toward the found object, which he incorporates into a sculpture as he might paste real wallpaper or newspaper into collage, is earthy, sensationalistic, and broadly appealing.

González represents a different aspect of the Spanish spirit: the reserved dignity, the reflective spirituality embodied in his spare, elongated figures that transcend the origin of their material. There is little room for humor in González' severity. His basic repeated themes are as old as Western art—the woman as seductress at her dressing table, or woman as mother. These themes are first seen in the paintings González produced as a talented youth. Then they are gradually transformed into increasingly abstract combinations of lines and planes. However, it should be noted that unlike many who have seen assemblage as a bridge between painting and sculpture—a kind of three-dimensional collage—González is a true sculptor, not a draftsman or painter projecting a relief. Certainly he is devoted to the transparency and openness that mark modernist sculpture; however, he never forgets that sculpture is an experience of three dimensions, intended to be seen in-the-round from all the possible vantage points.

As carefully seamed and fitted as his sisters' dresses, González' works are always executed on a human scale, and virtually always with the human figure. In the climate created by abstraction in which the concept of "anthropomorphism" became a pejorative, González was sure to be underappreciated. In a time like the present, when we need every touch of humanity and expression of personal intimate poetry we may find, González seems a hero. It seems no accident that González' conception of the male warrior should be Don Quixote, the superannuated relic of an age of chivalry that was over. There is something quixotic in González' determination to make sculpture new by appropriating a technique from outside the history of the medium, while at the same time retaining in his works the memory of those qualities that constituted both the essence and the content of great sculpture within the Western humanistic tradition.

Achieving monumentality through a mastery of scale rather than through bigness in itself, González always avoids the literal. He aligns himself with lyric poetry in his consistent preference for the metaphor, his avoidance of sensationalism of any kind, his vision of an order that always feels more natural than contrived, no matter how subtly his balances have been calibrated, his forms echoed, his rhythms measured in a contrapuntal alternation of arc and axis, line and plane, opening and closure. Julio González' oeuvre was not large—he did not begin working in metal until he was fifty—but it is as durable and fine as any produced in the twentieth century. ▽

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BURTON TALKS

(Continued from page 285)

invisible string. If something happens to Elizabeth, I sort of know it. If I get hurt, she knows it. We're sort of like twins. We never broke ties. Elizabeth told me about her escapades" (he makes "escapades" sound like, well, *escapades*—naughty, flirtatious, and not too serious), "and I told her about mine. We're both like confessors to each other.

"Sally is the first woman, apart from the fact that I adore her, who actually likes Elizabeth and Elizabeth likes her. So that invisible string is now sort of intermeshed," Burton concludes with a happy purr. "And it's important, especially since in the next twelve months, I shall be working with Elizabeth."

The two will play *Private Lives* by Noel Coward on Broadway this month. "Sally, do you know whose idea it was?" Burton asks. "It wasn't mine. Zev Bufman [the producer] tells me it wasn't his idea. Elizabeth said it was not her idea either." Puzzled, Burton tries to remember, his eyes now opening like two wide, clear, and very green pools. Then he comes up with the suggestion that "Elizabeth and I had a quarrel one night and Noel Coward said: 'You know, you ought to do *Private Lives,* you're perfect for it.'"

Will working with Elizabeth be easier, or more difficult?

"I think it will probably be easier," Burton says, "not that it was ever difficult. I always enjoyed working with Elizabeth more than with anybody else, because there was no—I think the expression they use in America now is 'bleep'—what I mean is bullshit, about Elizabeth. None of that 'Now, wait a minute, I have to think my way through the lines.' She says: 'Where do I stand? Where do I go? What do I do? Where are the lights?'

"The last time we did a film together," Burton says, "it was suitably called *Divorce His, Divorce Hers.*" But here, he adds, there was very little similarity with their own lives. "What is unique about our various divorces is that both on my side and on Elizabeth's (except possibly in the case of Eddie Fisher), there was no acrimony, no rancor. None of that . . . gossip, as the Americans say. We're too classy for that.

"The reason why Elizabeth has been married so many times," Burton offers, counting on his fingers "one . . . two . . . three—and this will probably shock people who know her as a scarlet woman in the newspapers—is that she is rather prudish, rather puritanical. She will only marry a man and go to bed with him if she thinks she loves him. She's never been like so many film stars, a layabout."

Of his professional life, Burton says the most important thing that has happened to him in the last ten years is that "I have done more stage work than I used to do. I did two big shows in America, *Equus* and a revival of *Camelot.* And *Wagner.*" (This last, a British-German film production, co-stars Vanessa Redgrave as Cosima Wagner and the three Sirs—Olivier, Gielgud, Richardson.)

Does he think people will come to *Private Lives* because they are voyeurs? "Sure," says Burton. But does he resent it? "Darling," he says, "as long as the house is full, I don't care if they come from the local lunatic asylum." ▽

"HEARTBURN": A DIAGNOSIS

(Continued from page 286)

Bereavement is screaming at a nurse for both the liberty and the euphemism in the statement "Mother's gone."

You know that a man is in love when his reply to the accusation of kissing a stewardess in the park is, "A flight attendant." You know that a woman is having an affair when she has her legs waxed "and it's not even summer yet."

A diplomat reacts to his wife's infidelity by moaning, "What's happening to this country?" and a syndicated columnist darts his eyes desperately around the dinner table wondering, "Was there a column in the salt and pepper shakers? In the paper napkins? In the Cuisinart food processor?"

Her milieu is one in which equality consists of thousands of husbands in thousands of households agreeing to clear the table, the chief result of the Women's Movement turns out to be the Dutch-treat date, and it is understood that assisting at childbirth is a husband's sacred duty but that in other matters the claims of new passion take precedence over those of spouses because they have heard all one's stories before. In such a setting, the heroine would be lovable for nothing more than her tendency to equate love with food and her preference for uninventive sex.

You can see that this is a bargain package of jokes, trends, gossip, and recipes, and will hardly notice that there is no diet plan, beauty make-over, or list of the world's most eligible bachelors.

But the lack of a glossary is serious. Those who have not done their research need to know that Nora Ephron was divorced from the Watergate journalist Carl Bernstein, whose name was linked at the time with that of Margaret Jay, wife of the British Ambassador in Washington, and that *The Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen has been complaining that while he and his wife are represented as the embattled couple's best friends, his job and some of his lines were given to the heroine's husband.

A thorough scholar would also be interested to know that Miss Ephron's first husband was the writer Dan Greenburg, and that she reported in a work of nonfiction that that marriage "broke up for the right reasons. When it was over, I did not think that I was a victim, or that I-was-perfect-and-he-was-awful, or any of that." Now *that* sounds like a terrible idea for a novel.

Judith Martin, *otherwise known as "Miss Manners," lives in Washington, DC and writes for The Washington Post. Her most recent book is "Gilbert: A Comedy of Manners" (Atheneum).* ▽

SENSE MEMORIES

(Continued from page 303)

shirts—a smell that is strongest on the collar, where the iron has had to linger to perfect the trapezoid curve.

Perfume proceeds by analogy. Asking my women friends what they wear and why, I understood that their histories had become their character, and that each had found in her scent a proof of her own identity. "It's warm and sultry and ages well," said one of her Guerlain scent, a woman who is warm and sultry and is aging well. "It's clean and honest," said a direct and clear-eyed novelist about Armani. "It's individual, sometimes sweet, sometimes tart," said a TV producer, sweet and tart herself, of Chloé. "It's consistent, never changes, and wears you well," said a restaurant owner of her Chanel Number 5: her restaurant wears its patrons, and hasn't changed in twenty years. Each of them, in describing her scent, described herself. Each has discovered, beyond advertising copy and photographs of movie stars, a scent that is her own essence. One no longer has to pretend to be someone else to be oneself. The promise of perfume, which I never believed when I was unformed and determined to shock, now appears reasonable. One no longer has to hesitate to join an established order because chaos has been agreeably institutionalized, and the order is an endless selection of individualities.

As the baby boom proceeds into maturity, the marketplace adjusts to its new demands. Instead of single notes of protest or seduction, the tunes played are complex: rose, vetiver, musk, oakmoss, geranium, jasmine, neroli oil, patchouli, freesia, cassia, amber, myrrh, mandarin, aldehydes, basil, coriander, vanilla, marigold, honeysuckle, lavender, ylang-ylang, daffodil . . . . . all the past stages are there, all the memories now combined with new impressions. What was once overreaching and wishful thinking has become experience. ▽

AMERICA THE DELICIOUS

(Continued from page 292)

American integrity is still on its feet.

When Lee finally calls you in to dinner—it is never before 10:00 P.M.; running a meal like clockwork is not one of his priorities—people arrange themselves around a round white table set in a glass-walled wing off the kitchen.

Well, at last we've arrived at the food.

The first impression, always, is a splash of color, a profligacy of dishes, abundance, generosity made tangible, edible. There is always an impression of being offered *extras,* special treats over and beyond the obligatory meat/veg/starch. There'll be cut-up peppered peaches alongside the ham-and-yam pot pie, or tomatoes sliced and sandwiched with honey or with thin disks of lemon—this at a time of the year when the marriage of tomatoes and basil is becoming tedious. There'll be those hot biscuits, or wedges of johnnycake, or (wonderful memory) an awe-inspiring coconut cake with its blizzard of fresh coconut flakes—this during a period in food fashion when everyone else was serving something effete with poached pears and as few calories as possible.

Here, clearly, is one of the reasons for greedily anticipating a dinner at Lee's. The choice of food will always be surprising—it promises new sensations—and it will always be mysteriously satisfying.

The surprise element has to do with the fact that Lee always goes his own way. During the first rush of nouvelle cuisine, he entertained one night with the best boiled beef I've ever eaten—a hefty, real-food kind of meal that was a tremendous relief from all the meticulously turned turnips and shredded leeks and morsels of duck then being exhibited on plates. Food as art is quickly wearying.

Chicken pot pie, during those crudité years, was Lee's choice for a big buffet party; chicken pot pie has only recently emerged as a trendy restaurant item. The new hunger for the food of America—the new appreciation for the down-home, the earthy, honest, regional—is a corrective to the craze for French food that made boeuf bourguignon more familiar to many of us than beef stew. It has to do with an appetite for basics; a desire to touch base with one's own heritage; to shake off, perhaps, the constraints of European overrefinements; a reevaluation of native products and esthetics.

Lee, clearly, was there—here—first, because he kept following his own inclinations, directed by the same style that has made Bailey/Huebner, and now Lee Bailey at Henri Bendel, the design source it is. It's a consistent style, whether it is applied to food, the shape of a coffee cup, the layout of a room, or friendship. The attitude always makes sense, praises reason and logic. It arises out of a desire to please rather than impress, a sense of economy that wants to see a thing be what it most simply is, and an individuality that is guided by one's own palate, tastes, and pleasures—a route that requires some courage but by definition has its own rewards. To make your food interesting, he indicates repeatedly, serve what you really like the way you really like it.

The other thing I like about Lee's way of cooking is that it's easy. It takes into account that one is a home cook and not a restaurateur. I have a lovely collection of cookbooks that can tell me how to spend four days making a three-star restaurant's famous dessert. The only thing is, I no longer have four days to devote to constructing any dessert, nor do I have the nerves to tackle something like a cream sauce that's just itching to curdle. In Lee's recipes, there is nothing tricky or tetchy. The cooking processes called for are large gestures and can take a lot of abuse. Guests who might not volunteer eagerly to reduce a sauce to a glaze can easily get into this act.

And the menus themselves, you will notice, make less work for everybody. The basic two-course structure—there's one plate for dinner and one for dessert—means that you're not constantly jumping up and down to clear dishes and your guests aren't tormentedly worrying whether to be helpful in the kitchen or sociable at the table. Of course, you can break the meals down to any number of courses and add a first course if you like first courses or serve salad separately, but Lee's way is an idea about simplifying.

Have I solved the mystery of why Lee's food is so satisfying? The clues are here—from the comfort you feel, to the sense of being *given,* to the fact that his pleasure in cooking comes through. I think "pleasure" is the important word, and "pleasing"—the pleasure of feeding friends, the people who please you. The style has everything to do with having a good time and nothing to do with rules. It has to do especially with ease, unpretentiousness, finesse without chichi. It's about meals that make a direct and unabashed appeal to the taste buds, nose, eyes, with an aim to delight.

It is, after all, about country eating, and takes advantage of the freshness of country food, and adheres to the country rule of eating true to season . . . and—since seasonal foods are so good and pass so quickly—eating with gusto. ▽

FASHION INFORMATION

Page 80: Cotton blouse. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Earrings available at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; I. Magnin. **Page 168:** Shirt available at Barney's, Dept. 87. Hat, Patricia Underwood. Bergdorf Goodman; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Muffler, Issey Miyake. **Page 244:** Suit available mid-May at Swansons on the Plaza, Dept. 030; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 50; Sakowitz, Dept. 48. Also at Topp's, Omaha NE; Amen-Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Hat, Jean-Charles Brousseau. Sunglasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Earrings, Marieluisa Stern for Stigi. Henri Bendel. Watch at Tourneau, NYC. Belt, Coach Leatherware. The Coach Store, NYC and Seattle. **Page 245:** Maillot also available at Yvonne La Fleur's You Boutique, New Orleans LA. Bathing cap, Head Sportswear. Scandinavian Ski and Sports Shop, NYC. White cotton robe, about $95. John Randall. Camouflage, NYC. **Page 246:** Turnout available at Lord & Taylor, Dept. 104; Hudson's, Dept. 394; Marshall Field's, Dept. 175; I. Magnin, Dept. 201; Nordstrom, Dept. 66. Turnout available also, at The Denver, Denver, Dept. 175. Skirt only at Ivey's Carolinas. Hat, Makin. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. **Page 247:** Rayon jersey fabric by Jasco Fabrics. Top available at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 429. Hat, Madcap. Ann Taylor, NYC; Giorgio, Beverly Hills CA. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. **Page 248:** Turnout, Lord & Taylor, Dept. 218. **Page 249:** Dress available at Rich's, Dept. 331; The Denver, Denver, Dept. 157. I. Magnin, Dept. 34. Belt, Coach Leatherware. The Coach Store, NYC and Seattle. **Page 250:** Fabric by Almar, Italy. Dress available at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 45; Sakowitz, Dept. 56; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 26. Dress also at Weinstein's, New Orleans; Hattie; Ultimo, Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Omega watch. Tourneau, NYC; Slavick's, Los Angeles. **Page 251:** Calvin Klein available at Macy's, Dept. 170; John Wanamaker, Dept. 4715; Woodward & Lothrop, Dept. 129; Dayton's, Dept. 361; Marshall Field's, Dept. 175. Turnout also available at Henry's, Wichita KS; The Avenue, Omaha NE; The Carriage Shop, Dallas. Sweater only at Bullocks Wilshire. Earrings, Marla Buck for Good as Gold Accessories. Henri Bendel. Belt, Calvin Klein. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Swansons on the Plaza; Nordstrom. **Page 252:** 1. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Melba's Boutique, Austin TX; Chantilly Place, Riverside CA; Aliòn, Honolulu. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Shoes, Water Walkers. 2. Barney's, Dept. 87; Ruth Kishline's Country Clothes, Evansville IN; Ultimo, Chicago; Claire Mac, Irving TX; Nordstrom, Salt Lake City UT, Dept. 34; I. Magnin, Dept. 274. 3. Altman's, Dept. 69; Nan Duskin; Kaufmann's, Dept. 391; Garfinckel's, Dept. 70; Frances Brewster, Palm Beach; Gidding-Jenny; The Avenue, Omaha NE; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 52. Glasses, Alain Mikli for Teretbantine. Robert Marc Opticians, NYC. Belt, Polo/Ralph Lauren Leathergoods. Bloomingdale's. Shoes, Walter Steiger Madison Avenue, NYC. 4. Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 342; Plage Tahiti, Philadelphia; Saks-Jandel; Christian Michi, Charleston SC; Nordstrom, Costa Mesa CA and Seattle WA, Dept. 74. **Page 253:** 5. Brandeis, Omaha NE; Foley's Houston, Dept. 341; Emporium Capwell, San Francisco. Shoes, Capezio Ballet Makers. 6. Altman's, Dept. 70; Saks-Jandel; Kane's, Chicago; Frost Bros., Dept. 520; Amelia Gray, Beverly Hills. 7. Bloomingdale's, Dept. 316; Montaldo's, Dept. 60; Barbara/Jean, Little Rock AK; Marshall Field's, Dept. 175; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 36; I. Magnin, Dept. 201. Pants at Liberty House of Hawaii, Dept. 366. Belt, Ruza Creations. Suzuya International, NYC; Panache, Lexington KY. **Page 254:** 1. North Beach Leather Boutiques, New York; Chicago; Atlanta; Houston; Las Vegas; Los Angeles; San Francisco. 2. Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 356; Woodward & Lothrop, Dept. 483; Higbee's, Dept. 392; Marshall Field's, Dept. 804; Madigans, River Forest IL, Dept. 30; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis MO, Dept. 342; Foley's, Dept. 341; Buffums, Long Beach CA, Dept. 44. Glasses, Saint Tropez. 10/10 Optics, NYC. Belt, Omega. Anne Taylor; Goldwater's, Phoenix AZ. 3. Mid-May at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 329; John Wanamaker, Dept. 4350; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus Dept. 35; Bullock's, Dept. 345; I. Magnin, Dept. 201. Earrings, Ernest Jackson and Melissa Lind for Kruger Gallery, NYC. Bracelets, Robert Lee Morris at Artwear, NYC. 4. Rita Jamie, NYC; Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Gidding-Jenny; Nicole, Palm Springs and Los Angeles; Theodore, Beverly Hills. Bobbie To Kuhio, Honolulu. Unitard, Stevi Brooks. **Page 255:** 5. Angelo Tarlazzi, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Raffles, Encino CA. Earrings, Scooter-Bijoux Bijoux. Soho Zoo, NYC. 6. Bloomingdale's, Dept. 382; Swansons on the Plaza, Dept. 463. Belt, T.A.C.I. Stewart's, Louisville KY. 7. Bonwit Teller, NYC, Dept. 72; Kaufmann's, Dept. 444; John Baldwin, Dept. 73; Swansons on the Plaza, Dept. 080; I. Magnin, Dept. 211. Belt, Coach Leatherware. The Coach Store, NYC and Seattle. Sandals, Dorothée Bis. 8. Brass Button Sportswear, Great Neck NY; Sibley's, Rochester NY; Little's, Pittsburg KS. Hat, Patricia Underwood. Bloomingdale's; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Shoes, Andrea Pfister. **Page 258:** Turnout available at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 310; Rich's, Dept. 338; John Baldwin Dept. 52; Hudson's, Dept. 394; Marshall Field's, Dept. 175; I. Magnin, Dept. 54. Turnout also available at Garfinckel's, Dept. 81; Margaret's, Lubbock TX; Tootsies, Houston; Topps, Omaha NE. Earrings, Marieluisa Stern for Stigi. Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus. Belt, Anne Klein for Calderon. Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's. Shoes, Ralph Lauren Footwear. Lord & Taylor; Swansons on the Plaza. **Page 259:** Turnout available at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 317; Davison's, Dept. 239; Dayton's, Dept. 361; Marshall Field's, Dept. 175; I. Magnin, Dept. 201. Turnout also at Balliet's. Earrings, John Iversen for Byzantium. Barney's; Ultimo, Chicago; Weinstein's, New Orleans. **Page 264:** Dress available at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 50. Earrings, Wendy Gell. Victoria Falls, NYC; Divino, Boston; Camille, Coconut Grove and Bal Harbour. Bracelet, Wendy Gell. Julie Artisians Gallery, NYC; Divino, Boston. Panty stockings, Hanes Summer Sheer. Altman's. **Page 265:** Dress available at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 50; I. Magnin, Dept. 30. Earrings, Galanos. Bracelet, Wendy Gell. Ibiza, NYC. Panty stockings, Hanes Too. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman for Mr. Seymour/Martinique. **Page 266:** Dress available at Sakowitz, Dept. 48. Earrings, Wendy Gell. Victoria Falls, NYC. Evan-Picone Leg Fashions. Shoes, Charles Jourdan. Charles Jourdan, Bal Harbour. **Page 267:** Dress available at I. Magnin, Dept. 30. Earrings and cuff, Linda Charlop. Charivari, NYC. Evan-Picone Leg Fashions. **Page 268:** Suit available at Macy's, Dept. 659; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 28, I. Magnin, Dept. 219. Earrings, Cec Le Page at Judith Feldman. Shoes, Salvatore Ferragamo, NYC. **Page 269:** Suit available at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 387; Macy's, Kansas City, Dept. 172; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 28. Suit also at Davison's, Atlanta; Betsy Prince, Birmingham AL; The Sun Shop, Phoenix AZ; Mano's, Laguna Beach CA. Earrings, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Sandals, La Marca, NYC. **Page 270:** Swimsuit available at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 525. Earrings, Cec Le Page at Judith Feldman. J. Antonio, NYC; Parachute, Los Angeles. Sandals, Salvatore Ferragamo, NYC. **Page 271:** Swimsuit available at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 383; Macy's, San Francisco, Dept. 172. Earrings, John Iversen for Byzantium. Barney's; Weinstein's, New Orleans. Sandals, Anne Klein. Bloomingdale's; Sanger Harris, Dallas. **Page 272:** Bikini available at Barney's, Dept. 87; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 28. Speedo cap. Cuffs, Linda Charlop, Henri Bendel; Regine, Los Angeles. Black robe, Fernando Sanchez Men. About $210. Bloomingdale's, Dept. 531. Perry Ellis Shoes. Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin. **Page 273:** Maillot available at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 342; Gidding-Jenny, Dept. 40; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 28. Sunglasses, Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics. Bloomingdale's; Arresta, Dallas. Sandals, La Marca, NYC. **Pages 286-287:** Hair and makeup, Pam Geiger for Pipino-Buccheri. **Page 288:** Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Ariella. **Page 289:** Makeup, Ariella. **Pages 294–295:** Silk charmeuse jacket and silk pants. $690. Cookie M., Cleveland OH; Ultimo, Chicago. To order at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 334; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 56. Earrings, Cec Le Page at Judith Feldman. Frances Rainey, Great Neck NY. Ultimo, Chicago. Nighttime color with a difference: softer, subtler, the look in colorings such as Shy Rose Blusher, Tawny Bamboo Lipgloss. On eyes: Gentle Brown Shadow, Highlighter in Blossoming Lilac. Natural Blush Moisture Mist Foundation. All by Shiseido. **Pages 296–297:** *Left:* Ralph Lauren linen pants, $208; jacket, $298. Bloomingdale's, Dept. 343; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Dallas, Houston; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Denver; I. Magnin, Dept. 53; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Seattle. Earrings, Ted Muehling. Bergdorf Goodman. *Right:* Basco linen shirt, $82; vest, $98; and pants, $78. Barney's. The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Ultimo, Chicago; Mario's Ragazza, Portland OR. Nordstrom, Salt Lake City (pants and shirt) Dept. 34. Watch and bracelet at Fortunoff, NYC; Westbury NY; Paramus Park NJ; Wayne NJ. Fresh color news: This summer, a new play of soft makeup textures, tonalities. Colors such as Fragile Beige Foundation, Spring Rose lips, Rose Sheer Powder Blush; the surprise of Eggplant Eye Pencil, Buttermint Shadow: All by Merle Norman. **Pages 312-313:** Turnout available at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 353; Filene's, Dept. 399; Hudson's, Dept. 325; Famous-Barr, Dept. 427; The Denver, Dept. 195; Frederick & Nelson, Dept. 351. Turnout also at Mark Shale, Chicago. Bracelet, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Henri Bendel. Socks, Bonnie Doon. **Page 314:** Dress available at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 771; Jordan Marsh, Dept. 1442; John Baldwin, Dept. 32, I. Magnin, Dept. 274. Dress also at Mark Keller, Birmingham MI. Bracelet, Robert Lee Morris at Artwear, NYC. Shoes, Walter Steiger Madison Avenue, NYC. **Page 315:** Tank top, cotton acrylic. Bracelet, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Perry Ellis Shoes. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. **Pages 316-317:** *Inset:* Dress available at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 354; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 78. Watch, Rolex U.S.A. Ralph Lauren Footwear. Robinson's, California. . . . *Large photo:* Ralph Lauren at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 343. Bracelet, M & J Savitt. Ralph Lauren Footwear. Robinson's California. **Page 318:** *Photo above:* Dress available at Gidding-Jenny, Dept. 277. Bracelet, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Shoes, Capezio Ballet Makers. . . . *Inset below:* Dress at Lord&Taylor, Dept. 3; Montaldo's, Dept. 42; John Baldwin, Dept. 89. Dress, also at Henry Harris, Cincinnati OH. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Shoes, Charles Jourdan Trump Tower, NYC. **Page 319:** Dress at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 769; John Wanamaker, Dept. 4350; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 35; Robinson's, Dept. 80; I. Magnin, Dept. 201. Bracelet, Robert Lee Morris at Artwear, NYC. **Pages 320–321:** *Large photo:* Anne Cole. Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 342; Marshall Field's, Dept. 825; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 28; Robinson's, Dept. 23; I. Magnin, Dept. 219. Suit also at Jacobson's, Dept. 52. Shoes, Capezio Ballet Makers. Available at all Capezio dance shops. *Inset:* Belt, Angelo Tarlazzi. **Page 322:** Zoran available at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 45; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 35; I. Magnin, Dept. 201. Dress also at Weinstein's, New Orleans; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ruth Kishline's Country Clothes, Evansville IN. Bracelet, James I Murphy. J. Antonio, NYC. **Page 323:** Dress at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 511; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 50. Earrings, Jerry Kott. Ultimo, Chicago. Shoes, Charles Jourdan Trump Tower, NYC; Mr. Jay, Millburn NJ; Saint Germain, New Orleans. **Page 324:** Dress at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 45; Gidding-Jenny, Dept. 15; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 56; I. Magnin, Dept. 341. Sunglasses, Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics. Earrings and bracelets, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Panty stockings, Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. Shoes, Walter Steiger Madison Avenue, NYC. **Page 325:** Sunglasses, Laura Biagiotti for Private Eyes. Macy's; Bullock's. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Cuffs, Dennis Higgins. Artwear, NYC. Belt, Calvin Klein. Briefcase, Carlos Falchi. Bergdorf Goodman. Panty stockings, Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. Shoes, Walter Steiger Madison Avenue, NYC. **Page 326:** Turnout available at Henri Bendel, Dept. 43; Swansons on the Plaza; Dept. 480; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 36; Sunglasses, Vuarnet-France. Bracelets, *wrist to cuff:* Scooter-Bijoux Bijoux. . . . Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Panty stockings, Gambit by Dorothy Jones. **Page 327:** Dress at Bonwit Teller, Dept. 40; Kaufmann's, Dept. 560; Harzfelds, Dept. 711. Sunglasses, Riviera. Available at all major department stores. Earrings, James I. Murphy. Bangles. Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Henri Bendel. Belt, Andrea Jovine for Omega. Panty stockings, Gerbe. **Page 328:** Turnout available at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 317. Bracelets, Cara Croninger. Artwear, NYC.; Body Sculpture, Boston. **Page 329:** Suit at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 50. Sunglasses, Vuarnet-France. Morgenthal Opticians, NYC; Bullock's. Earrings, Patricia von Musulin. Bloomingdale's. Belt comes with turnout. Burlington Leg Looks. Ann Taylor, NYC. **Page 333:** Calvin Klein linen twill shirt, $140. Macy's, Herald Square. Dept. 170. Glasses, Sanford Hutton for Colors In Optics. Bloomingdale's; Nordstrom, Oregon and Washington. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Bergdorf Goodman. Bracelet, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

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